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EUROPE AND AMERICA.

THE great European question of the present moment is certainly America. The United States is occupying the second thoughts of English and Continental statesmen more continuously to-day than ever before: and from all one can gauge, this newborn interest is likely to grow rather than fall off. To whatever department of national life one turns, to industry, to agriculture, to finance, or to the higher kind of politics, one finds the unwonted, unpredictable cloud of American competition overhanging Europe like a pall. Whether it will burst in a deluge of destruction; whether it will pass, and leave the sky clear once more; whether, if it bursts, there will be a chance of saving from the wreckage more than a fragment here and there of the old order, are questions which Europe is asking with increasing feverishness, but without getting any very satisfactory answer.

At present all is bewilderment and speculation. America's plunge into *Welt-politik*, the American swoop upon industrial Europe, the first strokes of the new American finance, have been too dramatic and too recent to allow men's thoughts to settle. Mr. Brooks Adams, in his remarkable article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, names 1897 as the year of revolution, the year which produced the first clear forewarning that the relations between the New and the Old World were entering upon a new phase. In a matter of such moment five bustling years are all too few for

anything in the nature of a policy to take shape, and in the presence of her unexampled danger Europe remains as yet without a policy. There are tendencies, however, and there is a state of mind which may, and, I think, will, develop into definite action. There are also certain clear-edged facts to go upon, — facts none the less substantial, but all the more bewildering, because their precise issue is unknowable. The action of America upon the nerves and emotions of Europe is that of a power whose strength is known, but whose future course can only be guessed at. America has sprung suddenly upon the platform of the world powers. In a flash she has expanded from a stay-at-home republic into a venturesome empire. She is building a fleet, which seems to point to a determination to hold, if not to enlarge, her new position. She is reaching out, with an intensely irritating consciousness of success, for the commercial supremacy of the world, and her voice is raised among those of the decisive nations of the earth in the settlement of international questions. All this is disquieting and perplexing enough to Europe, which is woefully misinformed upon America and all things American, and even in the sphere of politics knows not what to predict of this formidable and erratic competitor. That the United States has a mind of her own, and is by no means inclined to obey European dictation, has been made sufficiently clear in the last twelve

months of the Chinese situation. But this only adds to the consternation of Europe. What use Americans will make of their new international standing, what their policy will be in the Pacific, China, the West Indies, and, above all, in South America, are points which European statesmen are discussing with angry uncertainty. Possibly, Americans themselves could not say with confidence how far the upheaval produced by the Spanish war will carry them. Europe, at any rate, is completely in the dark. She resents what has already been accomplished, but with even more anxiety she waits to see what will follow.

This, too, carried somewhat farther, is the European attitude toward the American industrial invasion. Already the pressure of the screw is painful enough, but not so painful as the consciousness that there is more and worse to come. A few weeks ago, I asked the Vienna correspondent of one of the great London papers, a man of singular powers of observation and with a highly trained political sense, what was the popular movement of the day in central Europe. He replied at once, "What the people of the dual monarchy and of the German Empire are thinking and talking most about just now is American competition, and the best ways of meeting it," — an answer which ten years ago would have been amazing, and fifty years ago incredible. The conditions which have made such a reply not only possible to-day, but almost natural, are of too great complexity to be touched on here. The broad results to which they lead, however, are comparatively few and simple. Just when the excessive production of cereals and meat in America, Argentina, India, and even Australia, but chiefly in America, has half strangled the agriculturalists of middle Europe, the remaining workers employed in manufactures find themselves ominously threatened by the competition of American artisans. The decline of European agriculture has been

the familiar nightmare of the past generation, but the intrusion of the American manufacturer has a doubly sinister significance. It blocks up the one road of escape open to Europe, and chokes the source on which she is relying to make good her natural deficiencies. With the stress of foreign competition in the bare necessities of life growing keener and yet keener, the production of food under European conditions, it is feared, must become in the end unprofitable. The landlords will be ruined, and the peasantry forced back into that primitive stage of civilization in which men eat only what they grow, clothe themselves in their own wool and flax, and, having no margin to fall back upon, are incapable of commerce. This, as sketched by the London Spectator, is the agricultural peril that, unless substantial relief can be found, lies inevitably ahead of middle Europe. The danger has been foreseen, and prepared for in the way England met it fifty years ago, in the way M. Witte is hoping to meet it to-day in Russia, — by a vast extension of manufactures, by calling in the towns to redress the adverse balance of the country. The formula is easier to prescribe than to apply. Alone of all the countries in the world, the United States maintains a progressive equilibrium between the farmer and the artisan. In England trade has gained what agriculture has lost. In Europe, and especially in Austria, Germany, and Hungary, the landlords, holding a social and historical position incomparably stronger than the English squires ever attained to, dispute the industrial advance inch by inch, — always with furious stubbornness, sometimes with success. The recent triumph of the Prussian Agrarians in defeating the canal bill, from no other reason but that it was expected to benefit commerce at the expense of agriculture, is a wonderful token of the vitality of the Junker element. Even if one leaves indus-

trial America out of the question, there yet remains a terrible internal struggle to be fought out before the manufacturers of central Europe can feel themselves fairly equipped for the fight. So engrossing has been the conflict, and so passionate the emotions it has provoked, that until quite recently its issue has dominated and excluded every other consideration. What Europe is now painfully realizing is, that the decision between free trade and protection, whichever way it goes, is not the vital matter she thought; that, instead of being the precursor of victory, it will prove at best but a weapon for mitigating defeat; and that if, as now seems more than likely, American manufactures are to undersell the manufacturer as completely as American products have undersold the farmer, then the hope of restoring national prosperity by bringing a fresh and buoyant industrialism to the aid of a decaying agriculture must be given up.

To Count Goluchowski belongs the honor of being the first responsible statesman in Europe to sound a note of warning. Speaking to the parliamentary delegations in November, 1897, the Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, by way of emphasizing the necessity of peace to Europe, gave a sketch of what he believed to be the coming danger of the twentieth century. The "very existence" of the European peoples, he declared, would be staked upon their power to defend themselves, "fighting shoulder to shoulder," against "transoceanic competition." Prompt and thorough "counteracting" measures were a necessity, if the vital interests of all European nations were not to be gravely compromised. The echoes of that speech are rumbling still, and, historically, it may perhaps be looked upon as the beginning of the anti-American movement on the Continent. That movement has had its ups and downs in the last five years, but not the most skeptical doubter of its final efficacy can deny that it has gained ground amaz-

ingly. It has already passed through its first stage of grandiloquence and sentimental sensationalism. It is now settling down into an agitation as practical and businesslike as was John Bright's and Cobden's against the Corn Laws. Hardly a Chamber of Commerce meets anywhere in Germany, Austria, or Hungary without some discussion taking place on American competition. Though Count Goluchowski gave the movement its first impulse, it is not the statesmen, but the people themselves, and especially the industrial and commercial elements, that have maintained and expanded it. In the shape of a "Pan-European combine" against American aggressiveness, it had from the start an obvious attractiveness for the populace. This was the visionary and sentimental phase of the propaganda. Nothing came of it; nothing ever can come of it so long as the political map of Europe remains as it is. To talk, as the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung* was talking a short time ago, of Pan-Europe, "in the inevitable war with America," imitating Napoleon I., and adopting a "Continental system of exclusion against the United States," is easy enough; but to apply the suggestion in practice, to reconcile the divergent interests of the different states, and, above all, to get England to join the coalition, is quite another matter. The one point in Mr. Brooks Adams's article which an Englishman would decidedly dispute is his supposition that circumstances might arise in which England "would shift to the side of our antagonist." So long as England has to rely upon America for two thirds of her food supply, self-interest of the most flagrant and peremptory kind forbids her the futile luxury of taking part in a *Wellboycott* of American products. The smiling neutrality which self-interest points out as the proper policy has also the backing of English sentiment and English traditions. Infallibly, Downing Street would answer an invitation to join Europe in putting economic pres-

sure upon America just as, in 1898, it replied to another coalition that was aimed at the humiliation of the United States. Whatever Europe may do, England will continue to trade with America, as at present; and from this attitude only one contingency could by any chance induce Englishmen to swerve. That contingency is the possibility that some day or other the British Empire may be able to supply the mother country with the food she needs, at prices no higher than those of Kansas or Nebraska. Such a contingency is obviously remote; it may, indeed, never occur; but not until it does occur, not until an imperial *Zollverein* has found its indispensable basis, need Americans trouble themselves lest their goods or products will be discriminated against in the English markets. Nothing less than that supreme realization of the commercial side of empire will be needed to plunge England and America into a war of tariffs. For the rest, Englishmen laugh at Pan-Europeanism. The weapon has been used against them before, and even in the grasp of a master hand it snapped like a twig. What Napoleon could not effect against England, the Concert of Europe is hardly likely to effect against America. Such, at any rate, is the English view, both popular and official. England will have no hand in forging the new weapon, still less in directing it. One may even go farther, and with not less assurance. Were united Europe, in some freak of madness, to attempt, as it has actually been suggested she might attempt, to prohibit American exports by force, England would be compelled by sheer national necessity to join with America in frustrating it.

Offensively, Pan-Europe dare do nothing. It might forbid the importation of American food, but at what a cost! At the cost, inevitably, of raising the price of bread to the point of revolution. It might also close the Continent against American manufactures; but the bulk of

Europe is agricultural, and would gain nothing thereby. Or, finally, it might do both: fence the Continent round with a tight wall, place an impossible duty on American products as well as American goods, and so restrict all trade to Continental Europeans, in a desperate effort to find out whether nations cannot live by taking in one another's washing. All these schemes were broached in the first few months of nervous alarm after Count Goluchowski's warning; and to them, of course, was added the pet Continental specific of handsome, universal bounties. All died the death, and Pan-Europeanism to-day is but a rhetorical catchword. It comforts the popular imagination, and it expresses accurately enough the ideal of the toilers of Europe. Statesmen and economists muse over it, play with it, wish it could be, are sure that it ought to be, and will not for worlds admit its impossibility. M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, I believe, stands absolutely alone among men of authority in thinking that an economic alliance of all Europe is really feasible. His idea is, not to abolish customs duties between the different states, but to reduce them considerably by means of clearly defined commercial treaties concluded for a long period. "With few exceptions," he elaborates, "the maximum should, for example, be twelve per cent; and a permanent European customs commission should be appointed, and intrusted with the task of providing for successive reductions of the duties, and of establishing the closest possible relations among the European nations. There can be no doubt as to the possibility of such an arrangement." M. Leroy-Beaulieu may have no doubts, but others, remembering there is still such a thing as politics, have several. Indeed, the anti-American movement, in its first seductive form of a Pan-European alliance, may be said to have fallen through. We have not, on that account, heard the last of either the name or

the thing. Pan-Europeanism may easily continue to be the symbol and battle cry of an agitation working along humbler lines and with less unwieldy weapons. It is something gained for a cause when it has found a taking title, and in Pan-Europeanism, in the delightfully simple idea of "opposing the United States of Europe to the United States of America," there are some most fascinating possibilities of rhetoric, — just the vague suggestion of grandiose schemes, the hint that something big is on foot, that Demos most delights to be tickled with.

As a matter of fact, anti-Americanism quickly drifted from the nebulous ideal conveyed in its rallying word to the discussion of less fantastic measures. Failing a united Europe, it fell back not unhelpfully on the Triple Alliance, and the chances of converting it into a sort of Trade Defense League, only to find itself once more confronted by insuperable politics. Neither Austria nor Hungary can afford the political price which a customs alliance with Germany would entail. In both countries there are millions of German-speaking subjects, — nearly ten million in Austria, and over two in Hungary, — all of them more or less infected by the propaganda of Pan-Germanism, some of them warm and even intolerant in its advocacy. In Austria, a loud and aggressive party, holding over twenty seats in the Reichsrath, work openly for the incorporation of German-speaking Austria in the German Empire, and it is significant that one of the chief items in their programme has always been a customs union between the two nations. They know, and everybody knows, that such a union would put the seal on the political and commercial predominance of Germany in central Europe, and render inevitable the absorption of the weaker party to the compact. A central-European customs union will become possible only on the day Austria and Hungary have

reconciled themselves to signing away their political independence.

This was the second stage of the anti-American movement. The third is still in progress, and developing along sound, businesslike lines. Joint action is postponed, presumably to the Greek kalends; individual action, based on a common motive, is now the formula. It was, I believe, at a meeting of Austrian manufacturers, summoned last April to consider how best to "protect European industry against the threatened danger of American competition," that this new plan was first put forward. It is practicable, and, within its limits, effective. Americans cannot disregard it; it is a weapon that will move even the Senate. The Austrian manufacturers — and it was in all ways a thoroughly representative gathering — unanimously adopted a resolution declaring "the necessity of placing the commercial relations of the dual monarchy and the United States on a basis of reciprocity and equality simultaneously with the renewal of the commercial treaties in 1903." The resolution was sent to the Ministry of Commerce, and by them it has been seriously considered. Both in Austria and in Germany the official departments have since set themselves to find out in detail just where the American shoe pinches, and the results of their researches point to the adoption of an American weapon to fight American competition. Hitherto Germany and the dual monarchy have included in their commercial treaties a general and unconditional most-favored-nation clause. This is now to be abandoned, and the American example followed instead. One may take it for certain that the motive force of the new central-European treaties will be the American peril, and that it will be fought against by a common agreement to abandon the universal application of the most-favored-nation clause, and for the future to conclude treaties only on a reciprocal basis with each particular state.

This policy has several advantages from the Continental point of view. It enables the states to act in concert, and yet preserves to each, in great part, its liberty of action. It involves no political dangers, and, thanks to the adverse balance of trade, it puts a decided and peculiar pressure upon the United States. Americans are, as a rule, so complacently content with the prodigious disparity between their exports and their imports as to forget that this very disparity exposes them to easy retaliation. Whatever she may become, Europe is not yet an economic dependency of the United States; and so long as American breadstuffs and provisions are not the necessity to her that they are, for instance, to England, she can always strike back with effect. Russia, on a small scale, by her prompt acceptance of Mr. Gage's challenge, has thrown a useful light on the precariousness of being an enormous seller and a small buyer. In German hands, the lesson could, and, as it seems, will, be brought home yet more unmistakably; for Germany's exports to the United States are worth only about half as much as American exports to Germany, — \$97,374,700 to \$184,648,094. Germans believe, and, as the new provisional tariff bill shows, are ready to act on their belief, that America has better reason to keep on good commercial terms with them than they with America; and they are therefore using their advantage to force Congress to choose between an equable reciprocity treaty and the loss, or partial loss, of the German trade. Whether, looking to the peculiar nature of the German-American trade, they are right in their expectations, I am not economist enough to judge; but evidently they are determined to risk it. The Reichstag will doubtless modify the new tariff bill in parts, but as a whole it will remain what its framers intended it to be, — a rigid measure of protection aimed at the American farmer in the interests of the German Agrarians,

the first blow in the battle between the New World and the Old.

And this, be it noted, is how the Austrian agriculturalists view it, in spite of the small amount of consideration shown in its clauses for the interests of either half of the dual monarchy. At an August sitting of the government department, intrusted with the preparation of the commercial treaties, the most influential representatives of Austrian agriculture passed a resolution, in which it was declared that they regarded the projected German customs tariff as "the first step toward the union of the central-European producers and the realization of a convention for their mutual protection against the competition of transoceanic countries, and more particularly of the United States, on the basis of the general adoption of high duties."

Here, then, we reach the end of the effects so far produced on Europe by the commercial expansion of America. It has given Europe a certain sense of solidarity. It has to some extent appeased, and in the future it may wipe out, the jealousies that prevent the agricultural and industrial interests of the different countries from combining. It has thus done something to create nationalism as well as Continentalism. It has also, through the agency of the German Agrarians, seemingly committed Europe to a high-tariff policy, tempered by inter-European commercial treaties, and it has immensely popularized the American system of reciprocity. These results, or some of them at least, have already found expression in the projected German tariff bill; but we shall have to wait till 1903, when the terms of the new commercial treaties get published, to judge how much farther the leading countries of Europe are prepared to go. Unless Congress quickly and radically alters its attitude toward reciprocity treaties, it will be found, I think, that Europe is not by any means so irresolute as Americans seem to suppose. One way

or the other, 1903 will be a decisive year in the history of the two continents.

It is, of course, an open question, to be settled only after long and minute examination into an infinity of conditions, — conditions historical, social, economic, educational, and so on, — whether Europe has not half brought the American invasion upon herself, or at least whether its unexampled success is not due as much to a certain mental and manual backwardness and an artificial valuation of the non-productive side of life among the conquered as to the known enterprise and ingenuity of the conquerors. To put it in another way, would not the Americans have made more of Europe than the Europeans have done? If, as one suspects, the answer to this query were found to be affirmative, tariffs alone cannot be trusted to make good a deficiency which has its root in an ineptitude, partly natural, partly the result of social and political conditions, for turning patently inferior resources to the best account. But this can be barely glanced at here, nor may I more than hint at what to many Europeans seems the essential threat of American expansion. The strength that the nations of Europe waste in arming themselves against one another, Americans have turned to “fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace;” and to some who are not dreamers, the inexorable forces that are destined to grapple behind the veil of imports and exports, reciprocity treaties and what not, are those of industrialism and militarism. As the stress of American competition grows fiercer, may it not prove for Europe a rough-and-ready alternative between facing commercial ruin and abandoning militarism? Will American competition reach the annihilating point when the loss of productive power involved in conscription becomes intolerable? Will it end by supplying Socialism with the concentration and the basis of fact to convert it from a movement of opposition into a movement of revolu-

tion? These are speculations, merely, but speculations that are of vital moment to the continent of Europe, that are already the nightmare of more than one chancellery. What was the prelude to the Czar’s Peace Conference but a recognition that the American farmer and the American artisan may yet, between them, make Europe do from necessity what the Czar wished her to do from sentiment?

Meanwhile, the first few tokens of the American advance have done nothing to lessen that dislike of the United States which is the common sentiment of Europe. United in nothing else, all Europe is at one at least in this. Even England, among the smaller nations that remember her as the great Liberator, can still count on a Continental friend or two. The United States has no friend in Europe. Americans, I know, hate to think that they are not beloved, and, wrapping themselves up in sentiment and tradition, refuse as long as possible to face the plain facts of international life. Sometimes it ceases to be longer possible. Sometimes, as in the Spanish war, the veil is torn aside, and then nothing can surpass the ingenuous surprise of the average American on finding that the France of Lafayette is not necessarily the France of to-day; that England has no thought of fitting out another Alabama; that Germany, instead of being a benevolent neutral, seems strangely waspish; and that even Russia can actually so far forget “the dear old past” as to drop hints of coalitions, and point with bewildering tactlessness to the unfortified state of the Pacific coast. Then for a lucid interval does America realize that it is not quite safe always to judge the present by the past. But after a while things calm down; tradition, nowhere so strong as among Americans, reasserts itself; the professional Anglophobia takes the stage once more, and the lion’s tail, if not twisted with all the old heartiness, is at least tentatively

fingered. Let me say, as an Englishman, that I have not the slightest objection; that England, as a whole, is perfectly comfortable on the score of Anglo-American friendship, has no desire to force the pace, and is quite willing to wait till America finds herself in a tight corner again. If, and when, that happens, it will be seen, as it was seen in 1898, who are the friends of America, and who are not; and in my country it is believed that this process of enlightenment, sufficiently repeated, will at last induce Americans to collect themselves for the effort of seeing things as they are.

The reasons that make Europe dislike England are, in part, the reasons that make her dislike America. There is at the bottom of it all a despairing envy of her prosperity and success. To this is now added a dread, almost a conviction, that competition with America in business is growing impossible; that America aims at nothing less than a monopoly of the world's trade, — a suspicion pointed by the terrible fact that the trusts do not raise prices; and that, sooner than miss her goal, America would willingly see Europe plunged into Socialism and revolution. Cultured Europeans intensely resent the bearing of Americans; they hate the American form of swagger, which is not personal, like the British, but national; and they cannot with patience think of a country so crudely and completely immersed in materialism. They look upon Americans, to adopt a happy simile which I wish I could claim as my own, much as a New York mugwump looks upon a Tammany alderman. They accuse them of having vulgarized life as a Tammany alderman may be trusted to vulgarize politics. If any American ever troubled to read the comments of the European press on the annual presidential message, he would discover that, in the eyes of the Continent, the United States is a monster of hypocrisy, only less unctuous than Great Britain herself. Habits, natures, instinc-

tive ways of doing things, separate the two worlds by more than the breadth of the Atlantic. Even in such a trifling matter as diplomatic etiquette, Americans would probably be surprised if they knew how much irritation they provoke. The professional diplomats of Europe do not at all relish being called upon to negotiate with amateurs; they relish it still less when these amateurs treat the rules of the profession with small respect, are more bluntly insistent than is common, and show in their dispatches a strain of masterfulness, an unholy certainty that the American view must be complied with, which are highly "irregular." Any one who, merely from the standpoint of manner, compares Mr. Olney's dispatches, during the Venezuelan affair, with Lord Salisbury's will understand at once what I mean.

These things may seem trivial in themselves, and doubtless would be so if international likes and dislikes were determined by broad principles instead of being the outcome of caprice and accident and uninquiring prejudice. I doubt whether anything is of so little consequence as not to have its influence in shaping national preferences and aversions. The few causes I have ventured to suggest, by way of explaining the European attitude toward America, would of themselves be enough to explain it entirely. But they do not complete the list. Above and beyond them all is an intense political antagonism, the issue of the Spanish war and of the latest crisis in the Far East. In beating to her knees an ancient Catholic power, the United States not only grievously affronted the whole of the "Latin" race, but challenged the solidarity of Catholicism. The Vatican to-day is as instinctively the opponent of political as of theological "Americanism," and those who know Europe best have the most respect for the realities of papal power. It may some day happen that Americans themselves, in one or the other of their

new possessions, will find the Pope a useful ally or a most dangerous foe. Meanwhile, Catholic unity, such as it is, counts for something in the trend of European sentiment against America. So, too, does republicanism; the old spirit and the old fear are not yet dead. But at the root of the political objections to American expansion lies the apprehension, one might say the certainty, that the United States intends to bar the way to two of the greatest markets of the future, — China and South America. To undersell us at home, and to keep us from finding an outlet abroad, is the European version of American policy, not, perhaps, without its basis in fact.

It is at least curious to trace in one's political scrapbook the sure growth of anti-Americanism during the past few years. Before the Spanish war the United States figured in the politics of Europe chiefly as a redoubtable tail-twister, to whom, some day, would fall the honor of humbling Great Britain. When England and America were "out," the Continental Foreign Offices were always in high feather; both the official and popular view of the matter being that a war between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race would be Europe's ideal opportunity. Even now nothing would give the Continent sincerer pleasure than to see a further deadlock between the two countries over the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The Spanish war, therefore, sprang upon Europe a double surprise. It showed America bounding out of her long, innocuous isolation to fell at a stroke a kingdom once the most powerful in the world, and still an essential member of the European family. More amazing yet, it showed England enthusiastically abetting her, — saying in so many words that no interference would be tolerated; that if any were attempted, the British fleet would do what it could to keep the course clear. Americans presumably have not forgotten, though they may not even yet

realize all that it meant, how they made their first venture in Weltpolitik in the teeth of a sullen and resentful Europe, and unwelcomed by any friend but England. A singularly cool and competent observer thus described at the time the Continental feeling: "In newspapers, in clubs, in society, even in the street, the dislike of America, the wish that she might be defeated, the desire, if it were only safe, to give her some savage snub, is unmistakable."

Since then much has happened to confirm and amplify that feeling. The futile rudeness of the German squadron in the Bay of Manila, the pro-British sympathies shown by the American people when war threatened over Fashoda, the Samoan affair, the Philippine war, Secretary Root's speech on the Monroe Doctrine, the American quarrel with Turkey, the dispute with Venezuela, Vice President Roosevelt's Bismarckian bluntness at the Buffalo Exposition, the whole action of America throughout the Chinese crisis, and, lastly, the threat of American interference in the trouble between Colombia and Venezuela, — all these incidents, some of them important, others irredeemably ephemeral, have been canvassed in Europe, and especially in Germany, with a bitterness that might shake even America's incorrigible optimism. Out of many goodly instances I choose one only, an article that appeared in the *Listok of Odessa*, early in May of last year. No article, it may be as well to remind Americans, can be published in a Russian newspaper without the sanction of the censor, who does not spare his pencil when he finds opinions expressed that the authorities are at all likely to object to. The *Listok*, after hinting at a European coalition to oppose America in China, went on to express its mingled anger and surprise that the United States should "venture to threaten a European power" like Turkey in order to enforce a pecuniary obligation. "It is, however," added the

writer, "highly improbable that the thing will go so far as a naval demonstration," — that is, by America, — "for there are powers in Europe, with Russia in the van, who will lose no time in reminding the United States that the Concert of Europe has in the past made sacrifices on far too extensive a scale, in the settlement of the question of free passage through the straits, to think of allowing the United States now to nullify at a stroke agreements which have cost so much blood in working out."

I draw no inferences from this, except to note, with something like awe, the frankness of the threat to blow out of the water any American ships that might seek to pass the Dardanelles. But lest it be said that these are merely the imaginings of an irresponsible diplomat, I add a sentence from a speech by Admiral Count Canevaro, delivered last April at Toulon. Count Canevaro, at any rate, can hardly be dismissed as irresponsible. He has been Minister of Foreign Affairs in Italy; he is an energetic and capable sailor, and, as his conduct in the Cretan imbroglio showed, something more than a merely clever statesman. After expressing his conviction that the Triple and the Dual Alliance, taken together, had given Europe thirty years of peace, he let fall the pregnant remark that "this fact would perhaps lead the European nations to consider the possibility *and the necessity* of uniting against America, as the future of civilization would require them to do."

Where, Americans will ask, is "the necessity"? The answer, from the European point of view, is simple, and supplied by America herself in her Chinese and South American policies. Rightly or wrongly, Europe believes that the action of Washington throughout the muddle in the Far East points to an American determination to preserve China to the Chinese, or at least to resist, with force if necessary, any scheme of partition that threatens to put American traders at a

disadvantage. Either way, her policy cuts directly across the path of European ambitions. What Europe seeks in China is not only fresh markets, but exclusive markets; and exclusive markets are to be had only by conquest. Europe has learned to her cost that it is usually England and America who manage to slip in first through the "open door," and that her chance lies in carving out an empire of her own on Chinese territory, which she may fence in with a discriminating tariff, and from the development of which she alone may reap the profit. This is the policy which all the Continental nations think vital to their commerce with China; they cannot separate the idea of trade from that of conquest. Partition, they honestly believe, is not only good in itself, as opening up fresh fields of enterprise, and bringing the Chinese into first-hand acquaintance with Western civilization; it is also a safeguard and a protection against the bustling Anglo-Saxon traders. Nor is it impossible that some such stratagem as wrested Kiao Chou from China might have been repeated in 1900 but for the United States. Up to the time the Americans found themselves in the Philippines, the protectionist powers had only England and Japan to reckon with: the former weakened for offensive action by the Boer war; the latter still, for all her sacrifices and activity, only half organized. The advent of America just turned the scale against them, and it is therefore on America that they lay the blame for the fiasco of the year's work. Europe quits the scene baffled and empty, with nothing to show for all her toil but the promise of an indemnity which may or may not bear fruit. The policy as well as the diplomacy of the United States has left behind a legacy of friction and irritation.

And if this is true of China, with how much greater force does it hold good for South America! I have no space left for anything more than a brief note on the

European view of the Monroe Doctrine. Americans, I presume, have made up their minds on the subject, though even now it is a question whether they are aware how far the stream of inexorable tendencies may carry them. What is South America? It is something more than "a land of revolutions." It is the only part of the world's surface that has escaped the modern rage for colonization. It is the last and most tempting field for the reception of overcrowded Europe, — colossal, sparsely populated, much of it almost unexplored, inhabitable by Caucasians, its interior easily accessible by water, its soil of seemingly exhaustless fertility, its mineral wealth barely tapped. And this magnificent domain is at present divided among a congeries of pseudo-republics, the best of them unstable, the prey of military adventurers, as turbulent in spirit as they are crooked in finance. What a prize to dangle before a world whose ceaseless endeavor it is to lower the social pressure by emigration, and secure for her workers easy access to exclusive markets! One has to realize what Europe would give to have South America as defenseless as Africa, before one can gauge the spirit in which she views the Monroe Doctrine. To Europe that edict is the most domineering mandate issued to the world since the days of imperial Rome. It is an abridgment of her natural rights, enforced, as she regards the matter, simply in the interests of the dog in the manger. The United States will neither take South America for herself nor let any one else take it. She does not colonize the country with her own people; she has no trade with it worth mentioning: she admits no responsibility for the outrages, disorders, and financial freakishness of her protégés. But she insists that South America is within her sphere of influence; that such European holdings as exist there shall be neither extended nor transferred; that immigrants who settle on its soil

must make up their minds to leave their flag behind them; and that, in the event of trouble between a European government and one of the half-breed republics under her patronage, satisfaction must be sought, if at all, in a mere financial indemnity, — never in the seizure and retention of South American territory.

Do Americans seriously believe that Europe will lie passive forever under such an edict? Any one who has looked into the bloody and tangled history of South America, and kept an eye on the steady stream of European immigration into Brazil and Argentina, can imagine at least a score of incidents, any one of which would bring the Monroe Doctrine to a decisive test. Put on one side the implacable loyalty of Americans to their famous policy, and on the other the congested state of Europe, which would make expansion a necessity even if it were not all the fashion; the military spirit of the Continent, which will never show England's compliance with American wishes; the extraordinary inducements to colonization offered by South America, and the spirit of revolutionary turbulence that broods over the country from Panama to Patagonia — and one has a situation which it will take a miracle to preserve intact for another fifty years.

I write as an Englishman who has learned to know and like America, and has no conscious tendency toward Jingoism. The subject is, in fact, one on which an Englishman may express an opinion with singular impartiality, for it concerns his own country only indirectly. The work of England during the century that has just begun is to consolidate and develop what she has won, not to seek fresh territory. The Monroe Doctrine, I conceive, touches none of her vital interests; indeed, were the question to be raised, it would, I imagine, be found that England and the United States are really at one in desiring to preserve South America from European encroachments. But with the

Continent it is different. No European power has an empire to organize: all are driven by necessity to seek new outlets, and when found, to close them to competitors. It is therefore but a part of the inevitable evolution of things that Europe should some day burst upon South America. This, as it seems to an on-looker, is what Americans have too long shut their eyes to. They appear to

have regarded the Monroe Doctrine as a self-acting barrier, as something which had merely to be enunciated to be an effective check to European designs. The Kaiser himself, some twenty months ago, supplied the unanswerable comment on this illusion: "If anything has to be done in this world, the pen will be powerless to carry it through unless backed by the force of the sword."

Sydney Brooks.

THE SOLITUDE OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN a notable passage, Hawthorne has said of his own *Twice-Told Tales* that "they have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade. . . . Instead of passion there is sentiment. . . . Whether from lack of power or an unconquerable reserve, the author's touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humor; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos." And a little further on he adds, "The sketches are not, it is hardly necessary to say, profound." Rarely has a writer shown greater skill in self-criticism than Hawthorne, except where modesty caused him to lower the truth, and in ascribing this lack of passion to his works he has struck what will seem to many the keynote of their character. When he says, however, that they are wanting in depth, he certainly errs through modesty. Many authors, great and small, display a lack of passion, but perhaps no other in all the hierarchy of poets who deal with moral problems has treated these problems, on one side at least, so profoundly as our New England romancer; and it is just this peculiarity of Hawthorne, so apparently paradoxical, which gives him his unique place among writers.

Consider for a moment *The Scarlet Letter*: the pathos of the subject, and the tragic scenes portrayed. All the world agrees that here is a masterpiece of mortal error and remorse; we are lost in admiration of the author's insight into the suffering human heart; yet has any one ever shed a tear over that inimitable romance? I think not. The book does not move us to tears; it awakens no sense of shuddering awe such as follows the perusal of the great tragedies of literature; it is not emotional, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, yet shallow or cold it certainly is not.

In the English Note-Books Hawthorne makes this interesting comparison of himself with Thackeray. "Mr. S—— is a friend of Thackeray," he writes, "and, speaking of the last number of *The Newcomes*, — so touching that nobody can read it aloud without breaking down, — he mentioned that Thackeray himself had read it to James Russell Lowell and William Story in a cider cellar! . . . I cannot but wonder at his coolness in respect to his own pathos, and compare it with my emotions when I read the last scene of *The Scarlet Letter* to my wife, just after writing it, — tried to read it, rather, for my voice swelled and heaved, as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides

after a storm." Why, then, we ask, should we have tears ready for *The New-comer*, and none for *The Scarlet Letter*, although the pathos of the latter tale can so stir the depths of our nature as it did the author's? What curious trait in his writing, what strange attitude of the man toward the moral struggles and agony of human nature, is this that sets him apart from other novelists? I purpose to show how this is due to one dominant motive running through all his tales, — a thought to a certain extent peculiar to himself, and so persistent in its repetition that, to one who reads Hawthorne carefully, his works seem to fall together like the movements of a great symphony built upon one imposing theme.

I remember, some time ago, when walking among the Alps, that I happened on a Sunday morning to stray into the little English church at Interlaken. The room was pretty well filled with a chance audience, most of whom, no doubt, were, like myself, refugees from civilization for the sake of pleasure or rest or health. The minister was a young sandy-haired Scotsman, with nothing notable in his aspect save a certain unusual look of earnestness about the eyes; and I wonder how many of my fellow listeners still remember that quiet Sabbath morn, and the sunlight streaming over all, as white and pure as if poured down from the snowy peak of the Jungfrau, and how many of them still at times see that plain little church, and the simple man standing in the pulpit, and hear the tones of his vibrating voice? Opening the Bible, he paused a moment; then read, in accents that faltered a little, as if with emotion, the words, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" and then paused again, without adding the translation. I do not know what induced him to choose such a text, and to preach such a sermon before an audience of summer idlers; it even seemed to me that a look of surprise and perturbation stole over their faces as, in tones tremulous from the start,

with restrained passion, he poured forth his singular discourse. I cannot repeat his words. He told of the inevitable loneliness that follows man from the cradle to the grave; he spoke of the loneliness that lends the depth of yearning to a mother's eyes as she bends over her newborn child, for the soul of the infant has been rent from her own, and she can never again be united to what she cherished. It is this sense of individual loneliness and isolation, he said, that gives pathos to lovers' eyes when love has brought them closest together; it is this that lends austerity to the patriot's look when saluted by the acclaiming multitude. And you, he cried, who for a little while have come forth from the world into these solitudes of God, what hope ye to find? Some respite, no doubt, from the anxiety that oppressed you in the busy town, in the midst of your loved ones about the hearth, in the crowded market place; for you believe that these solitudes of nature will speak to your hearts and comfort you, and that in the peace of nature you will find the true communion of soul that the busy world could not give you. Yet are you deceived; for the sympathy and power of communion between you and this fair creation have been ruined and utterly cast away by sin, and this was typified in the beginning by the banishing of Adam from the terrestrial paradise. No, the murmur of these pleasant brooks and the whispering of these happy leaves shall not speak to the deafened ear of your soul, nor shall the verdure of these sunny fields and the glory of these snowy peaks appeal to the darkened eye of your soul: and this you shall learn to your utter sorrow. Go back to your homes, to your toil, to the populous deserts where your duty lies. Go back and bear bravely the solitude that God hath given you to bear; for this, I declare unto you, is the burden and the penalty laid upon us by the eternal decrees for the sin we have done, and for the sin of our fathers before us.

Think not, while evil abides in you, ye shall be aught but alone; for evil is the seeking of self and the turning away from the commonalty of the world. Your life shall indeed be solitary until death, the great solitude, absorbs it at last. Go back and learn righteousness and meekness; and it may be, when the end cometh, you shall attain unto communion with him who alone can speak to the recluse that dwells within your breast. And he shall comfort you for the evil of this solitude you bear; for he himself hath borne it, and his last cry was the cry of desolation, of one forsaken and made lonely by his God.

I hope I may be pardoned for introducing memories of so personal a nature into an article of literary criticism, but there seemed no better way of indicating the predominant trait of Hawthorne's work. Other poets of the past have excelled him in giving expression to certain problems of our inner life, and in stirring the depths of our emotional nature; but not in the tragedies of Greece, or the epics of Italy, or the drama of Shakespeare will you find any presentation of this one truth of the penalty of solitude laid upon the human soul so fully and profoundly worked out as in the romances of Hawthorne. It would be tedious to take up each of his novels and tales and show how this theme runs like a sombre thread through them all, yet it may be worth while to touch on a few prominent examples.

Shortly after leaving college, Hawthorne published a novel which his maturer taste, with propriety, condemned. Despite the felicity of style which seems to have come to Hawthorne by natural right, Fanshawe is but a crude and conventional story. Yet the book is interesting if only to show how at the very outset the author struck the keynote of his life's work. The hero of the tale is the conventional student of romance, wasted by study, and isolated from mankind by his intellectual ideals. "He had seemed, to

others and to himself, a solitary being, upon whom the hopes and fears of ordinary men were ineffectual." The whole conception of the story is a commonplace, yet a commonplace relieved by a peculiar quality in the language which even in this early attempt predicts the stronger treatment of his chosen theme when the artist shall have mastered his craft. There is, too, something memorable in the parting scene between the hero and heroine, where Fanshawe, having earned Ellen's love, deliberately surrenders her to one more closely associated with the world, and himself returns to his studies and his death.

From this youthful essay let us turn at once to his latest work, — the novel begun when the shadow of coming dissolution had already fallen upon him, though still not old in years; to that "tale of the deathless man" interrupted by the intrusion of Death, as if in mockery of the artist's theme.

"Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain!
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!"

In the fragment of *The Dolliver Romance* we have, wrought out with all the charm of Hawthorne's maturest style, a picture of isolation caused, not by the exclusive ambitions of youth, but by old age and the frailty of human nature. No extract or comment can convey the effect of these chapters of minute analysis, with their portrait of the old apothecary dwelling in the time-eaten mansion, whose windows look down on the graves of children and grandchildren he had outlived and laid to rest. With his usual sense of artistic contrast, Hawthorne sets a picture of golden-haired youth by the side of withered eld: "The Doctor's only child, poor Bessie's offspring, had died the better part of a hundred years before, and his grandchildren, a numerous and dimly remembered brood, had vanished along his weary track in their youth, maturity, or

incipient age, till, hardly knowing how it had all happened, he found himself tottering onward with an infant's small fingers in his nerveless grasp."

Again, in describing the loneliness that separates old age from the busy current of life, Hawthorne has recourse to a picture which he employed a number of times, and which seems to have been drawn from his own experience and to have haunted his dreams. It is the picture of a bewildered man walking the populous streets, and feeling utterly lost and estranged in the crowd: so the old doctor "felt a dreary impulse to elude the people's observation, as if with a sense that he had gone irrevocably out of fashion; . . . or else it was that nightmare feeling which we sometimes have in dreams, when we seem to find ourselves wandering through a crowded avenue, with the noonday sun upon us, in some wild extravagance of dress or nudity." We are reminded by the words of Hawthorne's own habit, during his early Salem years, of choosing to walk abroad at night, when no one could observe him, and of his trick, in later life, of hiding in the Concord woods rather than face a passer-by on the road.

Between Fanshawe, with its story of the seclusion caused by youthful ambition, and *The Dolliver Romance*, with its picture of isolated old age, there may be found in the author's successive works every form of solitude incident to human existence. I believe no single tale, however short or insignificant, can be named in which, under one guise or another, this recurrent idea does not appear. It is as if the poet's heart were burdened with an emotion that unconsciously dominated every faculty of his mind; he walked through life like a man possessed. Often, while reading his novels, I have of a sudden found myself back in the little chapel at Interlaken, listening to that strange discourse on the penalty of sin; and the cry of the text once more goes surging through my ears, "Why hast thou for-

saken me?" Truly a curse is upon us; our life is rounded with impassable emptiness; the stress of youth, the feebleness of age, all the passions and desires of manhood, lead but to this inevitable solitude and isolation of spirit.

Perhaps the first work to awaken any considerable interest in Hawthorne was the story — not one of his best — of *The Gentle Boy*. The pathos of the poor child severed by religious fanaticism from the fellowship of the world stirred a sympathetic chord in the New England heart, and it may even be that tears were shed over the homeless lad clinging to his father's grave; for his "father was of the people whom all men hate."

But far more characteristic in its weird intensity and philosophic symbolism is the story of *The Minister's Black Veil*. No one who has read them has ever forgotten the dying man's fateful words: "Why do you tremble at me alone? Tremble also at each other! Have men avoided me, and women shown no pity, and children screamed and fled, only for my black veil? What, but the mystery which it obscurely typifies, has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend, the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin; then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die! I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a Black Veil!"

In another of the *Twice-Told Tales* the same thought is presented in a form as ghastly as anything to be found in the pages of Poe or Hoffman. The Lady Eleanore has come to these shores in the early colonial days, bringing with her a heart filled with aristocratic pride. She has, moreover, all the arrogance of queenly beauty, and her first entrance into the governor's mansion is over the prostrate body of a despised lover. Her insolence is symbolized throughout by a

mantle which she wears, of strange and fascinating splendor, embroidered for her by the fingers of a dying woman, — a woman dying, it proves, of the small-pox, so that the infested robe becomes the cause of a pestilence that sweeps the province. It happens now and then that Hawthorne falls into a revolting realism, and the last scene, where Lady Eleanore, perishing of the disease that has flowed from her own arrogance, is confronted by her old lover, produces a feeling in the reader almost of loathing; yet the lady's last words are significant enough to be quoted: "The curse of Heaven hath stricken me, because I would not call man my brother, nor woman sister. I wrapped myself in PRIDE as in a MANTLE, and scorned the sympathies of nature; and therefore has nature made this wretched body the medium of a dreadful sympathy." Alas for the poor, broken creature of pride! She but suffered for electing freely a loneliness which, in one form or another, whether voluntary or involuntary, haunts all the chief persons of her creator's world. It is, indeed, characteristic of this solitude of spirit that it presents itself now as the original sin awakening Heaven's wrath, and again as itself the penalty imposed upon the guilty soul: which is but Hawthorne's way of portraying evil and its retribution as simultaneous, — nay, as one and the same thing.

But we linger too long on these minor works of our author. Much has been written about *The Scarlet Letter*, and it has been often studied as an essay in the effects of crime on the human heart. In truth, one cannot easily find, outside of *Æschylus*, words of brooding so profound and single-hearted on this solemn subject; their meaning, too, would seem to be written large, yet I am not aware that the real originality and issue of the book have hitherto been clearly discussed. Other poets have laid bare the workings of a diseased conscience, the perturbations of a soul that has gone astray; oth-

ers have shown the confusion and horror wrought by crime in the family or the state, and something of these, too, may be found in the effects of Dimmesdale's sin in the provincial community; but the true moral of the tale lies in another direction. It is a story of intertangled love and hatred working out in four human beings the same primal curse, — love and hatred so woven together that in the end the author asks whether the two passions be not, after all, the same, since each renders one individual dependent upon another for his spiritual food, and each is in a way an attempt to break through the boundary that separates soul from soul. From the opening scene at the prison door, which, "like all that pertains to crime, seemed never to have known a youthful era," to the final scene on the scaffold, where the tragic imagination of the author speaks with a power barely surpassed in the books of the world, the whole plot of the romance moves about this one conception of our human isolation as the penalty of transgression.

Upon Arthur Dimmesdale the punishment falls most painfully. From the cold and lonely heights of his spiritual life he has stepped down, in a vain endeavor against God's law, to seek the warmth of companionship in illicit love. He sins, and the very purity and fineness of his nature make the act of confession before the world almost an impossibility. The result is a strange contradiction of effects that only Hawthorne could have reconciled. By his sin Dimmesdale is more than ever cut off from communion with the world, and is driven to an asceticism and aloofness so complete that it becomes impossible for him to look any man in the eye; on the other hand, the brooding secret of his passion gives him new and powerful sympathies with life's burden of sorrow, and fills his sermons with a wonderful eloquence to stir the hearts of men. This, too, is the paradox running like a double thread

through all the author's works. Out of our isolation grow the passions which but illuminate and render more visible the void from which they sprang; while, on the other hand, he is impressed by that truth which led him to say: "We are but shadows, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream, — till the heart be touched. That touch creates us, — then we begin to be, — thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity."

Opposed to the erring minister stands Roger Chillingworth, upon whom the curse acts more hideously, if not more painfully. The incommunicative student, misshapen from his birth hour, who has buried his life in books and starved his emotions to feed his brain, would draw the fair maiden Hester into his heart, to warm that innermost chamber, left lonely and chill and without a household fire. Out of this false and illicit desire springs all the tragedy of the tale. Dimmesdale suffers for his love; but the desire of Chillingworth, because it is base, and because his character is essentially selfish, is changed into rancorous hatred. And here again the effect of the man's passion is twofold: it endows him with a malignant sympathy toward the object of his hate, enabling him to play on the victim's heart as a musician gropes among the strings of an instrument, and at the same time it severs him more absolutely from the common weal, blotting out his life "as completely as if he indeed lay at the bottom of the ocean."

And what shall we say of the fair and piteous Hester Prynne? Upon her the author has lavished all his art: he has evoked a figure of womanhood whose memory haunts the mind like that of another Helen. Like Helen's, her passive beauty has been the cause of strange trials and perturbations of which she must herself partake; she is more human than Beatrice, nobler and larger than Marguerite, — a creation altogether

fair and wonderful. Yet she too must be caught in this embroilment of evil and retribution. The Scarlet Letter upon her breast is compared by the author to the brand on the brow of Cain, — a mark that symbolizes her utter separation from the mutual joys and sorrows of the world. She walks about the provincial streets like some lonely bearer of a monstrous fate. Yet because her guilt lies open to the eyes of mankind, and because she accepts the law of our nature, striving to aid and uplift the faltering hearts about her without seeking release from the curse in closer human attachments, following unconsciously the doctrine of the ancient Hindu book, —

"Therefore apply thyself unto work as thy duty bids, yet without attachment;
Even for the profiting of the people apply thyself unto work," —

because she renounces herself and the cravings of self, we see her gradually glorified in our presence, until the blessings of all the poor and afflicted follow her goings about, and the Scarlet Letter, ceasing to be a stigma of scorn, becomes "a type of something to be sorrowed over, and looked upon with awe, yet with reverence too."

As a visible outcome of the guilty passion little Pearl stands before us, an elfin child that "lacked reference and adaptation to the world into which she was born," and that lived with her mother in a "circle of seclusion from human society." But the suffering of the parents is efficient finally to set their child free from the curse; and at the last, when the stricken father proclaims his guilt in public and acknowledges his violation of the law, we see Pearl kissing him and weeping, and her tears are a pledge that she is to grow up amid common joys and griefs, nor forever do battle with the world.

And in the end what of the love between Arthur and Hester? Was it redeemed of shame, and made prophetic of a perfect union beyond the grave? Alas,

there is something pitiless and awful in the last words of the two, as the man lies on the scaffold, dying in her arms: —

“‘Shall we not meet again?’ whispered she, bending her face down close to his. ‘Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest?’”

“‘Hush, Hester, hush!’ said he, with tremulous solemnity. ‘The law we broke! — the sin here so awfully revealed! — let these alone be in thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be that, when we forgot our God, — when we violated our reverence each for the other’s soul, — it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter, in an everlasting and pure reunion.’”

With his next novel Hawthorne enters upon a new phase of his art. Henceforth he seems to have brooded not so much on the immediate effect of evil as on its influence when handed down in a family from generation to generation, and symbolized (for his mind must inevitably speak through symbols) by the ancestral fatality of gurgling blood in the throat or by the print of a bloody footstep. But whatever the symbol employed, the moral outcome of the ancient wrong is always the same: in Septimius Felton, in *The Dolliver Romance*, and most of all in *The House of the Seven Gables*, the infection of evil works itself out in the loneliness of the last sufferers, and their isolation from the world.

It is not my intention to analyze in detail Hawthorne’s remaining novels. As for *The House of the Seven Gables*, we know what unwearied care the author bestowed on the description of Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, alone in the desolate family mansion, and on her grotesque terrors when forced to creep from her seclusion; and how finely he has painted the dim twilight of alienation from himself and from the world into

which the wretched Clifford was thrust! And Judge Pyncheon, the portly, thick-necked, scheming man of action, — who, in imagination, does not perceive him, at last, sitting in the great oaken chair, fallen asleep with wide-staring eyes while the watch ticks noisily in his hand? Asleep, but none shall arouse him from that slumber, and warn him that the hour of his many appointments is slipping by. What immutable mask of indifference has fallen upon his face? “The features are all gone: there is only the paleness of them left. And how looks it now? There is no window! There is no face! An infinite, inscrutable blackness has annihilated sight! Where is our universe? All crumbled away from us; and we, adrift in chaos, may hearken to the gusts of homeless wind, that go sighing and murmuring about, in quest of what was once a world!”

“Is there no other sound? One other, and a fearful one. It is the ticking of the Judge’s watch, which, ever since Hepzibah left the room in search of Clifford, he has been holding in his hand. Be the cause what it may, this little, quiet, never ceasing throb of Time’s pulse, repeating its small strokes with such busy regularity, in Judge Pyncheon’s motionless hand, has an effect of terror, which we do not find in any other accompaniment of the scene.”

Many times, while reading this story and the others that involve an ancestral curse, I have been struck by something of similarity and contrast at once between our New England novelist and Æschylus, the tragic poet of Athens. It should seem at first as if the vast gap between the civilizations that surrounded the two writers and the utterly different forms of their art would preclude any real kinship; and yet I know not where, unless in these late romances, any companion can be found in modern literature to the Orestean conception of satiety begetting insolence, and insolence

calling down upon a family the inherited curse of Atè. It may be reckoned the highest praise of Hawthorne that his work can suggest any such comparison with the masterpiece of Æschylus, and not be entirely emptied of value by the juxtaposition. But if Æschylus and Hawthorne are alike poets of Destiny and of the fateful inheritance of woe, their methods of portraying the power and handiwork of Atè are perfectly distinct. The Athenian, too, represents Orestes, the last inheritor of the curse, as cut off from the fellowship of mankind; but to recall the Orestean tale, with all its tragic action of murder and matricide and frenzy, is to see in a clearer light the originality of Hawthorne's conception of moral retribution in the disease of inner solitude. There is in the difference something, of course, of the constant distinction between classic and modern art; but added to this is the creative idealism of Hawthorne's rare and elusive genius.

I have dwelt at some length on *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, because they are undoubtedly the greatest of Hawthorne's romances, and the most thoroughly permeated with his peculiar ideas, — works so nearly perfect, withal, in artistic execution that the mind of the reader is overwhelmed by a sense of the power and self-restraint possible to human genius.

Over the other two long novels we must pass lightly, although they are not without bearing on the subject in hand. *The Blithedale Romance*, being in every way the slightest and most colorless of the novels, would perhaps add little to the discussion. But in *The Marble Faun* it would be interesting to study the awakening of Donatello's half-animal nature to the fullness of human sympathies by his love for Miriam; and to follow Miriam herself, moving, with the dusky veil of secrecy about her, among the crumbling ruins and living realities of Rome like some phantom of the city's long-buried tragedies. Hawthorne never made known

the nature of the shadow that hovered over this strange creature, and it may be that he has here indulged in a piece of pure mystification; but, for my own part, I could never resist the conviction that she suffers for the same cause as Shelley's Beatrice Cenci. Granting such a conjecture to be well founded, it would be interesting to compare the two innocent victims of the same hideous crime: to observe the frenzy aroused in Beatrice by her wrong, and the passion of her acts, and then to look upon the silent, unearthly Miriam, snatched from the hopes of humanity, and wrapped in the shadows of impenetrable isolation. Powerful as is the story of the Cenci, to me, at least, the fate of Miriam is replete with deeper woe and more transcendent meaning.

It is natural that the reader of these strange stories and stranger confessions should ask, almost with a shudder, What manner of man was the author? We do not wonder that his family, in their printed memoirs, should have endeavored in every way to set forth the social and sunny side of his character, and should have published the Note-Books with the avowed purpose of dispelling the "often expressed opinion that Mr. Hawthorne was gloomy and morbid." Let us admit with them that he had but the "inevitable pensiveness and gravity" of one to whom has been given "the awful power of insight." No one supposes for a moment that Hawthorne's own mind was clouded with the remorseful consciousness of secret guilt; and we are ready to accept his statement that he had "no love of secrecy and darkness," and that his extreme reserve had only made his writings more objective.

Morbid in any proper sense of the word Hawthorne cannot be called, except in so far as throughout his life he cherished one dominant idea, and that a peculiar state of mental isolation which destroys the illusions leading to action, and so tends at last to weaken the will; and there are, it must be confessed,

signs in the old age of Hawthorne that his will actually succumbed to the attacks of this subtle disillusionment. But beyond this there is in his work no taint of unwholesomeness, unless it be in itself unwholesome to be possessed by one absorbing thought. We have no reason to discredit his own statement: "When I write anything that I know or suspect is morbid, I feel as though I had told a lie." Nor was he even a mystery-monger: the mysterious element in his stories, which affects some prosaic minds as a taint of morbidity, is due to the intense symbolism of his thought, to the intrinsic and unconscious mingling of the real and the ideal. Like one of his own characters, he could "never separate the idea from the symbol in which it manifests itself." Yet the idea is always there. He is strong both in analysis and generalization; there is no weakening of the intellectual faculties. Furthermore, his pages are pervaded with a subtle ironical humor hardly compatible with morbidity, — not a boisterous humor that awakens laughter, but the mood, half quizzical and half pensive, of a man who stands apart and smiles at the foibles and pretensions of the world. Now and then there is something rare and unexpected in his wit, as, for example, in his comment on the Italian mosquitoes: "They are bigger than American mosquitoes; and if you crush them, after one of their feasts, it makes a terrific blood spot. It is a sort of suicide to kill them." And if there is to be found in his tales a fair share of disagreeable themes, yet he never confounds things of good and evil report, nor things fair and foul; the moral sense is intact. Above all, there is no undue appeal to the sensations or emotions.

Rather it is true, as we remarked in the beginning, that the lack of outward emotion, together with their poignancy of silent appeal, is a distinguishing mark of Hawthorne's writings. The thought underlying all his work is one to trouble

the depths of our nature, and to stir in us the sombrest chords of brooding, but it does not move us to tears or passionate emotion: those affections are dependent on our social faculties, and are starved in the rarefied air of his genius. Hawthorne indeed relates that the closing chapters of *The Scarlet Letter*, when read aloud to his wife, sent her to bed with a sick headache. And yet, as a judicious critic has observed, this may have been in part just because the book seals up the fountain of tears.

It needs but a slight acquaintance with his own letters and Note-Books, and with the anecdotes current about him, to be assured that never lived a man to whom ordinary contact with his fellows was more impossible, and that the mysterious solitude in which his fictitious characters move is a mere shadow of his own imperial loneliness of soul. "I have made a captive of myself," he writes in a letter of condolence to Longfellow, "and put me into a dungeon, and now I cannot find the key to let myself out; and if the door were open, I should be almost afraid to come out. You tell me that you have met with troubles and changes. I know not what these may have been, but I can assure you that trouble is the next best thing to enjoyment, and that there is no fate in this world so horrible as to have no share in its joys or sorrows." Was ever a stranger letter of condolence penned?

Even the wider sympathies of the race seem to have been wanting in the man as they are wanting in his books. It is he who said of himself, "Destiny itself has often been worsted in the attempt to get me out to dinner." Though he lived in the feverish ante-bellum days, he was singularly lacking in the political sense, and could look with indifference on the slave question. When at last the war broke out, and he was forced into sympathies foreign to his nature, it seemed as if something gave way within him beneath the unaccustomed stress. It is

said, and with probable truth, that the trouble of his heart actually caused his death. His novels are full of brooding over the past, but of real historic sympathy he had none. He has mentioned the old Concord fight almost with contempt, and in his travels the homes of great men and the scenes of famous deeds rarely touched him with enthusiasm. Strangest of all, in a writer of such moral depth, is his coldness toward questions of religion. So marked was this apathy that George Ripley is reported to have said on the subject of Hawthorne's religious tendencies, "There were none, no reverence in his nature." He was not skeptical, to judge from his occasional utterances, but simply indifferent; the matter did not interest him. He was by right of inheritance a Puritan; all the intensity of the Puritan nature remained in him, and all the overwhelming sense of the heinousness of human depravity, but these, cut off from the old faith, took on a new form of their own. Where the Puritan teachers had fulminated the vengeance of an outraged God, Hawthorne saw only the infinite isolation of the errant soul. In one of his stories, in many ways the most important of his shorter works, he has chosen for his theme the Unpardonable Sin, and it is interesting to read the tale side by side with some of the denunciatory sermons of the older divines.

It is not necessary to repeat the story of Ethan Brand, the lime-burner, who, in the wilderness of the mountains, in the silences of the night while he fed the glowing furnace, conceived the idea of producing in himself the Unpardonable Sin. Every one must remember how at last he found his quest in his own wretched heart, that had refused to beat in human sympathy, and had regarded the men about him as so many problems to be studied. In the end, he who had denied the brotherhood of man, and spurned the guidance of the stars, and who now refuses to surrender his body

back to the bosom of Mother Earth,—in the end he must call on the deadly element of fire as his only friend, and so, with blasphemy on his lips, flings himself into the flaming oven. It is a sombre and weird catastrophe, but the tragic power of the scene lies in the picture of utter loneliness in the guilty breast. And would you hear by its side the denunciations of our greatest theologian against sin? Read but a paragraph from the sermons of Jonathan Edwards: "The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked. . . . If you cry to God to pity you, he will be so far from pitying you in your doleful case, or showing you the least regard or favor, that, instead of that, he will only tread you underfoot. . . . And though he will know that you cannot bear the weight of omnipotence treading upon you, yet he will not regard that; but he will crush you under his feet without mercy; he will crush out your blood, and make it fly, and it shall be sprinkled on his garments, so as to stain all his raiment." Is it a wonder that strong men were moved to tears, and women fainted, beneath such words? Yet in the still hours of meditation there is to me, at least, something more appalling in the gloomy imaginations of Hawthorne, because they are founded more certainly on everlasting truth.

I have spoken as if the mental attitude of Hawthorne was one common to the race, however it may be exaggerated in form by his own inner vision; and to us of the Western world, over whom have passed centuries of Christian brooding, and who find ourselves suddenly cut loose from the consolation of Christian faith, his voice may well seem the utterance of universal experience, and we may be even justified in assuming that his words have at last expressed what has long slumbered in human consciousness. His was not the bitterness,

the fierce indignation of loneliness, that devoured the heart of Swift; nor yet the terror of a soul like Cowper's, that believed itself guilty of the unpardonable sin, and therefore condemned to everlasting exile and torment; nor Byron's personal rancor and hatred of society; nor the ecstasy of Thomas à Kempis, whose spirit was rapt away out of the turmoil of existence; but rather an intensification of the solitude that invests the modern world, and by right found its deepest expression in the New England heart. Not with impunity had the human race for ages dwelt on the eternal welfare of the soul; for from such meditation the sense of personal importance had become exacerbated to an extraordinary degree. What could result from such teaching as that of Jonathan Edwards but an extravagant sense of individual existence, as if the moral governance of the world revolved about the action of each mortal soul? And when the alluring faith attendant on this form of introspection paled, as it did during the so-called transcendental movement into which Hawthorne was born, there resulted necessarily a feeling of anguish and bereavement more tragic than any previous moral stage through which the world had passed. The loneliness of the individual, which had been vaguely felt and lamented by poets and philosophers of the past, took on a poignancy altogether unexampled. It needed but an artist with the vision of Hawthorne to represent this feeling as the one tragic calamity of mortal life, as the great primeval curse of sin. What lay dormant in the teaching of Christianity became the universal protest of the human heart.

In no way can we better estimate the universality, and at the same time the modern note, of Hawthorne's solitude than by turning for a moment to the literature of the far-off Ganges. There, too, on the banks of the holy river, men used much to ponder on the life of the

human soul in its restless wandering from birth to birth; and in their books we may read of a loneliness as profound as Hawthorne's, though quite distinct in character. To them, also, we are born alone, we die alone, and alone we reap the fruits of our good and evil deeds. The dearest ties of our earthly existence are as meaningless and transient as the meeting of spar with drifting spar on the ocean waves. Yet in all this it is the isolation of the soul from the source of universal life that troubles human thought; there is no cry of personal anguish here, such as arises from Christianity, for the loss of individuality is ever craved by the Hindu as the highest good. And besides this distinction between the Western and Eastern forms of what may be called secular solitude, the Hindu carried the idea into abstract realms whither no Occidental can penetrate.

"HE, in that solitude before
The world was, looked the wide void o'er
And nothing saw, and said, Lo, I
Alone! — and still we echo the lone cry.

"Thereat He feared, and still we fear
In solitude when naught is near:
And, Lo, He said, myself alone!
What cause of dread when second is not
known?"

But into this ultimate region of Oriental mysticism we have no reason to intrude. We may at least count it among the honors of our literature that it was left for a denizen of this far Western land, living in the midst of a late-born and confused civilization, to give artistic form to a thought that, in fluctuating form, has troubled the minds of philosophers from the beginning. Other authors may be greater in so far as they touch our passions more profoundly, but to the solitude of Nathaniel Hawthorne we owe the most perfect utterance of a feeling that must seem to us now as old and as deep as life itself.

It would be easy to explain Hawthorne's peculiar temperament, after the modern fashion, by reference to heredity

and environment. No doubt there was a strain of eccentricity in the family. He himself tells of a cousin who made a spittoon out of the skull of his enemy ; and it is natural that a descendant of the old Puritan witch judge should portray the weird and grotesque aspects of life. Probably this native tendency was increased by the circumstances that surrounded his youth : the seclusion of his mother's life ; his boyhood on Lake Sebago, where, as he says, he first got his "cursed habit of solitude ;" and the long

years during which he lived as a hermit in Salem. But, after all, these external matters, and even the effect of heredity so far as we can fathom it, explain little or nothing. A thousand other men might have written his books if their source lay in such antecedents. Behind it all was the dæmonic force of the man himself, the everlasting mystery of genius inhabiting in his brain, and choosing him to be an exemplar and interpreter of the inviolable individuality in which lie the pain and glory of our human estate.

Paul Elmer More.

SEA IN AUTUMN.

I KNOW how all the hollows of the land
 Are bright with harvest ; how with every breeze
 Her largess autumn scatters from the trees,
 And how the sheaves are piled on every hand.
 Basks the brown earth ; her toil hath bought her ease.
 Here is the lesson, plain to understand.
 Yet there remaineth somewhat ; pace the strand,
 And watch awhile the vast, the infertile seas.

Deeper than earth's their calm ; from marge to marge
 Wide stretched they lie, untroubled by the need
 Of any fruitage ; barren and content,
 They know the secret of a hope more large
 Than earth has guessed at ; them a richer meed
 Than toil can win th' inscrutable heavens have sent.

C. A. Price.

DANIEL WEBSTER.¹

WEBSTER'S EARLY EDUCATION.

WHEN Daniel Webster entered Dartmouth College, more than one hundred years ago, it had attained a considerable degree of prosperity. For a quarter of a century after Wheelock planted it in the wilderness it remained the only college in northern New England, and the rapid settlement of the country about it gave it an important constituency. During the ten years immediately preceding Webster's graduation it was second among the colleges of the country in the number of graduates to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He came from one of the frontier families that crowded into this region. When the smoke first curled from the chimney of his father's log cabin in Salisbury, there was, as the son has said, "no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada." Professor Wendell tells us, in his scholarly book on literature in America, that Webster was the "son of a New Hampshire countryman;" and again, that "he retained so many traces of his far from eminent New Hampshire origin" that he was less typical of the Boston orators than were some other men. It is true that the father was a "New Hampshire countryman," and he does not appear to have attained any remarkable eminence; but only the most cautious inferences should be drawn from a surface or negative fact of that character, in a past necessarily covered for the most part with darkness. A great deal is to-day unknown about that sturdy race of men who swarmed over our frontiers more than a century ago, and especially a great deal that was worthy and noble in indi-

viduals. And it is hardly useful to turn to a doubtful past in order to learn of a known present, or to judge of a son whom we know well from a father of whom we know but little. It is often more safe to judge of the ancestor from the descendant than of the descendant from the ancestor. I supposed that Daniel Webster had forever settled the essential character of the stock from which he sprung, just as the pure gold of Lincoln's character unerringly points to a mine of unalloyed metal somewhere, if there is anything in the principles of heredity; and whether the mine is known or unknown, its gold will pass current even at the Boston mint. Perhaps neither of these men, in himself or in his origin, was wholly typical of any place; it is enough that both were typical of America.

But what we know of Webster's father indicates the origin of some of the great qualities of the son. He was a man of much native strength of intellect and of resolute independence of character. He had those magnificent physical qualities which made the son a source of wonder to all who knew him. He had, too, a heart which, the son once said, "he seemed to have borrowed from a lion." "Your face is not so black, Daniel," Stark once said, "as your father's was with gunpowder at the Bennington fight." And on the night after the discovery of Arnold's treason, at that dark moment when even the faithful might be thought faithless, and the safety of the new nation demanded a sure arm to lean upon, it was then, according to the tradition, that Webster was put in command of the guard before the headquarters of our general, and George Washington, another "countryman," said, "Captain Webster, I believe I can trust you."

The schooling of Webster before he entered college was of a limited charac-

¹ From an address delivered at Dartmouth College, September 25, 1901, at the centennial of Webster's graduation.

ter. He appears to have been well drilled in Latin, but he possessed only the rudiments of English, and of Greek he knew very little. It must not be overlooked, however, that even at his youthful age he had acquired a fondness for the *Spectator* and for other good English books. While in college he broadened his reading of English and history, until he was said to be at the head of his class in those branches. Perhaps his most positive acquirement was in the Latin language, in which he became a good scholar, and which he continued to study in after life. A profound knowledge of a foreign tongue can hardly be conclusively inferred from frequent quotations from it. In the oratory of the first half of the last century the Latin quotation was an established institution, and for much of it little more than the manual custody of the Latin author was apparently necessary. But the quotations from that language in Webster's speeches were apt, and usually betrayed an insight into the meaning of the author, deep enough often to get a second or poetical meaning. He continued to neglect Greek, probably because he had been so miserably prepared in it, and long afterwards he lamented that he had not studied it until he could read and understand Demosthenes in his own tongue. The course of study which he followed was the rigid and unyielding course of that day, where every branch was impartially prescribed for everybody. The debating society was an institution to which Webster was devoted, and from which he derived great benefit. It enabled him to overcome his timidity, which had been so excessive at Exeter that it was impossible for him to recite his declamations before the school, and he became in college a ready and self-possessioned debater. I do not find it easy, however, to detect under the flowers of his early rhetoric the promise of that weighty and concentrated style which afterwards distinguished him. Although not the first in

scholarship, he undoubtedly acquired a leadership among his college mates. His popularity was the natural result of the display of his ability and manly qualities in that most just and perfect democracy in the world, — a democracy of schoolboys. It lingered in the college after he left it; and when he returned, after his graduation, with the "shekels," as he expressed it, which he had earned for his brother Ezekiel, he was received as quite a hero.

It is difficult to believe, in view of the majestic proportions of his later years, that he was ever slender and delicate, but he is spoken of as being in his college days "long, slender, pale, and all eyes." Yet his slight form supported an enormous mass of head, with its noble brow crowned by hair as black as the wing of a raven. Those wonderful black eyes, which near the end of his life Carlyle spoke of as "dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown," were then lighted up with the fire and brilliancy of youth.

HIS LEGAL TRAINING.

It was a fortunate circumstance, in Webster's early career, that it fell to his lot to meet often in the courts so great a lawyer as Jeremiah Mason. When Webster came to the Portsmouth bar, he found Mason its unquestioned leader. Mason was a giant, mentally and physically, thoroughly trained in his profession, with an absolute contempt for rhetorical ornament, and a way of talking directly at juries in a terse and informal style which they could comprehend; standing, as Webster expressed it, so that he might put his finger on the foreman's nose. Long afterwards, when Webster's fame as a lawyer and statesman extended over the whole country, he wrote it as his deliberate opinion of Mason that if there was a stronger intellect in the country he did not know it. From this estimate he would not even except John Marshall. Webster quickly

outstripped his other rivals, and for nine years maintained the struggle against this formidable antagonist for supremacy at the Portsmouth bar. He was compelled to overcome his natural tendency to indolence, and to make the most careful preparation of his cases. The rivalry called into play the most strenuous exercise of all his faculties. The intellectual vigilance and readiness which became his marked characteristics in debate were especially cultivated. He soon saw the futility of florid declamation against the simple style of Mason, and his own eloquence rapidly passed out of the efflorescent stage, and became direct and full of the Saxon quality; although he never affected little words, and would use a strong word of Latin origin when it would answer his purpose better. When his practice at the Portsmouth bar came to an end, he had proved his ability to contend on even terms, at least, with Mason, and had developed those great qualities which enabled him to take his place as the leader of the Boston bar almost without a struggle, and to step at an early age into the front rank of the lawyers who contended in the Supreme Court at Washington.

THE DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CASE.

This occasion demands more than a passing reference to the cause in which Webster gained a recognized place among the leaders of the bar of the national Supreme Court. It marked an epoch in his professional career, and it vitally concerned the existence of this college. The Dartmouth College causes grew out of enactments of the New Hampshire legislature, making amendments in the charter of the college which differed little from repeal. In substance, they created a new corporation, and transferred to it all the property of the college. There would have been little security in the charters of our colleges, if state legislatures generally had possessed the power to pass acts of that sweeping character.

The point upon which the court at Washington had jurisdiction was regarded by the college counsel as a forlorn hope, and to be more daring and novel than sound. It apparently originated with Mason. It was, however, the only ground open on the appeal, and this was a fortunate circumstance for the fame of the cause. If the whole cause had been subject to review, it might well have been decided upon one of the other grounds, and thus it would not have become one of the landmarks of constitutional law. Wirt, who was then the Attorney-General of the United States, and Holmes appeared against the college, and Hopkinson with Webster in its favor. It must be admitted that Webster possessed an advantage over the other counsel. He had fought over the ground when it was most stubbornly contested, and knew every inch of it. His whole soul was in his case. He had the briefs of Mason and Smith as well as his own, and had absorbed every point in all the notable arguments on his side at Exeter. He generously gave all the credit to Mason and Smith. He was interested in preventing the printing of the Exeter speeches, because, he said, it would show where he got his plumes. This was undoubtedly too generous, but his debt was a great one, and no lawyer was ever better prepared than Webster was when he rose to speak in the college cause. He possessed, too, as complete a mastery of his opponents' arguments as of his own. With his extraordinary power of eloquence thus armed, it is not strange that the court was to witness a revelation, and that he was destined to a signal personal triumph. He took the part of junior counsel, and opened the argument; but when he took his seat, after five hours of high reason and clear statement, kindled with tremendous passion and delivered with all the force of his wonderful personality, the case had been both opened and closed, and nothing remained to be said. The spectators were aston-

ished and overawed. It is not to be wondered at that Marshall sat enchained, and that Story forgot to take notes. The counsel against the college were far from being so well prepared. Webster afterwards wrote a letter to Wirt, complimenting him upon his argument, and Wirt apparently satisfied himself; but the extraordinary performance by Webster took his antagonists by surprise. A majority of the court was carried, and carried, probably, by the eloquence of the advocate. The college was saved, and at the same time there was witnessed the birth of an important principle of constitutional law and of a great national fame.

There have been arguments before the same high tribunal more discursively eloquent, more witty, and delivered with a greater parade of learning; but in the boldness, novelty, and far-reaching character of the propositions advanced, in the strength with which they were maintained, in the judgment with which the points of argument were selected and the skill with which they were pressed upon the court, in the natural oratorical passion, so consuming that for five hours the spectators were held spellbound by the discussion of questions of law, no greater speech was ever made before the Supreme Court. No other advocate in that tribunal ever equaled what he himself never surpassed. The published report of this speech is apparently much condensed, and contains only the outlines of what was said. There is no hint of the beautiful peroration. Mr. Ticknor says of the printed version that those who heard the speech when it was delivered "still wonder how such dry bones could ever have lived with the power they there witnessed and felt." But even the printed version is a classic in its severe simplicity and beauty. Although this was not the first cause argued by Webster before the national Supreme Court, it especially marked the beginning of a career which continued for more than a

third of a century, and stamps him as, on the whole, the greatest figure who ever appeared at that august bar.

WEBSTER AS A LAWYER.

It is sometimes said of Webster that he was not learned in the law. But in the very best sense of the term he was a learned lawyer. If his mind was not an encyclopædia of cases, it was a storehouse of legal principles. He had the art of condensation, and would select the genuine points of his case, and put them with unsurpassed simplicity and weight. He possessed to a remarkable degree, too, the inborn legal sense, without which there can be no lawyer. From the day when, a mere stripling, he graduated from college, the law was his chief study. Usually acting as senior counsel in important cases, he had the advantage of the preparation of learned juniors. He was called upon in court to display a mastery of his own side, and to hear and meet all that could be said by accomplished lawyers against it. His memory was prodigious. The result of it all was that, with his great natural powers thus disciplined by forty years of practice, one would have been willing to back him, not merely as a parliamentary Hercules, as Carlyle said, but as a legal Hercules, against the whole extant world.

A great part of a lawyer's work is ephemeral, and perishes with the day that brought it forth. Some of the miracles which Rufus Choate wrought in the courts were a nine days' wonder, passed into splendid traditions, and were then forgotten. This is due to the fact that while there are many causes of vast consequence to individuals, there are comparatively few which are of importance to society generally or in the development of the law. But a great mass of Webster's legal work survives, and insures him permanent fame as a lawyer. Take, for instance, the great case of *Gibbons and Ogden*, where the state of New York had attempted to grant a monopoly

of navigation on its inland waters. The doctrine which Webster contended for in that case was sustained by the court. In a time when so much is said of the evils of granting franchises in the public streets, we can appreciate the far-reaching importance of a decision which at one stroke forever rescued our great lakes and harbors and the Mississippi and the Ohio from the grasp of monopolies, and left our inland waters open highways for all to navigate on equal terms. In the formative period of our institutions, when their limits were explored in the courts and established by judicial construction, there were great judges besides Marshall, and great lawyers besides Webster. But Marshall stands, in America, unapproached as a jurist, just as Webster stands as an advocate without a rival. The former set our constitutional landmarks, and the latter pointed out where they should be placed. And it is significant of Webster's primacy that in important debates to-day, in Congress or elsewhere, upon great questions of a constitutional character or of a political legal character, relating to our systems of government and the nature and limitations of their powers, he is more widely quoted than any other lawyer, whether speaking only with his own voice or *ex cathedra* as a member of our highest court.

An important sphere of his professional activity would be neglected if I did not refer to his strength as an advocate before juries. The same simple style which enlightened the highest courts made him easily understood by the ordinary jurymen. But his oratory was less fettered by technical rules, and was more varied, before juries than before the courts. Only two of his very many speeches to juries are preserved in his published works, and each of these amply demonstrates his enormous capacity in that field.

HIS POWER OF SPEECH.

The chief source of Webster's success as a statesman is found in his transcendent

power of speech. When his public career began, a highly decorated fashion of oratory, which has been termed the Corinthian style, flourished in this country. Our orators were justly conscious of the fact that we had won our independence from the greatest power in the world, and had become a nation. Every one was inspired to talk eloquently about Liberty, and, as a consequence, a vast number of literary crimes were committed in her name. It was an excessively oratorical era. Whether the thought was great or little, the grand manner was imperatively demanded. The contemporary accounts of the speeches of that time were as highly wrought as the speeches themselves, and one would suppose that orators of the grade of Demosthenes existed in every considerable village; although it will be observed that they gradually diminished in number as the cold art of stenography became more commonly and successfully practiced. The simple art of speaking with reference to the exact truth was held in contempt, and the art of extravagant expression was carefully cultivated. It is not difficult to detect in this extravagance the influence of Edmund Burke. He was chiefly responsible, however, only because he stood in a class by himself, and could defy successful imitation. There is nothing more gorgeous in English literature than the best of his speeches or his essays; for his speeches and essays were the same sort of composition. His knowledge was varied and prodigious, and even his conversation, well compared by Moore to a Roman triumph, was enriched with the spoils of all learning. In depth and intensity of feeling and a noble sympathy for the oppressed of every race, he was surpassed by no orator, ancient or modern. He had the glowing and exuberant imagination that

"Kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heaven's gates with her bright
hoofs."

Imitation of Burke, thus royally en-

dowed, and blazing with indignation at some great public wrong, would easily lend itself to extravagance, and would produce the empty form of colossal speech without its substance. I think Burke's influence can be clearly seen in our orators from his own day to the end of Charles Sumner's time. A few of Webster's speeches show not merely the inspiration due to an appreciative understanding of Burke, which was legitimate and might be wholesome, but a somewhat close and dispiriting imitation of Burke's manner. This is true particularly of the much-admired Plymouth oration, which substituted John Adams for the Lord Bathurst of Burke's celebrated passage, and extorted from that venerable patriot, who had come under the spell of the Corinthian era, the statement that Burke could no longer be called the most consummate orator of modern times. But it is Webster's glory that, at his best, he had a style that was all his own, simple, massive, and full of grandeur; and compared with some of his noble passages, Burke's sublimity sometimes seems as unsubstantial as banks of cloud by the side of a granite mountain. While Webster was slow in reaching his full mental stature, how rapidly his style developed, and simplicity took the place of the flowery exaggeration that was then thought to be fine, may be seen by contrasting passages from two of his speeches. In his Fourth of July address, delivered a year before his graduation, occurs this passage: "Fair Science, too, holds her gentle empire among us, and almost innumerable altars are raised to her divinity, from Brunswick to Florida. Yale, Providence, and Harvard now grace our land, and Dartmouth, towering majestic above the groves which encircle her, now inscribes her glory on the register of fame! Oxford and Cambridge, those Oriental stars of literature, shall now be lost, while the bright sun of American science displays his broad circumference in un-

eclipsed radiance." The other is from a speech, early in his congressional career, against the policy of forcing the growth of manufactures, or of rearing them, as he expressed it, "in hotbeds:" "I am not anxious to accelerate the approach of the period when the great mass of American labor shall not find its employment in the field; when the young men of the country shall be obliged to shut their eyes upon external nature, upon the heavens and the earth, and immerse themselves in close and unwholesome workshops; when they shall be obliged to shut their ears to the bleatings of their own flocks upon their own hills, and to the voice of the lark that cheers them at the plough." The one passage is little above or below the style then prevailing among schoolboys; the other possesses a simple and lyric beauty, and might have been written by a master of English prose in its golden age.

In his speech upon the Greek revolution, delivered while he was still a member of the House, his style may be said to have become fixed in its simplicity. Upon such a subject there was every temptation to indulge in passionate declamation about freedom and to make a tremendous display of classical learning, and such a treatment seemed to be demanded by the prevailing taste of the time; but the generous sympathy he held out to the Greeks he extended in a speech of severe and restrained beauty, and the greater part of his effort was devoted to a profound study of the principles of the Holy Alliance as a conspiracy against popular freedom. Jeremiah Mason pronounced this speech the best example of parliamentary eloquence and statesmanlike reasoning which our country had seen. The Plymouth speech greatly extended his reputation as an orator, and was most impressive in its immediate effect. George Ticknor, who was disposed to be critical, and usually admired with difficulty, somewhat hysterically wrote in a letter, on the day of the

delivery of this speech: "I warn you beforehand that I have not the least confidence in my own opinion. His manner carried me away completely. . . . It seems to me incredible. . . . I was never so excited by public speaking before in my life. Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood." This speech was received everywhere with the most extravagant praise, and may fairly be said to have established Webster's position as the first orator of the nation. While it contains noble passages, it sometimes expresses the platitude of the day in a style that suggests the grandiose, and it shows more strongly than any other of his important speeches the literary faults of the time. The first Bunker Hill speech and the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson are distinctly superior to it. That splendid piece of historical fiction, the speech which he puts in the mouth of Adams, is an excellent illustration of his ability to reproduce the spirit of a great event and endow it with life. It was precisely such a speech as the most impassioned and strongest advocate of the Declaration of Independence might have made on the floor of the Continental Congress. If Webster's understanding had been less powerful, he would have been credited with a very great imagination. That faculty, however, was strictly subordinated to his reason; and instead of producing anything unusual and fantastic, the creature of a disordered rather than a creative imagination, he summoned the event out of the past, and so invested it with its appropriate coloring and rational and proper setting that it seemed to be a fact rather than a fancy.¹

A CREATIVE STATESMAN.

It is sometimes said of Webster that, as a statesman, he was not creative, and that no great legislative acts are identi-

fied with his name; that he was the unrivaled advocate of policies, but not their originator. It must be remembered that during most of his congressional career his party was in a minority, and he had only a limited opportunity to fashion political legislation. He did not, it is true, pass any considerable portion of his time in drawing bills, embodying more or less fanciful theories of government. But he displayed in a prominent degree the qualities of statesmanship most loudly called for by his time. He was highly successful in adapting to the needs of a nation the provisions of a written Constitution, by applying to its construction the soundest principles of government. It was beyond human foresight for the framers of the Constitution to comprehend the unknown demands of the future. The application of that frame of government to new needs and conditions demanded as high and as original an order of statesmanship as was required in the first instance to write it. It might easily have supported a greatly different structure of government, if it had been less wisely expounded. If our highest court has been able to recognize supposed national exigencies and apply contradictory judicial constructions to the same clause of the Constitution, we can see that it might indeed be a flexible instrument in the hands of statesmen whose prime function is political, and not judicial. But there was no paltry expediency in Webster's expounding. His recognition of sound principles, his profound sympathy with the genius of our system, and his true political sense enabled him to display the most difficult art of statesmanship, the practical application of theory to the government of a nation. The principles of government are derived from a long series of experiments, and the statesman who produces

other speeches, as well as some additional portions of the address. — EDITORS ATLANTIC.

¹ We regret that considerations of space make it necessary to omit Mr. McCall's detailed discussion of Webster's Reply to Hayne and

something novel produces something which experience will usually show it is well to avoid. Originality of statesmanship does not alone consist in bringing forth something unheard of in government, or in keeping on hand, as Sieyès was said to have done, a large assortment of constitutions ready-made. Neither can I see originality or even a high order of statesmanship in patching up a truce by some temporary device, which, after it shall have lost its effect, may leave the body politic in a worse condition than before. Webster aided in making the Constitution work among conditions that its founders did not foresee. He contributed to protect it from danger against which they made no provisions, and to endow it with perpetuity. His adherence to sound principles was as resolute as his recognition of them was instinctive. This unbending quality and an indisposition to appeal to a pseudo-patriotism prevented him, in the conditions then existing, from becoming a successful party leader; and in that respect he strikingly resembled Fox. After a career unexampled among statesmen, in its constant treatment of liberty as a birthright of all men, and not as a peculiar prerogative of Englishmen, it was said of Fox's following in Parliament that they could all be put in a hackney coach. The reason is obvious. The British Parliament has usually been jealous for British freedom; but when British demands come in conflict with the freedom of foreign peoples, liberty then becomes a much less influential sentiment than what, on such occasions, is sometimes termed humanity, and sometimes civilization.

Let us follow Webster's course upon some of the more important issues of his time, in order to gain a practical insight into his statesmanship. He was a friend of commerce, which, he declared, had paid the price of independence, and he was in favor of encouraging it both with foreign nations and between the states

themselves. He was, therefore, strenuously opposed to the embargo which preceded and attended the war with Great Britain. He was so hostile to the war itself that he refused to vote supplies to carry it on. Even that much-quoted passage, so frequently employed against those who would question a proposed aggression upon other nations, "Our party divisions, acrimonious as they are, cease at the water's edge," was uttered by him in a speech against a bill to encourage enlistment. The question of peace or war, he declared, was "not to be compressed into the compass that would fit a small litigation." It was a great question of right and expediency. "Utterly astonished at the declaration of war, I have been surprised at nothing since. Unless all history deceived me, I saw how it would be prosecuted when I saw how it was begun. There is in the nature of things an unchangeable relation between rash counsels and feeble execution." The struggle itself, whether just or unjust at its inception, became almost a war of self-preservation, and Webster's attitude was an extreme one in refusing to vote the necessary means to carry it on. At a much later period of his life he voted for supplies for the war with Mexico, to which he had also been opposed. But when, during the War of 1812, he declined to be badgered out of the right of public discussion,—for he did not escape the fury of the small patriots of his time,—his position was unassailable. "It is," he said, "a home-bred right, a fireside privilege. . . . It is not to be drawn in controversy. . . . Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty. . . . This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this House and without this House, and in all places, in time of peace, in time of war."

His earlier speeches in Congress on the tariff were upon free-trade lines, and against the exercise of the taxing power

of the Constitution for the purpose of protection. During his term of service in the House he voted against tariff bills that were protective in their nature, but after he became a member of the Senate, in 1827, he voted for bills that were protective; and he has often been accused of inconsistency on account of these apparently contradictory votes. But his answer was simple and, as it seems, conclusive. He had opposed the policy of artificially calling manufactures into being, but it had been adopted. New England had acquiesced in a system which had been forced upon her against the votes of her representatives. Manufactures had been built up, and he would not vote to strike them down.

During the early years of his service in the House he began his advocacy of a sound money system, and continued to support it, while the currency was an issue, to the end of his career. The delusive arguments in favor of a money which the art of printing made cheap of production did not impose upon him. No man of his time set forth more clearly the principles of a sound system of finance, or the disaster which would follow a deviation from it. He had been so conspicuous in the debates upon financial measures that President Harrison requested him to accept the secretaryship of the Treasury at the time he became Secretary of State. He was too firm a friend of civil justice not to make an indignant protest against the bill proposing to take the trial of certain cases of treason from the courts, and give them to military tribunals. The Force Bill of 1833, which gave Jackson the authority to cope with the nullification movement in South Carolina, would probably have failed of passage without Webster's support. That measure, however, became of little consequence after the substantial concession to that state made in the tariff propositions brought forward by Mr. Clay, who was usually ready to apply temporary devices to any threatening situation.

Webster austere declined to surrender to the threats of South Carolina, and voted against the tariff bill. He jealously upheld the prerogatives of the Senate, and resolutely severed the growing friendship between himself and Jackson, when the latter showed a disposition toward personal government and an autocratic administration of the laws. But first of all he was attached to the principles of popular government, and while a Senator he favored a broad construction of the power which the Constitution gave to the Representatives to originate revenue bills.

In a running debate in the Senate, he took the position that territories were not a part of the United States, within the meaning of the Constitution, and he referred for authority to a class of decisions of the Supreme Court. It so happened that the court had decided but a single case of the class he mentioned, and that he himself had been counsel in it. It showed his remarkable memory and command of his resources that, thirty years afterwards, he was able, apparently upon the spur of the moment, to urge in all its force the argument he had prepared in the law case. The court, however, although it had decided the case in his favor, had not put its decision upon the ground he urged. In the same debate in the Senate, he made it clear, whatever he may have meant in claiming that the Constitution did not extend to the territories, that the oath of members of Congress bound them to observe its limitations even when legislating for the territories, which is an essential point in the great controversy in which he has recently been so often cited as an authority. So far from admitting that a denial of congressional absolutism, in dealing with human rights anywhere, would make our government an incomplete or crippled government, he saw in tendencies of an opposite character the danger that our Constitution would be converted "into a deformed monster,"

into a great "frame of unequal government," and "into a curse rather than a blessing." He also gave weighty expression to the opinion that while arbitrary governments could govern distant possessions by different laws and systems, we could do no such thing. He protested against the policy of admitting new and small states into the Union, because of its tendency to destroy the balance established by the Constitution, and convert the Senate into an oligarchy, — a policy which has been pursued, until at last states having less than a sixth of the population of the country elect a majority of the entire Senate. He took a leading part in the codification of the criminal laws of the nation, and in the enlargement of its judicial system. He profoundly deplored the existence of slavery, and many striking utterances against it may be found in his speeches; but he held to the opinion, which indeed appears to have prevailed everywhere at that time, that the national government had no authority, under the Constitution, to interfere with slavery in the states where it was established. He believed that the non-political offices of the government should not be used as party spoils, and a generation before civil service reform made its appearance on this continent he gave luminous expression to its most essential principles. His public career was singularly free from demagoguery, and his speeches will be explored in vain for catchpenny appeals to the passing popular fancy.

One of the great achievements of his career, as well as one of the most definite and honorable triumphs of American diplomacy, is found in the negotiation of the Webster-Ashburton treaty. The dispute over the northeastern boundary had for years been a source of irritation between this country and Great Britain, and had baffled such earnest attempts at solution that it promised to continue a menace to the peace of the two countries. The British government

had finally dispatched a large number of soldiers to Canada, and our minister at London expressed the opinion that war appeared inevitable. There were also other annoying sources of dispute aside from that relating to the boundary. Webster triumphantly overcame all obstacles, and he could proudly appeal, as he subsequently did in the Senate, "to the public men of the age whether, in 1842, and in the city of Washington, something was not done for the suppression of crime, for the true exposition of the principles of public law, for the freedom and security of commerce on the ocean, and for the peace of the world." The qualities which he displayed in these negotiations attracted attention in the British Parliament. Macaulay commented on his "firm, resolute, vigilant, and unyielding" manner. Diplomatic writing has a peculiar rhetoric, — a rhetoric which Webster had the good sense to refuse to adopt in preference to his own. Compared with his condensed and weighty letter upon impressment, for instance, the ordinary fawning or threatening diplomatic performance seems a flimsy structure indeed. The claim, on the part of the British government, of the right to impress British-born sailors from the decks of American ships could not survive the conclusive arguments which he crowded into the brief letter to Ashburton, and which, without any pretense, led to the conclusion that "the American government then is prepared to say that the practice of impressing seamen from American vessels cannot be hereafter allowed to take place." And then he ran up the flag, not for rhetorical purposes, but over the solid masonry of reason, from which it can never be hauled down without overturning established principles. "In every regularly documented American vessel, the crew who navigate it will find their protection in the flag that is over them." No one could mistake the meaning of what was so simply stated, after its jus-

tice had been so conclusively shown. It is impossible for an American to read the diplomatic correspondence of Webster while Secretary of State and not feel a new pride in his country. The absolute absence of anything petty or meretricious, the simple dignity, and the sublime and conscious power cause one to feel that it ennobled the nation to have such a defender. It may be said, too, that the manner in which he conducted the State Department proved that he possessed the highest qualities of executive statesmanship.

WEBSTER AND THE UNION.

But the overshadowing work of Webster's public life is to be found in the part he performed in maintaining the supremacy of the laws of the national government, enacted in conformity with the Constitution. In the great controversy over the relations between the central and state governments, which began soon after the adoption of the Constitution, and continued until it was removed from the forum of debate, to be settled by the arbitrament of arms, Webster was the colossal figure. From the high ground he took in the Reply to Hayne he never wavered. If he erred at all in his devotion to the national idea, it was in the sacrifices he was willing to make for it. Twenty years after his first great discussion upon the Union, he made a speech on that subject which excited fiercer controversy than has ever been kindled by any other utterance of an American statesman. His Seventh of March Speech gave rise to more criticism, to employ no harsher term, than grew out of all the rest of his public career. The alienation it caused from so many of his old friends, who were grieved to the heart and regarded him as a fallen archangel, the relentless abuse it drew forth from others who had never been his friends, embittered the last days of his life. A half century after it was spoken, we should be able to hear some-

thing of those permanent voices which are drowned in the fleeting tumult of the times, but which speak to after ages. I do not wholly agree that that speech must be passed by in silence, out of regard for Webster's fame. Twenty years ago the poet Whittier made noble reparation for Ichabod in *The Lost Occasion*; and even more ample reparation would be his due, if, in judging him, one applied the same tests that are apparently applied to his critics.

When he replied to Hayne, the danger to the Union was chiefly theoretical, except for the attitude of a single state; but when he spoke on the 7th of March, the controversy had become more angry and practical. Only a few weeks before he spoke, an anti-slavery society, most respectable in numbers and the character of its members, had met in his own state, and in Faneuil Hall, and had resolved that they were the enemies of the Constitution and the Union, and proclaimed their purpose to "live and labor for a dissolution of the present Union." These declarations were but the echo of what had come from a similar society in the state of Ohio. They emanated, not from the home of nullification doctrines, but from that portion of the country where the hopes of the Union lay. There was an equally uncompromising and a more resentful feeling upon the other side of the slavery questions, and a convention had been called at the city of Nashville to give it voice. That convention subsequently put forth an address in favor of disunion. The annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, and the treaty of peace had produced practical and pressing questions, and Webster had come reluctantly to believe that their solution, without detriment to the Union, was most difficult, in the inflamed condition of the public mind. More than a year after he made the speech, he declared that, "in a very alarming crisis," he felt it his "duty to come out." "If," he said at that time, "I had seen

the stake, if I had heard the fagots already crackling, by the blessing of Almighty God I would have gone on and discharged the duty which I thought my country called upon me to perform." That a similar opinion of the importance of the crisis was entertained by those two great men whose names stand, perhaps, next to his own, and forever to be associated with it in our congressional annals, there can be no doubt. There is something pathetic in the spectacle of those three statesmen, then almost at the end of their careers, who had often radically differed with one another upon public questions, bending their energies to the support of a common cause, and struggling to avert a common danger. Clay put forth a last effort of his statesmanship, and brought forward his compromise measure. For the moment he forgot his differences with Webster, and earnestly besought the latter for his support. Calhoun, too weak to utter his own words, spoke through the mouth of another, in his last speech in the Senate, his sense of the gravity of the crisis.

It was said, and has been so often repeated that it is accepted in some quarters as an article of political faith, that Webster made his speech as a bid for the presidency. The imputation of an unworthy motive to a public man is easy to make and difficult to disprove. But on this point it is pertinent to remember that he threw away his fairest chance for the presidency by patriotically refusing, at the dictates of his own party in his own state, and of its leaders in the country, to retire from Tyler's Cabinet until our differences with Great Britain should be composed; that he had many times resigned or refused to accept important public office; that the great position of Senator from Massachusetts had more than once to be forced upon him; and that, before the 7th of March at least, he had fully lived up to his own impressive declaration that solicitations for high public office were

"inconsistent with personal dignity, and derogatory to the character of the institutions of the country." Solicitude for the Union certainly was no new thing with him, that an ignoble motive should be ascribed. But it was not the first time, as it will not be the last, when those having solely in view the accomplishment of some great public object, to the exclusion of everything else, have imputed evil motives to those who have not sanctioned their particular course of procedure, especially when they threatened to pull down the pillars of the state itself, if thereby the evil might be destroyed in the common calamity. Reform not only draws to itself the single-minded who have no sordid aims, but it is attractive also to those censorious spirits who delight not so much in battering down the ramparts of wrong as in abusing those hapless individuals who do not believe that evil methods are to be sanctified by noble ends. In the speeches of some of the leaders of the anti-slavery movement, denunciation of slavery had the second place, and denunciation of Webster the first; and when the time of consummation came, even Lincoln did not escape their acrimony. The high moral purpose and the great practical value of the abolition movement cannot be questioned; but it also cannot be questioned that much of that agitation was disruptive, and, in the conditions then existing, tended less toward freedom than to disunion and war. They might have broken this "compact with hell," which was the favorite term of some of them for the Constitution of their country; but it is not easy to see how this programme could have broken a single chain, with a free and a slave republic side by side and hostile to each other. In the light of today, it can be clearly seen that to accomplish freedom the concurrence of other forces was demanded. Agitation was necessary to educate and arouse the people, but it needed also to be checked before it should become swollen beyond

constitutional limits and form the basis of revolution ; for with any important body of opinion at the North coöperating with disunion at the South, the nation would have been rent asunder.

But look a little more closely at the matter. I presume no one would now criticise the willingness of Webster, as the great advocate of constitutional supremacy, to concede to the South whatever it had a right, according to the terms of the Constitution, to demand. The specific thing in the speech questioned with the nearest approach to justice was the position with regard to New Mexico. He declared that natural law had effectively banished slavery from that territory, because of its sterile and mountainous character, and that he would not vote uselessly to reënact the will of God and banish slavery by a statute. He therefore accepted that feature of Clay's compromise, with the declaration that he would favor the application of the so-called Wilmot Proviso to any territory in which there was danger that slavery might be established. This was certainly a technical if not a practical concession to the Southern demands. For accepting this policy with regard to New Mexico, he was charged by Mr. Seward, who undoubtedly spoke the sentiments of a great many people, with having "derided the proviso of freedom, the principle of the ordinance of 1787." Ten years later, when it did not require a statesman's eye to see the danger, nor a statesman's ear to hear the thunders of the approaching storm, Congress consented to apply the very principle which Webster was willing to concede to New Mexico to the whole of that vast domain out of which the Dakotas and Nevada and Colorado have since been carved ; and neither Seward, nor Adams, nor Sumner, nor any other member of Congress, belonging to the great, new anti-slavery party, was heard to raise his voice or vote against it. Surely, if Webster was a traitor to the cause of freedom, his ac-

cusers must bear him company. If he was a traitor, their guilt was deeper than his, for they were the special guardians of freedom, while he was only the champion of the Union ; and the scornful repeal by the South of the settlement of 1850 shed a brighter light for them than was given to him upon the futility of all compromise. The truth is, none of them was a traitor. They were true-hearted, patriotic men, solicitous for the preservation of the republic which they loved. But when the most responsible of Webster's accusers saw the danger as he saw it, they were willing to make concessions to slavery far more hateful than any of which he had ever dreamed.

In the great conflict of arms in which the debate finally ended, it was the sentiment of Union that banded those invincible armies together, and it was only through the triumph of that sentiment that we enjoy the blessings of a restored government, and that the slave secured his freedom. And had that great statesman, on the 7th of March, shown any less anxiety for the Union ; had that great centripetal force become centrifugal, and weakened in the attraction which it exerted to hold the states in their orbits, who shall say that our vast and now united domain might not be covered by two hostile flags, one of which would float over a republic founded upon slavery !

DETRACTION OF WEBSTER.

And then there is that ill-omened thing which, wherever else it may be found, is sure to attend greatness. The baleful goddess of Detraction sits ever at the elbow of Fame, unsweetening what is written upon the record. Whether it springs from the envy of rivals, or from the tendency in human nature to identify the material of greatness with common clay, it is true, as Burke says, that obloquy is an essential ingredient in the composition of all true glory. This proof of greatness, such as it is, exists in am-

ple measure in the history of Webster. No man since Washington has had more of it. The pity of it all is that, when an unsupported charge is disproved, some people will shake their heads and say it is unfortunate that it should have been necessary to establish innocence, — as if reproof belonged rather to the innocent victim than to the author of calumny. I have alluded to the Seventh of March Speech, which has been accounted one of his crimes. One other matter I shall notice, because it bears upon a point which has often been conceded to be the weak place in his character. It so happens that in this case a slander was tested, and the evidence upon it carefully marshaled before a congressional investigating committee. He was charged in Congress with a misuse of the Secret Service Fund while Secretary of State. A resolution of inquiry upon the subject was presented in the Senate while he was a member of that body. He opposed it. Rather a singular course, it might be said, for an innocent man to take. It would ordinarily be regarded as an evidence of guilt. It might also show an extraordinary degree of public virtue, and indicate one of the rare men to whom the interests of their country are dearer than their own, even than their own reputations. What it implied in this instance may be inferred from the event.

A law had been framed, evidently, on the theory that, in conducting the government, it would sometimes be necessary to employ secret agents for confidential purposes, and a fund was accordingly created, to be expended upon the sole responsibility of the President. A publication of the special disbursements would violate the spirit of the law, and, to say nothing of the bad faith with reference to the past, might cripple the government in its future operations. Webster declared in the Senate that every dollar had been spent for a proper public purpose, but that he could not wish to see an important principle and

law violated for any personal convenience to himself. The Senate overwhelmingly refused to make the inquiry. The author of the charges, writhing under the lashing which Webster had administered to him in a speech in the Senate, again pressed them in the House, and a committee of investigation was appointed. That committee was politically hostile to Webster, and was established with a view to his impeachment if the charges were sustained. A thorough investigation was made, and it appeared, as the outcome of it all, that Webster had not, indeed, displayed the highest skill as an accountant; but it appeared also that he himself had paid the amount of certain lost vouchers out of his own pocket. The report concluded that there was no proof “to impeach Mr. Webster’s integrity or the purity of his motives in the discharge of the duties of his office.” And that report, exonerating the defender of the Union, will not lose weight from the fact that it bears the name of Jefferson Davis.

It is true that his friends contributed considerable sums of money to his support, and for this he was severely criticised. Burke received from his friends, during his life, gifts or loans that were never repaid, to an enormous amount for those days. Fox’s friends gave him an annuity of fifteen thousand dollars a year. It has occurred to no one to accuse either of them of impropriety. Can it be doubted that Webster’s friends were as much attached to him, or that they gave from pure personal loyalty mingled with a desire to maintain in the service of their country talents as splendid as ever Fox or Burke possessed, and that were even more successfully employed? It is to be regretted, from the abuse to which his example may give rise, that he found it necessary to accept this aid. The danger is that a far lesser man than Webster, in high public place, might receive a more calculating homage. However, each case must be judged on its own

merits. It is very true that he was not a bookkeeper. But if accounts had been carefully kept, it may be doubted whether, even from the money standpoint, he did not give more than he received. Instead of neglecting his profession, and eking out his expenses by the aid of friends, he might have remained out of the public service, and enjoyed the most lucrative practice at the American bar. His father and his brother made great sacrifices to educate him; but it must also not be forgotten that he taught school, and at the same time copied two large volumes of deeds at night, and generously gave the proceeds of it all to his brother, and that he assumed and paid his father's debts. He certainly was not a man "who much receives, but nothing gives." He had a regal nature, and men would give him their all because he was as free and generous as he was receptive. There is a strong light thrown upon this trait of his character by an incident which, among great speeches and public policies, may seem unimportant, and yet, as showing the real character of the man, is a great one. A young man who had been

employed by him in connection with his farms in the West came to Washington, where he fell ill. Webster was at that time nearly sixty years old, at the summit of his fame, and engrossed in his public duties. But he saw this farmer's boy sick in the city, among strangers. He took care of him with his own hands; for a week he was with him almost constantly, day and night. Critics have applied to this generous nature the little standards for little men. They have told us that he ought not to have been extravagant, that he did not closely calculate his expenses, that he did not carefully keep his accounts; and as they would arraign a petty criminal before a police court, they have harried this transcendent figure at history's bar. They demanded too much of Nature. If she had tried to do more for him upon whom she had lavished so many gifts, she might indeed have made him a great clerk or bookkeeper, but she might also have spoiled him as a statesman. Careless he may have been, but anything like conscious corruption was utterly alien to his nature.

S. W. McCall.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ORGANIZED.

THE territory of Oklahoma, with the Indian Territory the last fragment of the Mississippi Valley not yet constitutionally organized, has at the present time every requisite for statehood, and will, so says report, apply at the next session of Congress for admission to the Union. The moment when the great basin becomes occupied throughout by proper commonwealths, these taking the place of the wilderness which a hundred and fifty years ago was quite unbroken, is a fitting one in which to review its story.

The Mississippi Valley has long been famed as the most remarkable river

basin of the world. While that of the Amazon may surpass it in area, the South American basin is far less available for human uses. The northern valley has a climate well suited in every part for the better breeds of men. Millions of its acres are surpassingly fertile; where tillage fails, the herdsman and shepherd find opportunity; or, if both farmer and ranchman miss their chance, the miner wins from desert or mountain coal, oil, and almost every useful metal. Scarcely a square mile but yields gifts that are precious. It is the very lap of Plenty.

Into this favored region are gathered some thirty-five million English-speaking men, the largest compact body, except possibly the population of Great Britain, to be found in the world. Here are half the states of the American Union, sending their waters to the Gulf through the great river. Near its heart is the centre of population of the Union; the centre of influence, too, is here, as each decade shows more plainly. In our history there are no more heroic figures than have arisen here; nor is the general average of intelligence, energy, and manly virtue anywhere higher. In no other region of the earth, probably, are the conditions so favorable for the best human development.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, in the valley, the wilderness was scarcely broken. Coronado's superb march from the Gulf of California to the Missouri River (even so far, it has been thought, he may have penetrated) had left no trace except in the pages of the chroniclers; nor was there trace of Hernando de Soto. The French, in their turn, had done little more than the Spaniards. Marquette, Hennepin, La Salle, and their fellow pathbreakers had threaded the streams and pierced the woods with the sturdiest heroism, but to little purpose as far as the redemption of the area to civilization was concerned. The forests were unfelled, the prairies unploughed; the Indians still possessed the land. In the half dozen clusters of cabins scattered from New Orleans to the Great Lakes, the likelihood was far greater that the habitan would sink into the savage than that the savage would rise into something higher. But the subduers were at hand.

In 1748, an explorer penetrating the virgin land had named a river and a mountain gap after the proud-prancing Cumberland, a great hero of those days; oddly perpetuating thus a memory of the Jacobite crisis in the nomenclature of a land that was to care nothing for

either James or George. But the first symptom of an interest in the thirteen colonies in the world beyond the mountains was the dispatching, in 1753, of the youth George Washington into the woods; his mission being to inquire of the French commandant at the head springs of the Alleghany, where the French came in by a short portage from the Great Lakes, what were the intentions of France, and to explain what were the claims of Virginia. Presently came Braddock's attempt, and in 1759 the event on the Plains of Abraham. The colonial world was now well alive, and straightway began a movement for the winning of the West.

Early in the eighteenth century, the Scotch-Irish, a race doubled and twisted in the making, flung by persecution and hardship from island to island, knit and toughened in the stress of exile and war, came in large numbers to America. They were received especially at ports of the middle and Southern colonies, and their taste and enterprise soon led them away from the seaboard into the backwoods. At a synod held at an early day in Philadelphia, John Caldwell, grandfather of John Caldwell Calhoun, proposed to the governor that if freedom of conscience were allowed, the Scotch-Irish would fend off the Indian danger at the back of the province. The bargain was made, and well did the Scotch-Irish perform their part. Following the valley between the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge in a movement at the time little marked, assimilating new elements, Huguenot, German, and English, they reached, in a generation or so, the highlands of western North Carolina, and here were recruited by bands of their kindred coming west from their landing place at Charleston. A race better fitted than this one to play the part of frontiersmen has never appeared. As an axe has welded upon its front a mass of steel before the softer iron, a mass capable of taking on a keen cutting edge, not to be

dinted or broken by anything it may have to cleave or hew, so, providentially it would seem, the Anglo-Saxon advance was provided with a Scotch-Irish cutting edge of extraordinary temper. Presently the pioneers were on the Mississippi watershed; and hardly had they entered, when, at a clump of cabins on a mountain stream, the "Watauga Association" was established, a system of government for a little state formed after the best Anglo-Saxon precedents. Thus significantly on the very threshold began the organizing, James Robertson, a Scotch-Irishman, and the Huguenot John Sevier standing out as leading spirits; and shortly after, Daniel Boone and his men, just established in Kentucky, followed the example. Now occurred an incident which showed plainly how the pioneers meant to stand. In the late spring of 1775, a newcomer to a camp having read from a scrap of newspaper the announcement of the event of the 19th of April, the backwoodsmen forthwith baptized the stockade, and the town that sprang from it, Lexington.

The backwoodsmen were effective strivers in the struggle for independence, though they had a foe to face in the Indians, nearer at hand and more terrible than the soldiers of George III. At King's Mountain, in 1780, when things were darkest, the men who had crossed the watershed, turning back under Sevier and Shelby, decided the day for the Americans; and still earlier, in 1778, George Rogers Clark, in one of the most extraordinary of campaigns, won for Virginia, and ultimately for the United States, the great Northwest. In the drama of the Revolution, there is, perhaps, no episode so picturesque as this enterprise of Clark. As if fortune loved so brave a soul, he happened to strike in at the most opportune moment. As he laid his plan before Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia, the news came of Burgoyne's surrender, and soon after of the French alliance. His first task with

his little army of two hundred was to win the Creoles of the Wabash and the Illinois, — a task now not difficult, since the Americans had defeated the conquerors of Montcalm, and been taken into friendship by the French king. To gain the Indians was a far different achievement, as they gathered from the remotest points, and with implacable faces confronted the young leader at the Cahokia council fire. They were won, however, by a union of bravado with the deftest tact; after which came a problem where difficulty culminated, the coping with Hamilton, the capable British commander at Detroit. How Clark stole upon Vincennes, in February, through the drowned lands of the Wabash, his men plunging to the waist, to the breast, at last to the chin, through the icy flood; how he fought their discouragement, now by sternness, now by contriving to turn hardship into a joke; how the fortress was captured at last, almost without bloodshed, the whole campaign, indeed, presenting a spectacle of fine strategy and iron persistency, with almost nothing sanguinary, — all this is remarkable in the history of warfare. The means of Clark were insignificant; the results he achieved in the highest degree momentous, — achievements performed with swiftness and ease springing from a high degree of genius. Our military history has no page more brilliant.

Tracing, as we are trying to do, the organization of a wilderness into a well-ordered state, the year 1787, in which fell the adoption of the Federal Constitution and the Northwest Ordinance, is beyond all others epoch-making. In the framing of these most mighty instruments the men of the Mississippi Valley had no part; yet no other region has derived so much from their far-reaching, beneficent action. Kentucky in 1792 and Tennessee in 1796 came forward into statehood, heading the recruitment which has brought the confederation of thirteen up to (if we count Oklahoma) forty-six. The states of the Mississippi

Valley, more than a score in number, have come into being as a consequence of these instruments; most of them with slavery prohibited, with the sixteenth section of each township set apart for the support of public schools, with every point of Anglo-Saxon freedom effectually guaranteed. No sooner had their ordinances gone fairly into effect than the area over which their influence was to be felt was immensely increased.

In the nineteenth century, perhaps in all the centuries, there has been no hero quite so picturesque and magnetic as Napoleon. Refuse though we may to regard him as good, or, in the highest sense, great, yet there is no such other name to conjure by, and the spell he exercises over men seems to increase rather than diminish. Probably in no previous portrayal has that towering personality appeared to a greater extent unique and ultrahuman than in the presentment lately made by Lord Rosebery in his *Napoleon, the Last Phase*. With the opening of the nineteenth century the Mississippi Valley felt a memorable effect from the commotion at that time changing the face of Europe. The French Revolution having taken its course, the fateful Corsican was in full career, having reached, through the campaigns of 1796, of Egypt, and of Marengo, the position of First Consul. While there can be no doubt as to the extent to which Napoleon affected Europe, have we fairly made it real to ourselves that scarcely any other man has affected so momentarily America? Washington was the father of the country; Lincoln preserved it; Napoleon doubled its area. The conjunction seems grotesque, but it can be justified.

The addition to our Union of the vast territory lying between the great river and the Rocky Mountains was a result of French statesmanship, and ought to be so described. Jefferson and his negotiators, Livingston and Monroe, played but a secondary part in the transaction.

That this great area is ours to-day is simply and solely because the exigency of Napoleon at the moment made it expedient for him that it should be ours. It was not asked for by us; nor, in giving it to us, was there in his mind any thought of our interests. Louisiana was simply tossed over to us because the stress of the occasion made this disposal of it convenient. At first the arbiter had had a different thought. Remembering the loss of New France, in the days of Wolfe, as a terrible disgrace, Napoleon had dreamed of recovering it, as his hand grew powerful. But things went badly in San Domingo, and at home a terrible pressure was close at hand. It was becoming plain that the whole of Europe must be confronted. Napoleon, no less prudent than bold, saw in time the folly of engaging his hands in an American complication, when foes were so near. He wanted money, too, for his combat. Just at the moment, the Americans, desiring free navigation of the Mississippi, made an offer to buy the mouth of the river, and the town of New Orleans which guarded it. They asked for nothing more; they dreamed of nothing more. "That you shall have," said Napoleon, of a sudden changing his policy, and driving at once, as was his wont, impetuously to his end; "and besides, you shall have the vast wilderness lying north and west. I wish to keep it out of the hands of England, whom only in this way I can baffle, and the fifteen million dollars which you shall give me for it I will use in preparations against her." So Louisiana fell to us; for who, in those years, could stand against Napoleon! In the transaction, the First Consul gave, for the first time, free course to his autocratic will; for he rode cavalierly, as his brother Lucien has graphically narrated, over the opposition of his family and the muttered disapproval of the Chambers and the nation. Shortly afterward he had grasped crown and sceptre, having increased two-

fold, by his first imperial nod, the area of the United States. In the whole history of the Mississippi Valley, there is nothing more startling than the way in which this Olympian figure touched momentarily, but so momentarily, the course of its development.

The great new West beyond the river, thus acquired, and immediately after explored by the stout pathbreakers Lewis and Clark, fell early into danger of being cut off from the nation to which it had come. What, precisely, Aaron Burr had planned has not been definitely ascertained; but Spain was to be robbed and the United States to be dismembered that Aaron Burr might sit exalted. That he was foiled was due, possibly, in the main, to the action of a person the most characteristic type of the frontiersman, perhaps, that the border has ever furnished; though the importance of the man, and of the stand he then took, did not appear until later. When Burr, pursuing his scheme, had reached Tennessee, he encountered there a spare, fiery, impetuous figure, of Scotch-Irish blood, major general of the Tennessee militia, — Andrew Jackson. To win Jackson would have been for Burr a great, it may be a decisive thing; for already Jackson showed a most masterful spirit. He felt strongly the fascination of the conspirator; but when, in Burr's talk, there fell out a hint at disunion, the glamour vanished; the frontiersman could not be moved, blocking thus early in his career the course of separatism. Suppose that, in those uncertain days, Jackson had taken the other turn. What he could do at the head of a body of frontier riflemen he was before long to show.

But Jackson was to go far higher. Napoleon fell at last from his high estate, and languished in Elba. Was the Mississippi Valley really to escape the clutch of England? England put on shipboard nearly twenty thousand fighting men, soldiers and sailors, and, in the lull of European conflict, sent the expedition

to the mouths of the Mississippi. The captains of Nelson marshaled the ships; the veterans of Wellington stood ready for the shore work. Civil officials were provided; for, when the easy victory had been gained, the land possessed and newly organized was to become a Canada of the South, balancing the Canada of the North. It was a motley crowd that confronted the great army before New Orleans, January 8, 1815: pirates from Barataria, French and Spaniards from the ancient Creole city, now and then among them an old soldier from the Napoleonic wars, negroes and Indians, waifs and strays from everywhere; but among them stood a body of Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen. That day, Andrew Jackson, as leader, showed a power of command quite extraordinary. Through personal force he welded these fragments, so ill assorted, into an effective army; so that after the English line had charged, three generals, — the commander among them, — seven colonels, and the rank and file by thousands lay prostrate, and there was nothing for it but retreat. Andrew Jackson became the leading man in the country, an extraordinary force both for evil and for good in the shaping of American destinies. Raised to the highest place, he was the main promoter of the spoils system; in finance he was a bull in a china shop; in dealing with foreign nations a bully, always with a chip on his shoulder. But, on the other hand, in spite of ignorant violence, he set an example of character always honest, chivalric, and nobly virile; and from him more than from any other American, with the possible exception of Daniel Webster, proceeded the influence which made it possible for Abraham Lincoln to hold us together as a nation. The landscape of our past would indeed be lacking, if, looking backward, we failed to encounter there the great Scotch-Irish frontiersman, in the high places by force of his grit and genius.

Lacking a thread on which may be strung, in a convenient order, the details of the development of the Mississippi Valley during the nineteenth century, nothing better can be done than to trace the consequences flowing from the introduction of two machines,—the steam engine as applied to traffic and communication, and the cotton gin. These potent devices have shaped our ends almost as if they were divinities instead of mere constructions of matter. The steamboat in the West dates from the moment when, through Jackson's arm, we became secure from foreign attack; the *Enterprise* and *Ætna*—one of which had carried down a cargo of ammunition for the army which had defeated *Pakenham*—being the first craft to make their way upstream from New Orleans to the Ohio. But deferring until later a consideration of the debt of our valley to the power of steam, the influence of the other invention, *Eli Whitney's* cotton gin, is even more noteworthy; for the cotton gin, besides affecting vastly material well-being, changed men's ways of looking at life, and caused to be set up new standards of right and wrong.

From that early time when the captive in war, instead of being put to death, was *preserved*, made a *servus*, down through all the ages, human slavery has existed, and even in the eighteenth century, up to near the end, there were few indeed disposed to question the right of it. Merchants of Boston and Newport used their ships in the slave trade without scruple; and if a doctor of divinity, wanting a servant, shipped a hogshead of rum to the West Coast, to be exchanged there for a kidnapped boy, such a transaction, far from being held discreditable, was not accounted even eccentric. The South favored slavery no more than the North: the anti-slavery clause of the Northwest Ordinance was introduced by Southern representatives; humane spirits like Washington and Jefferson, inclined

to emancipate their slaves, were as numerous South as North. At the close of the eighteenth century slavery appeared to be dying everywhere in America: as it failed, the conscience of the land asserted itself as to its evil in a way quite new. It was the general expectation that negro slavery would soon disappear. It has long been held that the cotton gin, invented in 1793, by suddenly lending new effectiveness to the work of negroes in the South, wrought a change, spiritual as well as material,—the economic advantage lulling to sleep the awakening moral sense. As years passed and cotton became king, slavery grew to be considered as never before, the very apple of the patriot's eye. Meantime, at the North, no economic advantage intervening to favor the preservation of slavery, it followed the course of decay upon which it had entered, and died out; and as the century advanced, it came to be regarded, under the influence of earnest teachers, as the chief of human evils.

Sundered thus as the North and South became in their interests and moral conceptions, a conflict was inevitable, and it was first joined in the Mississippi Valley. Before 1820, the streams of immigration, coming into the Northwest Territory up through Kentucky from the south, through Ohio and along the Lakes from the northeast, were jarring sharply, as they met in Indiana and Illinois, over slavery; and now, under the especial leadership of Henry Clay, the Missouri Compromise, the first effort to adjust the difficulty, was put through the federal Congress. Slavery being admitted into Missouri, it was ordained by Congress that all the territory north of Missouri should remain forever free; and with this settlement the country went on in a somewhat troubled peace for a full generation.

But the black shadow was far enough from being removed. Pro-slavery feeling in the South grew constantly more

intense, the institution coming to stand as the very corner stone of the social structure; in the North abolitionism became constantly more earnest, and increasing numbers fell under the spell of its great advocates. When, in 1854, Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, declared in the Senate that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional, that Congress had no right to declare territory slave or free, that only the people on the territory had that right, — in a word, the doctrine of “squatter sovereignty,” — it was the forerunner of a cyclone.

At once Douglas embodied the doctrine of squatter sovereignty in the Nebraska Bill, — the whole valley north and west of Missouri being called Nebraska, — and the great war of words began which was the prelude to the actual clash of arms. In Congress, Seward, Chase, Sumner, Giddings, Wade, as leaders of the Free-Soilers, ranged themselves against Douglas, who rallied to his side champions especially from the South. Kansas, which had been set off from Nebraska, became a seat of tumult, the Northern immigrants coming in such numbers as to arouse in the South the fear that squatter sovereignty would be disastrous to it: incursions of border ruffians were encouraged, to prevent such a catastrophe. The moment when the crisis became tinged with the hue of blood was marked by the starting forth of that most ominous of apparitions, John Brown of Ossawatimie. “Without shedding of blood there can be no remission of sins!” he cried, as he smote; and when, flitting to the valley of the Potomac, he appeared on the border of the South, his fateful voice summoning the slaves to rise against their masters, all chance for peace was over. The old man’s body might lie mouldering in its far Northern grave, but his soul marched on in trooping armies. Douglas, meantime, had been confronted in his own state by a champion he could not vanquish. They wrestled in field after field, — on

the hillside, on the prairie, in the forest, by the shores of great rivers; the people gathering by many thousands to listen, till the blue canopy alone furnished an adequate auditorium. Abraham Lincoln came off victor; and now, while the South, state by state, ranged itself in rebellion, he stood opposed for the saving of the Union.

While in all this preliminary struggle between slavery and freedom it was the Mississippi Valley mainly which formed the arena, that gloomy distinction can hardly be claimed for it after the canon began to thunder. The focus and centre of the Civil War was on the soil of Virginia, where the largest armies, and as far as the South was concerned the ablest generals, fought for four years, back and forth: on the one hand to seize Washington, on the other hand to seize Richmond. The operations of the Civil War in the Mississippi Valley are to be regarded as a vast subsidiary movement by which ultimately the flank of Lee was turned.

But if the war in the Mississippi Valley was in a sense subsidiary, it was by no means of small account. Military energy did its utmost. Rarely have armies been more vast, and only Borodino and Leipsic surpass in appalling grandeur the greater battles. The Army of Virginia, at the end of four years, lay surrounded and helpless, an isolated nucleus of warlike energy from which every supporting connection and attachment had been knocked away. On one side was the sea, in the hands of its foes; on the other Thomas lowered, about to pour through the passes of the Alleghanies. Sherman, charged with lightnings, rolled up from the south, a tempest gathering fury as it sped, while on the north Grant smote implacably. Not till then was Lee beaten. Appomattox came inevitably, and for the Confederacy all was over. Slavery was destroyed, and the Union was made secure.

Strange indeed was the development

which sprang from the cotton gin; scarcely less momentous has been the influence of the steam engine as applied to traffic and communication. The locomotive has succeeded, and often superseded, the steamboat, with results that are modifying all the continents. The new West, which has come to pass in the old Louisiana of the Purchase, was before the war in a most incipient stage, and as it stands to-day may properly be called the child of the locomotive. While that extraordinary machine in the eastern half of the valley has been a powerful modifier, in the western half it has worked almost as a creator. It has made possible a reclaiming and populating more rapid than has ever before been seen when new lands were occupied. The unknown wilderness of Jefferson's day has become filled throughout with fully organized commonwealths, and is about, with the admission of Oklahoma, to become, so to speak, politically mature. Whether such a rapid exploitation of the national domain will be for the ultimate benefit of our country, or otherwise, may well be questioned. Our grandchildren may wish their forefathers had gone more slowly.

There are in the Mississippi Valley pleasant signs that, although heretofore railroads and the country tributary to them have often jarred, the expediency of harmony is beginning to be recognized, with most happy results. That the road may flourish, the country through which it passes must be prosperous. What better than for the road to help the country prosper? It has helped; and in this way: Some proper official, — the general freight agent, it may be, — studying his districts to find out for what they were best fitted, using the helps which in his high place he could easily command, has discovered, perhaps, that tomatoes can well be raised here, potatoes here; that here there is a fine opportunity for creameries, and here again a good field for poultry and eggs. Straightway

he enters upon a campaign of education. To each village, hamlet, crossroads, teachers are sent to convert the farmers from their bad methods or unprofitable crops. They are instructed as to the better ways and the more marketable products. Finally, the road engages to find a sale for what is raised, and to carry it to market at a rate which will make sure the farmers' profit. When all is done, the country, from being poverty-stricken, has become a scene of plenty; while the beneficent road — beneficent not from a philanthropic impulse, but simply because it pays to be so — reaps a vast advantage from having tributary a body of rich and contented communities, instead of a population depressed and struggling. In many places of the Mississippi Valley these methods have found trial, and the invariable happy result makes it not doubtful that it will influence the policy of the future.

That we suffer at present is largely due to the fact that, in the immense complexities which modern life develops, we do not at first grasp the right handle. We may hope it will be better some day as regards the problems the railroad gives rise to; as regards the problems, also, which the cotton gin has given rise to; for, though slavery has vanished, the black shadow has not ceased to hang heavily over the Mississippi Valley as well as elsewhere. So, too, as regards our problems in general, — but a few have been hinted at, — the manful heart will not consider any of them hopeless, and never before since the world began have so many good hands and brains as now been ready to work to remove the difficulties.

The Mississippi Valley organized, — a basin of unexampled resources, occupied by thirty-five million English-speaking men possessed of the ancient, well-ordered Anglo-Saxon freedom! With the admission of Oklahoma to statehood, the Mississippi Valley may be said to be politically complete. The constitutional

framework will be all in place in twenty-three commonwealths. As a vine expands over its supporting trellis, so the life of these millions will be upheld and guided in future years by these constructions, begun before Alfred's day, but confirmed and perfected, during many

centuries, by liberty-loving peoples. With their life so braced and directed, the states of the Mississippi Valley possess the most favorable conditions for a perfect evolution. While their history in the past is full of interest, they can face the future with high hope.

James K. Hosmer.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

IV.

MIDWAY of the *quinquennium mirabile* to which most of my reminiscences appear to be related, to wit, on the evening of Monday, November 24, 1873, Tommaso Salvini acted for the first time in Boston, appearing at the Boston Theatre as Samson, in Ippolito d' Aste's tragedy of that name. During the engagements of his first year in America he was supported by a company who spoke only Italian. Afterward, beginning with the season of 1880-81, he played frequently in this country, and was the "star" of troupes otherwise composed of English-speaking actors. This bilingual arrangement was a monstrosity, and nothing short of Salvini's genius could have made the combination tolerable. During the season of 1882-83 Miss Clara Morris was his leading lady; in other years, Miss Prescott, Miss Wainwright, Mrs. Bowers, and other reputable performers belonged to his supporting companies. In the spring of 1886 he appeared in Othello and Hamlet with Edwin Booth, who played Iago and Hamlet to Salvini's Othello and the Ghost.

For many of the most finely discriminating connoisseurs of acting, in this region, Salvini became the first and foremost of the histrionic artists of our day, and with nearly all "the judicious" he took, held, and holds a highly exalted position. His personality was the most

splendid — the adjective is fit, and, indeed, required — that has illustrated the theatre of his time. When he was first seen here, the beauty and strength of his classic face, the grand proportions of his figure, and the vibrant, sympathetic sweetness of his voice — a voice as glorious as ever proceeded from a man — combined to overpower the observer and listener. As was said of Edmund Kean, "he dominated stage and audience completely." His training in the Continental school had been thorough, and, in temperamental force, I doubt if he was surpassed by any player at any period of the world. His acting was of the Latin order, not of the Teutonic or Anglo-Teutonic; it was, however, though always vital and strong, never extravagant; in gesture, though exuberant, it was not excessive; in its general method, it belonged to what, in choice from a poverty of terms, must be called the exhaustive rather than the suggestive school of art; there was in it not so high a solution of pure intellectuality as in Edwin Booth's, but in its mastery, in the largest way and to the smallest detail, of the symbols of histrionic expression, it ranked, I think, above that of every other player whom the stage of America has known within the past fifty years. Salvini was Charles Fechter carried up to the second power of all the Frenchman's virtues, with scarcely a hint of his limitations.

SALVINI'S OTHELLO.

The Othello of Salvini was the assumption through which he most strongly impressed the public, by which he will be most widely remembered. Fully conscious of its magnificence and of the unequalled and terrible force of its passion, which in the third scene of the third act represents, perhaps, the highest conceivable stress of which humanity is capable, I personally preferred to it several of his other impersonations. It seemed to me that his Othello was Shakespeare orientalized and supersensualized, at the cost of some of the Master's heroic conception, and of much of the Poet's beautiful thought. Salvini knew that Othello was a Moor, and a Moor he would have him in body, soul, and spirit; not such a Moor as he might have discovered from the wondrous text, but a tawny barbarian, exuberant with the qualities conventionally assigned to the race. His gloating over Desdemona ill became the lines which displayed the depth and chastity of the hero's love, and in the fierce savagery of his jealous rage, during the last half of the play, the imaginative grace and beauty of many passages were smothered and lost. In the murder of Desdemona, done with realistic horrors, and in Othello's suicide, effected, not with indicated dagger, but with a crooked scimitar and hideous particulars of gasp, choke, and gurgle, I perceived that both the letter and the spirit of Shakespeare were defied and defeated for sensational purposes.

But thirty years ago criticism of this sort fell, as now perhaps it falls, upon few ears that would hear; one of my friends said that such carping was like girding at Niagara. Salvini's Othello was undoubtedly stupendous and monumental. Leaving Shakespeare and Anglo-Saxon scruple out of account, it was great; considered by itself, it was homogeneous and self-consistent, — "one en-

tire and perfect chrysolite," or, with a suitable variation of the Moor's own phrase, one huge, ardent carbuncle.

SALVINI'S SAMSON AND SULLIVAN.

In witnessing the Italian dramas which Salvini produced, the spectators did not need to be troubled with Shakespearean doubts and qualms. His Samson, which he played on his opening night in this city, seemed to me a supreme histrionic expression of the emotional-picturesque. The play, which was in verse, freely dramatized the Biblical story of the Lion of Dan, had considerable merit, and was quite redeemed from commonplace by the character of its hero. In Samson's mighty personality two individualities were fused: the giant, the man of blood, the slave of passion, was also the son of promise, the just judge, and, above all, the appointed deliverer of God's people Israel. It was wonderful to see how Salvini's impersonation combined these two natures; expressing with sensuous fullness all that was gross and earthy in the man, and not less effectually displaying the lofty consciousness of the leader and commissioned servant of the Lord Jehovah. When directly under the divine inspiration, as in the second act of the play, when he perceived in the flames that consumed his house the presence of the I AM whom Moses knew in the burning bush on Horeb, the face and speech of the actor became glorious and awful in their consciousness of Divinity; and at lower moments, sometimes in the midst of unholy and degrading pleasures, a strange and mystical light seemed to fill his eyes, to touch and amplify his form. In his fatal drunkenness there was something godlike as well as pathetic, even while the details of intoxication were shown with remorseless truthfulness, — touches of rare delicacy being made in the facial action accompanying the first draught of the "wine of Sorec," where the repulsion of the Nazarite for the

forbidden cup was merged in his presentiment of coming ill. His declamation of Jacob's blessing of the tribe of Dan was like the tramp of a jubilant host. The long speech, in which he rehearsed in detail, with appropriate action, the story of his victory over the young lion that roared at him in the vineyards of Timnath, afforded by far the most signal illustration I have ever seen of the ability of an actor to reproduce in narrative a series of varied incidents. The performance had the effect of a set of biograph pictures, with the added vividness of ear-filling sound, and, somehow, of apparent color. Another almost equally remarkable and even more stirring triumph in a similar sort was Salvini's narrative, in *La Morte Civile*, of Conrad's escape from prison. No other actor of our day was capable of either achievement. In the Biblical play his highest point was attained in the fourth act, when he discovered the loss of his hair and his strength; and here his cry of agony and his frenzied, vaguely grasping gesture, accompanying the words, "*Gran Dio! La chioma mia! la chioma!*" were indescribably thrilling and awful. His Samson was in its different aspects as closely human as the Ajax of Sophocles, as heroic and unhappy as *Œdipus*, as remote as the Prometheus of *Æschylus*.

Salvini's skill was as high in comedy as in tragedy. His impersonation of Sullivan, in the Italian play of which David Garrick is a replica, was ideally perfect, even surpassing Mr. Sothorn's performance in grace, vivacity, and distinction. He played Ingomar occasionally, in the Baron Munsch-Bellinghausen's drama of that name, and filled the part to overflowing with humor and virile gentleness. His interpretation of King Lear was of great merit, though some of the subtleties of the text did not reach him through the Italian version. His Hamlet was quite unsatisfactory to American audiences, and was seldom

given in this country; but his performance of the Ghost far surpassed every other that our stage has known.

SALVINI IN *LA MORTE CIVILE*.

Without dealing with his other admirable assumptions, I wish to put myself on record for an opinion which is shared by hundreds of my fellow citizens. Salvini's impersonation of Conrad, the central personage of *La Morte Civile* of Paolo Giacommetti, has not been rivaled, has not been approached, by any dramatic performance of our time, in respect of pure and heart-searching pathos. The story is that of an Italian artist, Conrad, who, condemned to imprisonment for life for the commission of a crime of unpremeditated violence, after many years of confinement escapes from jail, finds his wife and daughter, both of whom had been saved from want by a kind and honorable physician, and learns that his daughter, now almost grown to womanhood, has received the name of her protector, and been brought up in the belief that the physician is her father. Though strongly drawn by natural instinct to make himself known to the girl, Conrad is persuaded, through a desire for his child's happiness and peace of mind, to conceal his relation to her; the supreme effort required for this sacrifice completes the work of his many sufferings and privations, and in it he dies. The character of Conrad is built upon a large plan. He is naturally a man of violent passions, capable of furious jealousy, easily wrought to suspicion, and by years of solitude and misery has been made sullen and morose. Yet the spirit within him is really great, and, possessed by the passion of paternal love, rises to such deeds and self-denials as might be sung by choirs of angels. Every phase of the man's nature was presented by the actor with fine discrimination and full potency. But as the fiery soul was brought to its great trial, and prepared

itself for the renunciation of its one hope and joy, the player's art took on an entrancing loveliness. From scene to scene Conrad's face was gradually transformed, its grim severity being replaced by a sober earnestness. The passage with his wife, in which they were united in their spirit of self-abnegation, where disappointment, desire, and grief swelled his heart almost to bursting, was deeply impressive, but served principally to lead the mind of the spectator to the last scene of all. What words can do justice to that, — to the exquisite pathos of his final interview with his daughter, when, struggling with the agony of imminent death, he endeavored, by caressing tones and timid gestures of tenderness, to excite an answering throb in the young breast, which he would not press against his own, and, having borne the extremity of anguish and shame in her discovery upon his wrists of the flesh marks that told the disgrace of his captivity, found one moment of happiness in the offer of her childish prayers in his behalf? The pain depicted was so awful, the heart hunger so terrible, that the sight of them could not have been endured but for the glory and grandeur of the act of self-immolation. At the very last, the yearning in his hollow eyes as they glazed in death was almost insupportable, and was, indeed, so pitiful that the dread realism of the final moment, when the strong soul parted from the weary body, was felt as a relief. At the first performance of this play in Boston, I had the never paralleled experience of being one of a company of spectators whose emotion was manifested by audible gasping for breath, by convulsive choking and sobbing; strong men being specially affected.

SIGNORA PIAMONTI.

I must not lose the opportunity to declare the deep impression which was made upon me at this time by the acting of Signora Piamonti, who was the tra-
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gedian's leading lady during his first season in America. In none of the impersonations which she presented was the highest force required of her, and therefore I am not justified in pronouncing her the equal of Ristori or Bernhardt or Seebach. But in the large variety of her performances, which ranged from Ophelia in Hamlet to Zelia in Sullivan, — corresponding to Ada Ingot in David Garrick, — Signora Piamonti exhibited such grace, *adresse*, dramatic judgment, and vivid delicacy of style as the world expects only from players of the first rank. Her Ophelia was the most beautiful and poetic assumption of the character that I have witnessed, surpassing by a little even Miss Terry's fine performance; and the achievement was especially remarkable because the Italian artist could not sing, and was obliged to interpret Ophelia's ballads in a kind of dry chant, or monotone, with occasional cadences. Better than any one of all the other players I have seen, many of whom well expressed the Dramatist's idea, Signora Piamonti made Ophelia's insanity lovely as well as pathetic, turning "thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, to favor and to prettiness," according to the word of the Poet. Her Desdemona was charming in its unaffected sweetness, and in its final passages indicated, with true tragic stress, the heroic loyalty of the wife, while preserving the feminine softness of the gentle Venetian. A striking contrast, whereby the breadth of her art appeared, was afforded by her impersonations of Delilah in Samson and Zelia in Sullivan. The latter was shown as a young girl of modern type, fresh and unconventional, but of a character strongly based in purity, intelligence, and refined sensibility, — an ideal daughter of England, emotional, yet dignified and self-contained; the anxious, restless attention, crossed by shame and disgust, with which she watched the actor in the early moments of his pretended intoxi-

cation was a triumph of the eloquence of attitude and facial expression, interestingly followed by the voluble passion of her oral appeal to his nobler soul. Signora Piamonti's Delilah, though kept at every moment entirely within the lines prescribed by good taste and propriety, exhibited Samson's mistress and destroyer like some flaming flower of the voluptuous East, incarnadined in tint, heavy with aromatic odors, intoxicating to the sense of man, — the hireling slave of passion, yet almost redeemed at the last by the violent access of her remorse and self-loathing. Her final rejection of the Philistines' reward of her perfidy was so mixed of rage and shame as to seem strong even against the background of Salvini's tremendous performance.

ADELAIDE NEILSON: HER LIFE AND CAREER.

No player in my time vied with Adelaide Neilson in respect of the keenness of the curiosity and the profuseness of the admiration of which she was the object. Both curiosity and admiration were justified. As a woman and as an artist she was difficult to account for. I do not pretend to know the truth about those portions of her life which have a dubious aspect. After she came to the fullness of her power the voice of disparaging gossip grew faint, as if there could be but one verdict, and that of approval, upon a personality which appeared so refined in every public manifestation. It is known that her baptismal name was Elizabeth Ann Brown; that she was born in Leeds, March 3, 1848, and was the daughter of an actress of no great ability. As a young girl, she had employment in a mill, as a nurserymaid, as a barmaid, and as a member of a theatrical *corps de ballet*; having been befriended, at the beginning of her career on the stage, by Captain, afterward Admiral, Henry Carr Glyn, a noted officer of the British navy. Through all the occupations just now mentioned she must have

passed before she was eighteen years of age, since her *début* as Juliet was made at Margate in 1865. Her success was immediate, and her repertory soon embraced many parts in Shakespearean and other dramas. She made her first appearances in America and in Boston during the autumn and winter of 1872-73; and afterward, in a nearly unbroken succession of seasons, she acted in most of the chief cities of this country, until the winter of 1879-80. On the 15th of August, 1880, after many months of failing health, she died suddenly at the Chalet du Rond Royal, in the Bois de Boulogne. A considerable portion of her estate she bequeathed by will to Admiral Glyn. She acted frequently in England, also, during the last eight years of her life, appearing, in the course of one memorable engagement, in one hundred consecutive performances of Julia, in *The Hunchback* of Sheridan Knowles.

MISS NEILSON'S PROGRESS.

When Miss Neilson, at the age of twenty-four, first played in this city, her beauty and charm were on all sides conceded to be of a rare and bewildering sort, and the public acclaim upon that theme was loud and sonorous. Her great ability, also, was obvious. It was easy to see that "the root of the matter" was in her; that she possessed the true plastic quality of the actor, native histrionic discrimination, and extreme temperamental sensibility. But her style, at that time, lacked the highest distinction; her voice, though usually very pleasant in quality, had many unrefined nasal intonations; and in the interpretation of her text she frequently missed delicate opportunities, sometimes squarely blundered. It happened that she did not reappear in Boston till 1880, and connoisseurs of acting were then permitted to note the effect upon her of seven years of the experience and culture of the stage. The change was remarkable: she had gained greatly in vivacity and

power, almost equally in breadth and suavity of style. Her voice had acquired an absolute clarity, with no loss of richness of tones. An extraordinary advance had been made in the finish of her work, which now exhibited, at almost every point and in almost every detail, an exquisite precision that testified to the operation of a clear and highly cultivated intelligence.

The evening of February 16, 1880, when, after the long absence referred to, she was once more seen in Boston, was an evening to be much remembered by every star-long-suffering critic. At last a Juliet had appeared whose style was as large as it was passionate and sweet, — a Juliet who did not color the words “Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?” with hostility, sincere or affected; who did not fall into a twenty seconds’ ecstasy of terror because the orchard walls were high and hard to climb, and the place death to Romeo, considering who he was, if any of her kinsmen found him under her window; who did not get out of temper with her nurse, and emit her “By and by I come” like a blow from an angry fist; who did not rush on from “Dost thou love me?” to “I know thou wilt say ay,” as if she were mortally afraid that Romeo would say no, and proposed to stop his tongue in time; who did not exhibit all the symptoms of a blue funk of terror while the friar was describing the consequences of her drinking his potion. These *bêtises*, and many others like unto them, some practiced for effect, some mere products of misunderstanding, we had endured at the hands and lips of many noted actresses. A large style here, suited to Shakespeare’s large scheme! A style, that is to say, which takes into account, at every moment, not only the text by itself, but the text as it is related to all the other texts, and to the Juliet revealed by them in her many aspects and in her total definite personality. Not a studied, self-conscious Juliet, not a Juliet

adorned with foreign excrescences, not a babyish, lachrymosal Juliet, but Shakespeare’s own true love-taught heroine. Illustrations of her strong judgment, and of its coöperation with her delicate intuition, might be indefinitely multiplied: I cite only one other, which relates to a passage that crucially tests both the fineness and the strength of an actress’s artist eyesight.

In the first act of *As You Like It*, Miss Neilson’s treatment of Rosalind’s concluding interview with Orlando was ideally expressive: the words, “Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown more than your enemies,” were made to carry just as far as they ought, and no farther, — winging their message of incipient love to the young man’s faithful ear, bravely, modestly, gravely, without smile or simper, it might fairly be said without a hint of coquetry.

MISS NEILSON AS IMOGEN.

It happened that Miss Neilson played at no time in Boston any other than Shakespearean characters, confining herself, during her early engagement, to Rosalind and Juliet. At her season here in February, 1880, she added to her record with impersonations of Viola and Imogen, presenting *Cymbeline* on the 23d of that month, for the first time here within twenty-four years. She returned to Boston for one week, two months later in the same year, and on the night of the 19th of April appeared as Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*, which until then had not been performed in this city. Her impersonation of Imogen was masterly, the adjective befitting an interpretation whose gamut ran from high passionate force to the most delicate sensibility. In her interview with Iachimo she showed admirable judgment; not falling into a frenzy at the disclosure of his baseness, but, in her repulse of the libertine, combining courage, scorn, and loathing, in a grand demonstration of womanhood and wifehood. Her loftiest

point was reached in the scene with Pisanio, wherein she learned of her husband's mad disbelief and murderous purpose. Here, at first, a hundred shades of fond hope, of anxiety and alarm, were depicted in her face; and when the blow fell from the letter of Posthumus, and she dropped to the earth as if she had been shot, her passion of grief seemed to pass beyond simulation, and in the speech beginning,

"False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep twixt clock and clock?"

honest indignation, outraged affection, and anguish were uttered, without a touch of rant or self-consciousness, in a cry that pierced the heavens and the listener's heart. The feminine sweetness and physical delicacy of Imogen were shown with true poetic grace; and among all the lovely images that the stage has shown, none is, I think, so appealingly lovely as that of Miss Neilson's Imogen as, emerging from her brothers' cave, she made her trembling declaration of hunger and honesty and her meek yet clear-voiced plea to the gentleness of the stout strangers.

I must not multiply details, especially as a difficult and more important attribution is to be attempted. More than once I have spoken of Miss Neilson's beauty, and of the general enthusiasm over that theme. In truth, her face was not distinguished by the regularity which the sculptor approves. Her forehead was broad and full; her eyes were softly brilliant, and their gray shifted into every appropriate color; her mouth, both firm and sensitive, had not the outline of the conventional Cupid's bow; her chin was square and strong. In the one interview I had with her, she compared herself with a notoriously handsome English actress, concluding, with a frank laugh, "But *I* have n't a *featchur*, I know." Yet on the stage her beauty irradiated the scene. The explanation

is easy. She had a countenance over which the mind and spirit had absolute control, in and through whose plastic material they uttered themselves without let or hindrance, making it their exponent rather than their veil, as if, by a mystical operation of the physical law, the force of the soul were transmuted into terms of flesh. These words, which sound extravagant, are simply true. One does not remember the beautiful Adelaide Neilson *in propria persona*: the figures and faces which are associated with her are those of Shakespeare's heroines, every one of them unlike every other, every one immortally beautiful. I suspect that, as a histrionic artist, she excelled not so much through swift impulses and inspirations as through her supreme docility, discretion, and responsiveness. She was always studying, evolving, and considering fresh ideas, eliminating old faults, taking on new excellences. She afforded in her person a rare example of artistic and mental development; and I have ventured to go so far in my thought — now confided to the reader — as to believe that of her intimacy with the pure and lovely conceptions of the Poet whom she sincerely revered she was making a ladder upon which her soul was mounting and to mount.

MISS NEILSON'S INEFFABLE CHARM.

It remains to be said that, perhaps not for all, but certainly for very many persons, Miss Neilson as an actress possessed an ineffable charm, which has never been analyzed or explained. A signal illustration of this charm was afforded by her Viola, in *Twelfth Night*. Of all Shakespeare's women, Viola is the most elusive. Deeply reserved, void of initiative, confirmed in patience, exquisitely fine in all the texture of her nature, as pure as new-fallen snow, she is, however, not like Miranda, fearless with the ignorant innocence of Paradise, or Isabella, calm with the untempted chas-

tity of the cloister, but is familiar with life and its lures, as well as susceptible of love and its enthrallment. Yet she passes through uncounted compromising situations without a smirch, and in her masculine attire is no less virginal-sweet than in her woman's weeds. Miss Neilson's performance said all this, and the much more there is to say, with an art that was beyond criticism; keeping the character well in the shadow to which it belongs, and at the point of highest tension, with a hundred deft touches, conveying the strength of the tender passion which could endure and smile at grief. But, aside from the distinction and charm, the subtilty and the depth, of the impersonation; aside, even, from the completeness with which the personality of the artist was transformed into that of Shakespeare's heroine, there was a quality in the performance by which it was related to some evanescent ideal of perfect beauty, to some vision of supernal loveliness vaguely apprehended but eagerly desired, through which it touched the infinite. Other of Miss Neilson's assumptions had a like power; but the manifestation through this character was singularly clear. More than once I saw scores of mature men and women gazing through eyes filled with sudden-surprising moisture at this slip of a girl, as she stood upon the wreck-strewn shore of the sea, in the midst of sailors, and began a dialogue no more important than this:—

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drowned: what think you, sailors?

In that slender maid, as she looked through Adelaide Neilson's eyes and spoke through her voice, the fairest dream of romance seemed incarnate; in her the very "riches of the sea," strangely delivered from its "enraged and foamy mouth," had "come on shore."

CHRISTINE NILSSON IN ORATORIO.

Approaching the end of these reminiscent sketches, the scenes of which must not be brought too near the foreground in time, I purpose to note several disconnected and contrasting experiences of stage and platform, which stand out in my memory by reason of some salient peculiarity. The moments of highest exaltation, among many lofty moments, which came to me at any concert of sacred music, were passed as I listened, at the Music Hall, in April, 1871, to Christine Nilsson's interpretations of "There were shepherds abiding in the fields" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in a performance of the Messiah given by the Handel and Haydn Society. The former of the numbers named was, in her mouth, a piece of idyllic religious poetry, the Pastoral Symphony of the oratorio, informed with a soul, and uttered, as it were, through the voices of rapt men and jubilant angels. The latter was the only utterance of the centuries' great Song of Faith to which I had, or have, ever listened with entire satisfaction. Then, for the first time, I heard the spirit's assurance of immortality breathed from its depths, not argued with its lips. Here and there, as in the words "Yet in my flesh shall I see God" and "Now is Christ risen from the dead," the singer, as if overborne by a sudden ecstatic vision, broke forth with vehement intensity; but for the most part the words were sung as by a soul communing with the Almighty, not as by a man defending a doctrine against men. So, the customary conventional exaggeration of emphasis upon the "*I know*" was discarded, and the stress was thrown upon "liveth," which, by some swift alchemy of tone or accentuation, was charged with the fullness of the soul's conviction; while, in the closing passages of the air, the words "the first fruits of them that sleep" ascended like the breath of one who longed to be

with those that rest in the hope of a joyful resurrection.

LEVI THAXTER, INTERPRETER OF
BROWNING.

Time is most relentless in effacing remembrance of the work of public readers. Let a strong word, then, be said for Levi Thaxter, who read the poems of Robert Browning in a fashion beside which all other attempts in that kind were, and yet are, prosaic, small, and faint. He was not a professional elocutionist, and his efforts were not deformed by mechanical artifice; his voice was sweet, pure, and of extraordinary depth and reach, and his enunciation and pronunciation were elegantly faultless. The source of his peculiar power was in his full sympathy with poet and poem, and in his firm grasp of their thought. His reading, as an illumination of the text, was marvelous, and fairly compelled Browning to be comprehensible, even in works as subtle and obscure as *La Saisiaz*. Mr. Thaxter's dramatic gift was nothing short of magnificent, and I put his reading of the dialogue of Ottima and Sebald, in *Pippa Passes*, in the same class, for force and completeness, with Mrs. Kemble's reading of the Shakespearean tragedies.

MR. PARTRIDGE'S READING OF SHELLEY.

In quite another kind, but unique and highly remarkable, was the reading of Shelley's and Keats's poetry by Mr. William Ordway Partridge, now noted as a sculptor. Not much of the verse of Shelley will bear putting under the logician's press or into the analyst's crucible; but some of it is the fine wine of poetry, — poetry for poets, as has been cleverly said, appealing to the subtlest parts of the imaginative sense, as remote from the common touch as a rosy cloud dissolving in a sunset glow. Mr. Partridge read Shelley as if he were the author as well as the interpreter of the verse. His refined and delicate beauty of face,

intensified by a rapturous expression as if he were thrilled by the melody which he made; the clear tones of his cultivated voice, not widely varied in modulation, but perfect within a sufficient range; his absolute plasticity and responsiveness under the thrill of the music, combined to give his reading an exquisitely appropriate distinction. There was, indeed, in his delivery something singularly lovely and impossible to describe, — the product, apparently, of a gift, like Shelley's own, to charge mere sound with sense, so that it seemed to bear a message almost without the help of articulate utterance.

TWO FALSTAFFS.

The reference to Mrs. Kemble suggests a contrast sharply noted in my mind a few years ago. As a very young man, I had the keen delight of hearing Mrs. Fanny Kemble at one of the last series of readings which she gave in the Meionaeon. I vividly recall the occasion when I listened to her delivery of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and was one of an audience which laughed itself almost faint over her interpretation of Falstaff. A middle-aged Englishwoman, in usual afternoon costume, read from an ungarnished platform, out of the big book which had come down to her from her aunt, Mrs. Siddons! Some thirty years later I was present at Mr. Beerbohm Tree's opening night in Boston, and saw the leading actor — "made up" with extreme skill, assisted by an accomplished company, using all the appliances of an excellent stage — succeed in carrying the part of Sir John Falstaff, in the same comedy, through an entire evening without once evoking a laugh for his incomparably humorous text.

A FEAT IN PARAPHRASE.

Another case of professional misfit, which worked less serious results, and, indeed, made a remarkable display of ingenuity, appeared during Miss Genevieve Ward's last engagement in Boston.

The play was Henry VIII., Miss Ward impersonating Queen Katharine. Mr. Louis James, her leading man, was cast for Cardinal Wolsey. The cardinal's part is long and hard to learn, and very likely was new to Mr. James, whose position was onerous. He got through the evening without incurring or causing disaster. He hit his cues with necessary precision; and it is also true that he performed the astounding feat of presenting Wolsey's words in an original paraphrase *ex tempore*. Of the cardinal's lines not so many as one in three were exactly reproduced, even the most familiar sustaining some twist or variation. Sometimes the original text was entirely suppressed. But Mr. James's speech did not halt, and his mind demonstrated extreme address, furnishing his tongue with phrases which carried a considerable portion of the Dramatist's meaning, and even fell decently in line with the rhythmic scheme of the verse. William Shakespeare, or John Fletcher, or whoever is responsible for Wolsey's share of the dialogue, would have been tickled by the actor's performance, which was in the line of the "descant" that Elizabethan gentlemen were expected to be able to supply with the voice, upon any melody, at short notice.

MADAME JANAUŠCHEK.

Madame Janauschek is so near the present day that it has seemed best to me not to make her work the theme of extended comment. Her achievement on our stage was great, considering the handicap which she sustained in dealing with a foreign language; she had a large style, and her playing was steadily marked by intellectual clarity and emotional power. Her unique performance, the assumption of the French waiting maid, Hortense, in the stage version of Dickens's *Bleak House*, played under the name of Chesney Wold, is not likely to be forgotten by any who were so fortunate as to witness it. The French ac-

cents and intonations of the girl were made piquantly effective through the operation of a tongue more familiar with them than with English vocables, and the feline malice and alertness of the character — which in the novel is scantily outlined — were reproduced with high picturesqueness and vivacity.

ALEXANDER SALVINI AS DON IPPOLITO.

By natural association with Madame Janauschek's achievement, there occurs to my mind the rarest example I have known of the fortunate fitting of an alien actor to a part in which all his lingual imperfections made for ideal success. On the evening of November 5, 1889, at the Tremont Theatre, was performed a dramatic version of Mr. Howells's novel, *A Foregone Conclusion*, with Alexander Salvini as Don Ippolito. The play "was caviare to the general," and was obviously deficient in constructive skill; but its gay wit, its lavish humor, — now frank and direct, now sly and ironical, — its intuitive schemes of character, its large human sympathy, its reproduction of the atmosphere and beauty of Venice, and its literary distinction made its presentation delightful to the critical few. As for Alexander Salvini, — of whom, as an artist, I entertained, in general, a rather low opinion, finding him in his larger attempts pretty steadily commonplace, — his impersonation of Don Ippolito was a marvel. Every native physical peculiarity of the player repeated the figure of the romance, and the priest's Italianic English was the actor's very own dialect. It is to be added that the don's timid sweetness, naïveté, and humility, and his shy yet substantial manliness, with their overlay of southern finesse, were clearly appreciated and nicely indicated.

MR. LATHROP'S ELAINE, AND MISS ANNIE RUSSELL.

The performance, on the evening of May 14, 1888, at the Park Theatre, of

Mr. George P. Lathrop's drama of Elaine has taken a little niche of its own in my mind and memory. The play, which was in blank verse, had real merit: its text was always smooth, sweet, and graceful, and was fine or fervid in a mode much like that of Tennyson, the story of whose idyl was strictly followed until the final passages, when grave liberties were taken with Launcelot and Guinevere. The effect of the work and its representation was to transport the soul of the spectator out of the dusty glare of common day into the empurpled twilight of romance. Through Miss Annie Russell the play was supplied with an ideal Elaine. The actress had but recently recovered from a severe illness, and her fragile beauty and delicacy pathetically befitted the lily maid of Astolat. Her gentle speech had a thrilling quality which seemed made to utter the heart of Elaine. Few of those who saw the scene will forget how, after love for Launcelot had entered her soul, she began to look at him with a gaze as direct, as unhesitating, and as maidenly as full moonlight. At great moments the concentration and simplicity of her style exactly fulfilled the difficult conditions of the part; the shudder with which she caught and held her breath when Launcelot kissed her forehead, the gasping pain of the sequent words, "Mercy, my lord," and the dry despair of her "Of all this will I nothing," will be long and deservedly remembered. Few more beautiful scenes have been shown upon the stage than the fifth tableau, which reproduced a famous picture, and exhibited the barge, draped in black samite, bearing the body of the maiden — pale as the lily which her right hand held, the "dead steered by the dumb" old servitor — up with the flood.

THE PRIVATELY ENDOWED THEATRE.

My last word may well bear my message of desire and hope for the theatre in America. Some fourteen years ago,

I began to contend in public for the establishment in one of our largest cities of a playhouse which should be supported or "backed" by the munificence of two or more men of great wealth and proportionate intelligence, — even as the Symphony Orchestra in Boston is maintained by one public-spirited gentleman. It is to be a *théâtre libre* in that it is to be absolutely absolved from slavery to its patrons and box office. As a place of edification, it is not to be a kindergarten for infants who still suck their sustenance from a "vaudeville" bottle, nor a primary or grammar school for small children, but a high school or university for adults, dedicated to the higher culture of that great "humanity," the histrionic art. For this house are to be engaged the best-equipped managers, and the most highly accomplished company of actors, artists, and artisans that the country can furnish; and on its stage are to be produced, with the closest attainable approximation to completeness, only clean plays, of real merit. These dramas are to be in every key and color, of any and every nation, of any period in time. Rare inducements will be held out for the production of new and original works, of which the censorship will be critical, yet catholic and unrigidly; but there will be no limitation of the field to the domestic inclosure. This theatre once open and operant, let the dear public attend or not, as it pleases; and let the experiment be faithfully tried for three years.

From the effecting of such a scheme I did not expect, soon or ever, every conceivable advantage. I did not, in prevision, anticipate the speedy regeneration of the theatre as an "institution," the prompt suppression of cheap and vulgar plays, the immediate elevation of public taste. But I was confident — judging by the success of similar enterprises, and by the parallelism of European theatres maintained by national and civic subsidies or organized subscrip-

tion — that salutary results would flow from a theatre thus maintained and managed. This playhouse would at once be the talk of the country; and the city that contained it would soon be a dramatic Mecca, drawing to itself, from every part of the land, true amateurs of the drama and of acting. A standard of high excellence would be set up, and held up to view, in respect both of material of programme and mode of representation. By and by our swift people would respond and appreciate. Before many years had passed we should have our own American Theatre, evolving the material of a fine tradition, dedicated to the best expression of a great art; and by the time that point was reached, Conservatories of Acting would be clustered about the new house, and be preparing to feed its companies with trained actors and actresses.

Much good ought eventually to come to the theatrical profession out of the maintenance of such a privately subsidized theatre: first and obviously, through the higher esteem and appreciation which actors would then receive from the public; secondly, through the advance in means of training which would be open to neophytes. It will be a shame if we do not develop a great race of actors in this country. The American temperament is, I believe, the best adapted of any in the world for histrionic success. As a nation, we unite English thoughtfulness, steadfastness, and aplomb with Gallic vivacity, intuition, and speed. It is true, as I said in a former article, that our native artists show extraordinary swiftness and sensibility and a very large mimetic gift, and that the general level of histrionic attainment is high, considering the desultory character of the instruction upon which a large majority of our players are obliged to depend. Therefore, not only very good, but the very best things are to be hoped for, when our admirable domestic material is treated by competent masters, in

schools attached to a theatre of the highest grade.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that it is my idea that the leaven of such an American Theatre would work sooner or later in the lump as a discourager of the prevailing flimsiness and triviality of our public shows. Thus far, by the quality of the supply of plays proceeding from American writers, one can gauge the quality of the demand. Our authors do not lack cleverness: Mr. Barnard, Mr. Belasco, Mr. Howard, Mr. Gillette, and others show real ability. But when one considers that Mr. Gillette's *Secret Service* — which I concede to be a brilliant and effective work — represents the high-water mark, "up to date," of our playwriting; that it is, so to speak, the *Hamlet* of American dramatic literature, it is evident that something is needed to direct our feet into other ways, if we aspire to any great achievements in this kind for our country.

There can be no doubt that the proposed theatre, if it became successful and permanent, would do something to develop and elevate public taste in respect of players as well as plays. It would be refreshing — especially in Boston, the naïf and omnivorous — to note a progress upward on this line. Apparently, the movement of late years has been in the other direction. I saw it noted as a remarkable circumstance, in one of my criticisms of Mr. Fechter and Miss Leclercq, more than twenty-five years ago, that the chief artists were called before the curtain "as many as five times" at the end of the most important act of a classic play. On the night when *Cyrano de Bergerac* was first produced in Paris, elderly men shouted their bravos, and, at the close of the third act, embraced one another, with tears of joy, crying out, "*Le Cid! Le Cid!*" If that spectacle, which is truly impressive, seems absurd to a Bostonian, what has he to say to one of his own first-night audi-

ences, which, a few years since, brought a pleasing little actress, who had done a bit of pretty comedy gracefully and piquantly, seventeen times to the footlights, midway of the performance, bestowing such honors and plaudits upon the player as she would scarcely have deserved if she had been Miss Neilson and Miss Cushman rolled into one, and doing her greatest work in a play of commanding power? A better day for the

drama and the theatre in America is sure to dawn. The actors are readier than the public for a change to nobler conditions; and the public, now learning to demand of and for itself the best things in many departments of life, will not always rest content with conditions that encourage mediocrity, and do not discourage vulgarity, in that Theatre upon which it depends for the larger part of its entertainment.

Henry Austin Clapp.

(The end.)

IN ARGONNE.

FROM the small turret where the chimes ring out, high up on lofty Reims Cathedral, far beyond the white city, the cavalry barracks in the outskirts, and conspicuous Pommery buildings rivaling in glory, in the proud Remois merchants' minds, the shrine of Saint-Remy itself, a vast expanse of plain can be seen on a summer day, bounded in the distance by long, dark blue lines of gently undulating hills, the farthest of which grow so faint that they blend with the gray bank of cloud lying on the low horizon. "Le vignoble," the guide whispers, for the kings of France, gazing down with stony eyes from the colossal towers above, strike even him with awe; yet over his countenance has passed a half-perceptible smile of local patriotic satisfaction. Then, turning round and motioning in the opposite direction, "The Ardennes," he adds, with a disdainful shrug of the shoulder, immediately checked by a consciousness, strong in the humblest servant of the Church, of having to preserve ecclesiastical composure. In absolute contrast with wine-growing Champagne lies beneath us a Lazarus on the threshold of old Dives, — a dismal plain, pallid with chalky barrenness, ab-

ruptly ending in the distance in sharply outlined, irregular heights.

To reach these uncanny hills, which begin the Ardennes, about thirty miles of weary waste must be crossed, with the help of a local railway line, on which run about four trains a day, each made up of five cars of diminutive and antiquated shape, that might have been in use on the main line in the time when a fast express raced along at twenty miles an hour. The journey is of the dreariest. The train proceeds at snail-like pace, and stops every ten minutes, without apparent reason. On the immeasurable plain the rays of the sun strike with such a blinding force that all human beings seem to have disappeared, together with their houses; for not a vestige of habitation is seen, nor has the plough, probably, ever made an impression on the hard, level, treeless soil. The roads alone, branching off in dazzling whiteness right and left, remind one that this wilderness is not two hundred miles from Paris.

After about an hour and a half's traveling through this circle of Dante's Inferno, the landscape changes somewhat. Bushes peep out in ditches along the

roads; a few stunted trees are scattered about; the white chalk yields in large patches to the greensward. Then the soil grows uneven; its pitiless surface, now puckered up in an angry frown, vainly strives to drive away the increasing shrubs and clumps of trees. The sun itself is losing some of its radiancy, as the turf spreads into a deeper green. The chalk ere long must give up the struggle, for the trees are no more mere stragglers now; gathered in serried ranks, their numberless battalions are slowly, but surely, beating off the enemy. Suddenly, as in a weird, fantastic tale of Edgar Poe, the dark hills, topped with woods, a moment ago in the distance, close in on both sides, like a gigantic pair of tentacles. The railway line is running through the Argonne passes, the famous Thermopylæ of France. This is neither Germany nor Belgium; this is still France, but the uttermost fringe of France. From Sedan on the Belgian frontier down to Passavant in the Vosges the forest-clad heights extend, in many lines, intrenchment thrown up behind intrenchment, shielding northeastern France from barbarian inroads. Now and then a narrow river has cut its way through intricate foliage. Through one of these postern gates the train has led us; it will stop presently at Apremont, not twenty miles from the Meuse, just where the pass opens out into a magnificent plain, gently sloping down in rich orchards and meadows to the banks of the river, the moat wherewith nature has provided the fortress. For some unaccountable reason, the military authorities, who reign supreme here, have decreed that the railway line shall proceed no farther. To get to Dun, on the river, one must hire a conveyance such as peasants can provide. Yet from Dun it is easy to reach the main line, which, running down to Sedan and Mézières, and up again behind the forest to Amagne and Reims, points out the road which the Germans followed thirty years ago.

The chief town in the district is Vouziers, for the existence of which some giant who stalked the Forest of Arden must be held responsible. Tired of seeing men, like busy ants, finding their way into his domain, he one day took up a huge shovel and cast their intruding hovels and farms and manors and churches all in a heap upon a hill in the wilderness, since when no single house has dared to go back into the forbidden land. The muddy waters of the Aisne mark the boundary which it is a trespass to cross. To the left, Vouziers and the chalky plain that we saw from Reims Cathedral; to the right, pastures and vineyards and green woods, — the Sahara next to the Promised Land.

Railway communications are not expected to be very good in a desert. It is quite a roundabout way from Vouziers to civilization. A light railway, in which old disused tram cars seem mostly employed, connecting the Reims-Charleville-Metz main line with the Apremont local line, runs through Vouziers. Under favorable circumstances, a distance like that from Vouziers to Grandpré, fourteen kilometres — less than ten miles — by the highway, may be traveled over in an hour and three quarters. Yet the whole district, remote as it seems, is connected with the Seine and the capital by the watershed. The thick, slimy waters at the foot of the hill on which Vouziers stands flow into the river Oise, which meets the Seine a little below Paris. The modern Alexandria might, however, be as distant as its ancient prototype, so little has its charmed influence softened this rough part of Champagne. In the irregularly shaped houses, the forbidding look of the unshuttered, heavily barred windows, the overlapping tiled roofs, but mainly in the stubborn pillars of the church and its quaint, massive Romance portico, old France has impressed her mark upon this quiet provincial town. On seeing the quadrangular Mairie standing alone in the market

place, one would be tempted to declare that centralization is a thing unknown on the skirts of Argonne, and bless the part of the country in which the symbol and seat of local liberties occupies so prominent a position. Another token strengthened this belief when one of the two printers in the town bitterly complained that Monsieur le Maire had forbidden him from setting up for sale an illustrated post card, on which he had ventured to print by stealth a copy of a certain Rabelaisian picture locked up in the Mairie. Evidently no allegiance is paid Cleopatra here. Alas! many are the devices that the capital uses to insure its predominance. Far from the market place, in remote byways, lurk the Tribunal and the Sub-Prefecture, two snug little hornets' nests swarming with parasitical functionaries. The vision appeared, on that sultry August afternoon, of administrative France, the legacy of regal and Napoleonic tyranny, now dwarfed by the growth of Republican liberties to a blind, stupid, pettifogging red-tapism: through the open windows of the official building a bald-headed man was seen passing, with listless step; under his arm he carried a dusty bundle of *papier timbré*, and, as he was far from the boulevards, he had not deemed it incompatible with his dignity to dispense with his coat, in the oppressive heat of the day, and expose himself in the simple glory of shirt sleeves.

Sleepy Vouziers once gave voice to its silent protest against overregulation and state-protectionism: its most illustrious citizen is M. Taine. Here is the house in which he was born, the familiar streets he trod, the school to which his childish footsteps bent; yonder the roads over which his father would lead him. All these early impressions M. Taine has recounted in the charming article on his native land, published as a preface to M. de Montagnac's work on the Ardennes, afterwards reprinted in his *Derniers Essais de Littérature et d'Histoire*.

One better understands the man M. Taine was after having seen some of those scenes of childhood which sink so deeply in the mind. Life is a problem that wears a serious look on this barren hill, surrounded by barren plains. There is no time to dream or smile. The town is built upon hard rock, — hard as the logic and style of M. Taine. He would not let his sentence softly ripple on or meander in long, harmonious bends along the page, Pater-like; nor would he deliver it unto the reader, as Renan did, disguised under the neat folds of irony. It is a statue of granite, roughly hewn, displaying tremendous sinews. The magnificent cloak that he afterwards threw over it, gorgeous with glittering color, profusely bedecked with gems, like some Merovingian saint, was no doubt the outcome of the Romanticism on which his student days were nursed, at the Ecole Normale, in 1848. There would be much to say on the earnestness of purpose, so strangely prominent, in his work, on his belief in individual energy, on his intense pathetic pessimism. Poor himself amidst the poor, with the lasting pictures stamped upon his brain of the workingman at the barges on the river, in the forges, then more numerous than now, or, poorest of all, of the wood-cutter in the Forest of Arden, — no wonder he dwelt upon the seamy side of life, and felt a grim satisfaction in tearing off the sham cloaks of generosity in which Revolutionists and counter-Revolutionists wrapped themselves.

Perhaps, in olden times, some gallant warrior, clad in armor, would ride down the hill, across the river, and dash into the forest, with intent to overthrow the giant that so jealously kept the Promised Land away from poor humanity. To such a combat did M. Taine seem to hasten, when he began to denounce centralization, overregulation, and all the evils with which contemporary France is so grievously tormented. The giant that he encountered was, unfortunately,

Protean; he scotched it, but did not kill it, and Vouziers is not freed to-day from official vermin.

Strange to say, Vouziers cares little for its most famous child. His fellow citizens are strangely reticent on the cordiality of their intercourse with him. "C'était un homme bizarre," is their curt appreciation. It is said that the municipal council solemnly asked him to present the town library with a complete set of his works, and that he declined to carry out the suggestion. Hence the coldness of the population. They did not see that he was prompted by the reserve of a writer who, unlike his contemporaries, cared little for *réclame*. I looked vainly for a rue Taine. Rues Gambetta and rues Chanzy are plentiful, but Vouziers does not bear the slightest memorial of the author of *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*.

From Vouziers to Grandpré the scenery changes. We now tread on hallowed ground; not a Frenchman but feels his heart beat in nearing Grandpré, la Croix-aux-Bois, le Chesne-le-Populeux, where every inch of defile is associated with the recollection of heroic struggles against the enemy. Leonidas defended the Greek Thermopylæ only once; these passes have been held against tremendous odds a hundred times, by obscure, long-forgotten heroes. Let us take Grandpré as a strategical centre.

The old town, with its magnificent church and the ruins of its ancient château, stands on a hill commanding a plain about five miles broad. The river Aire lazily flows among the deep green meadows, while on either side rise the dark-wooded walls of the pass. The town, built of dark yellow sandstone, looks as if the smoke of the battles had but recently passed away. The whole country teems with martial recollections. On the edge of one of the woods, over which the Ardennais peasant has carefully drawn his plough, it is said that Cæsar once pitched his camp. This was

the first brush of the rough forest folk with the enemy. A few centuries later the exhausted barbarians halted on the same spot, after their disastrous battle with the Gallo-Roman army on the Catalaunic fields, near Châlons. There was no saintly maiden in Argonne to protect it, as Sainte-Geneviève had protected Paris, against the wrath of Attila. The wild ancestor of the modern woodcutter, no doubt, fled into the recesses of the forest, always ready to afford him shelter; and when the host of barbarians moved away, like a receding flood, he stole out and avenged himself upon the stragglers. More centuries passed on, and when, France having emerged from the chaos and ruins left by the fall of the Roman power and the breaking up of the empire of Charlemagne, crafty Capetian chieftains had set up for themselves, by ruse as well as force, the Merovingian and Carolingian thrones, Argonne became an outpost ever protecting Champagne and Ile-de-France. More than once, the enemy, Spaniard, Hollander, or German, tried to storm these fortress gates, but never were they nearer achieving their end than in 1792.

That memorable year the fates very nearly went against modern France. General Dumouriez, in command of the small Revolutionary army, had pitched his camp at Grandpré; earthworks protected the town, and a strong force held the bridges on the river below. The panic of the raw recruits who fled before a handful of Prussian hussars, and the blunder of a colonel which allowed the *émigrés* to gain possession of the Croix-aux-Bois pass, thus making it possible for them to outflank the French army, were near wrecking Dumouriez' plan of amusing the enemy till reinforcements should come up. Heavy rains had fallen in that bleak September, and the shivering, ill-clad, badly-fed army grew impatient to leave the camp. An outbreak of dysentery added to the horrors of those days. A report spread

among the men that the Minister of War in Paris deprecated Dumouriez' plan, and had positively ordered him to fall back at once upon Châlons. Dark hints of treason were thrown out. Yet the sturdy general clung to the passes, and trusted the old forest to keep back the invaders. At last the colonel's blunder made retreat imperative. Under favor of darkness the Republican forces slipped away. Imagine the motley crowd: veterans who had fought in Hannover, in the Low Countries, in New England, mingled with inexperienced young patriots, Parisian and Marseillaise, whose bravery, easily stirred by the rhetoric of Jacobinical stump orators, melted away at the first danger. They march out of the town in good order; but the roads are bad, the mud lies deep, and in the forest on either side must be concealed innumerable Austrians and Prussians. The artillery were the first to disobey orders: they fled to a hill, whence they refused to stir. Suddenly some Prussian hussars, probably scouts, fell in with the recruits. The next morning Dumouriez wrote to the Assembly in Paris: "Ten thousand men fled before fifteen hundred Prussian hussars. The loss does not exceed fifty men and some stores. *Tout est réparé, et je réponds de tout.*" A few days after, the Prussian general, Brunswick, suffered a defeat at Valmy. In 1839, the old men told M. Miroy, the *juge de paix* of Grandpré, that they remembered the cannonade on that 20th of September. Two days later the Republic was proclaimed. It is sometimes amusing to dwell upon what might have been. Learned historians have shown that it was impossible for the Prussians to win, which inference is duly accompanied with a long array of admirable reasoning; but then historians are charlatans. With a trifle more activity and foresight on Brunswick's part, Dumouriez was cut off from Châlons and caught in a trap. A week later the émigrés would have crushed the Revolution in Paris,

and we leave the reader to fancy the wave of reaction spreading over Europe. France was saved by the hesitations and jealousies of the Allies, whose temper must have been akin to that of the Powers, a few months ago, in China. To the prejudiced mind of Europe, Septembriseurs and Sansculottes were little better than Boxers to us. There was a great deal of talk of repression, in courts and *chancelleries*; but no one dared to hasten on affairs, for fear of unforeseen consequences. The Austrians reconnoitred a little, and spoke about winter quarters, while Brunswick, with the Prussians, felt satisfied of his success at Grandpré. So Kellermann had time to bring his troops up and meet Dumouriez, whose army had meanwhile been cleared of patriotic turbulency. France still labors under the delusion that the tide of invasion rolled back before the raw levies of the Revolution. In fact, Valmy was the last victory of the old régime, redeeming the defeats suffered at the hands of Frederick the Great.

Since then, Grandpré has seen the enemy pour down the passes three times, in 1814, 1815, and 1870, but unrestrained and victorious. The spell that made Argonne invulnerable was broken with the fall of monarchy. A few very old people can remember the Cossacks plundering the whole region, even as their descendants plundered Manchuria the other day.

The face of the country bears the traces of its long martial record; even the churches have been built so as to be turned into castles at a moment's notice. At Saint-Juvin, at Verpel, buttresses and turrets mingle with rose windows and church crosses, and the stout walls show with what indomitable will Marshal Turenne, in the civil wars of the Fronde, battered them with his rebel artillery. After the battle of Denain, in the wars of Marlborough, when the Dutch raided the country, the inhabitants of Grandpré held out under shelter

of the mighty central tower of their church.

But the stones alone do not proclaim the fact that, with her past, France must remain a military nation. About every fortnight, in August and September, troops going to or returning from manœuvres march through the passes. Sometimes they halt a night or two, and are quartered upon the inhabitants, who thus pay a tax which is not mentioned in the annual budget. *Servitude militaire* the law terms this annoyance, against which scarcely any one ever murmurs, so deep is the love for the army. On the two occasions when we saw the soldiers, their behavior, it must be said, was exemplary. They were Ardennais themselves, peasants' sons for the most part, with a sprinkling of townsmen. When the loud church bell tolled nine, no one would have thought there were over a thousand men in a little town whose population just exceeds nine hundred. The next morning, as I was asking a small, squat private why he was gravely cutting away with his penknife a centimetre from a tape measure, "I've only a hundred days more to serve," he answered, with a broad smile. "Every day I cut away a centimetre."

In all the chief families on the frontier one or two sons are brought up for the army. There now rises before me the portrait of one of those Ardennais, a heavy white-mustached major, whose only thought in September is about shooting hares and partridges. In 1870, a young sub-lieutenant in the Lancers, he was at Beaumont, at the extreme end of Argonne, when the Germans surprised a French army corps at bivouac. A German captain, it is said, declined to open fire on "men in shirt sleeves." Of course the French had neglected to reconnoitre. "We began to reconnoitre," added the major, "in the army of the Loire, under General Chanzy."

He had been, three weeks before, at Reichshofen, in the famous charge. "We were forced back by the enemy's heavy

fire. In trying to get under shelter of a wood, we fell in with some Prussian infantry, fought our way into a château, and, breaking through the gates, crossed the river at the back and galloped into darkness." When they rallied at Sa-verne, they were fifty out of six hundred. He tells the tale slowly, in an unemotional way. Verily, these Ardennais are not the sensitive, brilliant Gallo-Romans of southern France; they are the fair-haired, taciturn Franks. Turenne and Chanzy, the French generals whose tactics were most remote from what are supposed to be the characteristics of French soldiery, reckless bravery, daring, swift demoralization, were both born in the Ardennes.

Not is it only martial France, athirst for glory and conquest, it is also Catholic France that is revealed by Argonne. And the contrast does not impress one as striking. The passage is not from battlefields to scenes of evangelical peace, but from foreign strife to internal war. It is the tragic destiny of France, who has always waged war against her neighbors, often allied together in formidable coalitions, now to be torn with factions within herself. A close relation also appears between the Church and the sword. The appeal to arms has borne with the higher-minded French soldier a mystical aspect symbolically visible in Reims Cathedral. Above tower the gigantic statues of the kings of France, glaive in hand, while below, before the porch on which are carved, within a circle of meek bishops and peacemaking cardinals, the most peaceful scenes of Scripture, stands the bronze statue of Joan of Arc. No wonder that the Republic, unfavorable as it is both to foreign war and to mysticism, is at bottom unpopular. The debates in the Chamber of Deputies do not send through the country the thrill of a curt dispatch in the *Moniteur de l'Empire*, bearing the glad tidings of another Austerlitz.

The immense effort made since 1870

by the Roman Church to gain ascendancy is visible in this remote part of France. On the smallest church door there may be read a notice setting forth in businesslike style the facilities granted to would-be pilgrims to Lourdes, the whole bearing the approval of Cardinal Langeniena, one of the most distinguished in the French episcopate. From the great cathedral, where a large painting, hung in conspicuous evidence, records his entrance into Jerusalem as papal legate, amidst respectful Turkish soldiery and French consuls-general making meek obeisance, down to the small parish church of poverty-stricken Chalrange, a hamlet sunk in the marshes ten miles south of Vouziers, but where a stained-glass window, a gift from *son Eminence*, blazes forth his name, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Reims has more glory in Argonne than mayor, prefect, general, or the President of the Republic himself.

The hold that old, naïve forms of belief retain upon the popular mind is pathetic. Living in a thinly populated district, within sight of the dark forest looming on every side, the simple folk, with the reverence of their pagan ancestors, worship the waters that break down the barrier of the forest, hollow the soil into valleys, and yield abundance. Five miles from Grandpré, on the road to Varenne, where the coach in which Louis XVI. was escaping to Germany was stopped by a Jacobin postmaster on a memorable night, there nestles in the hollow of the hillside the village of Saint-Juvin, in whose church lies buried René de Joyeuse, one of the Counts of Grandpré. Here the traveler will be led to a spring issuing in mere dribble from the rock, and preciously gathered a few feet below into a cemented tank, in the soapy waters of which a village woman is lustily washing linen. On Whitsunday, however, the tank is scrubbed clean, and from miles around the peasants come and carry away a little water, said, if administered

within the week to the swine, to preserve them from disease. In the church, the faithful may pay their devotions in all seasons to the patron saint of the spring, Saint-Juvin, a canonized swineherd. The flower offerings wither at the foot of the village palladium, a vulgar Saint-Anthony that an astute vender of church ornaments has palmed upon the credulous curé for a Saint-Juvin. Near Verpel, another spring is said to cure toothache; another insures the fair drinker thereof a husband within the year. The attitude of the most enlightened farmer toward these superstitions is complex. The wife half believes in the miraculous effect of the waters; remembers how they cured So-and-So, and concludes with a "Who can tell?" strangely like the reasoning of the modern scientist when confronted by the unseen. The husband, on the contrary, is unphilosophic, disbelieves the tales, declares them good for children and grandams, — which is low-minded and Voltairean, of course. But the subject is visibly working on his mind; he is silent, lets the reins float loose on his horse's back, and unexpectedly breaks out, "Tout de même, c'est dur de quitter sa ferme et sa bonne femme et d'être couché sous la terre." Then he cracks his whip, and tries to dismiss the unpleasant train of thought. The sun has just dropped behind the tall pines, whose tops are glowing now; the dusk thickens on the brown hills, in the glorious valley, where the eye erewhile distinctly saw the rich green meadows, interspersed with lighter stripes of hedge or bulrush, and dappled with grayish-green poplars; the mist of night is fast blotting out both shape and color. There is a moment's hush; then the wind sweeps along the road, moaning softly; presently it shrieks among the trees, and echoes miles away in the forest depths, whose spirit, now awake, is answering back. The farmer may be a disbeliever in Saint-Juvin, but he is still a thrall of the Church. The fear of the unknown is upon him.

The Socialist maire of Reims, a summer ago, pulled down a cross in the cemetery, forbade public Roman Catholic processions as nuisances, fined the cardinal himself for having infringed the regulation, and personifies for the population the Republic at war with the Church and its formidable reactionary power. The Legislative in Paris are busy preparing, with a ministry of Republican defense, coercitive measures against Jesuit and Assumptionist fathers, but the contest may be foretold as hopeless. Weapons must match weapons: a walking stick is useless against a bayonet, a crossbow against a rifle, and science against the fear of death. In the sixteenth century France cast in her lot with the Roman Church; every effort to free herself has since then been unavailing. Where the eighteenth-century philosophers and the Revolutionists and the Liberal Catholics failed, it is scarcely probable that M. Waldeck-Rousseau will succeed. The more moderate parties, Progressives and Radicals and Opportunists, are losing ground. France is bound to become another Belgium, — a vast arena where, exchanging the palm of martyrdom for the gladiator's sword, Ultramontanism will grapple with Socialism.

In Grandpré church, on the black marble tombstone of Claude de Joyeuse,

Count of Grandpré, an unknown Jaques, bred to melancholy by the Forest of Arden, carved the following lines: —

"Tout ce que la terre nourrit,
Finalement elle le pourrit,
En tout ce que l'homme abonde,
Il n'a que sa vie en ce monde,
Et quand il a passé son temps
Il n'a gagné que ses dépens."

They are the apt motto of Argonne. If Dumouriez' veterans came to life again in those valleys, they would hardly know, in the fine roads and carefully cultivated land, the wild country in which they held out against the German foe. The half-savage peasant is now a respectable farmer. The Counts of Grandpré are no more; their castle was accidentally burned down in 1894, and on its still stately ruins sober *rentiers* have reared a bourgeois-looking country residence. For military purposes the forest is disregarded, the barrier now being nearer the frontier, in the Vosges Mountains. The warlike spirit of the inhabitants, meanwhile, ingloriously spends itself in petty feuds between Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards. Instead of affronting the giant of Argonne, like the chivalrous warriors of old, the bourgeois have lulled him to sleep, and avail themselves of his stupor to parcel out among themselves the forest which, ever docile, yields its decennial produce.

Ch. Bastide.

THE LOVER.

I.

It is said that a woman always retains a lingering tenderness for a man whom she has refused. What feeling a man entertains for a woman whom he knows he might have married has not been clearly defined; but Farnhurst knew perfectly well that, if he had so

chosen, he might have married Lesbia Crashaw.

Her love story had been so evident and simple that they might read who ran. She was a very pretty girl, of a moonlit sort of beauty, dark and fair together, tall and graceful, with wide-apart, gray, luminous eyes. Sensitive, emotional, and enthusiastic, a mother of like nature had

unconsciously fostered and developed these qualities to the utmost, so that when Gerald Farnhurst appeared within the plane of Lesbia's fair young life, she was just in the proper state to fall helplessly in love.

Gerald was one of the men who can be held by the charm of uncertainty only. To men like him, a woman won ceases to be interesting. He did not know this, nor did Lesbia, but from the moment when, in the fine simplicity of nature, she began to wear her heart upon her sleeve, she began to lose her charm for Gerald. In face and person Farnhurst himself was so extraordinarily handsome that, seen suddenly in a crowd, men and women would pause, catch their breath, and be silent. A second glance simply verified the first. His beauty was complete in itself, and left nothing for the asking, nothing for the imagination to evoke or finish. Consequently, few imaginative women ever looked at him twice. But of course Lesbia was not of these. And Farnhurst, unlike many handsome men, carried off his beauty well. He seemed unconscious of it, and ignorant of its effect. Flattery moved him not; love, even, stirred him not; a cool, gentlemanly self-possession appeared to be his leading trait.

Yes, he might have married Lesbia Crashaw. There were no complexities, no uncertainties; he had but to put forth his hand, — or speak the word, rather, — and all was as plain and simple as a long, straight line of railroad track stretching to an assured end. But that was the difficulty. He knew it all so well beforehand, and knew just what would happen. It would be perfectly easy, comfortable, happy in the ordinary sense, — a devoted wife, a charming home, a reasonably satisfactory future, — but it would scarcely be interesting, and hardly suggestive. That was the rub.

Too lax, then, to refrain from charm-

ing a very attractive girl, and not lordly enough, her love being won unasked, to marry her, Farnhurst almost drained the heart out of a proud, sensitive nature. Some of the golden years of youth were passed by Lesbia in a state of tense, passionate expectation of a request that never came. For whether coming or going, present or absent, Farnhurst contrived to keep himself before her mind's eye, and to be the focus of her imagination, so that, going finally, he left a blank. Why he had lingered so long even he could not have said; yet, after all, love is the most exquisite incense, and it is hard to quit the place of its offering. But when he had gone indefinitely to Europe, and his one or two impersonal letters alone remained, Lesbia, and even her sentimental mother, felt that further hope was too much like self-inflicted injury. No wonder that Lesbia's beauty was lunar rather than auroral, for she had been fed literally on dreams.

From boyhood Farnhurst had possessed "a little something," — property just enough to take away the incentive of necessity, yet hardly enough to enable him to marry. But then Gerald had many talents. He was a good musician, no mean painter, and showed ability as a writer. The danger was lest, in doing several things well, he should fail to concentrate upon any one of them; but ultimately he gave his whole attention to his pen.

For ten years he had made his home in Europe. Report said that he was very cultivated, and almost hypercritically fastidious. America, he declared, was meant for workers only, while he was not so much a worker as a seeker, and the things he sought after could be found more easily abroad than at home. Of course he had never married, not having the hideous rashness to dwindle into a husband obscured by all the commonplace of domesticity. But before an unexpected inheritance brought him rather suddenly home, there had been coming

upon him, from time to time, a vague sense of dreariness, an occasional loneliness, a detachment from people and things, which made him restless and seemed to press him westward.

II.

Among Farnhurst's earlier associates there had been one, a certain Rufus Deane, who could not but know the whole of the one-sided love story. Deane was a tall, thin young man, whose height would have been awkward but for a fine unconsciousness and ease of manner to which unfailing consideration for others gave a certain distinction and finish. He belonged to the rare dog-fox order of men, like Ulysses, — dog for fidelity, fox for sagacity, — and had, too, a something exquisite superadded.

When, therefore, it became definitely known that Farnhurst had gone indefinitely to Europe. one raw March morning, Deane, on his way downtown, rang Mrs. Crashaw's door bell, and asked to see Miss Lesbia. And the young lady, on coming into the parlor, found the gentleman, with his overcoat collar about his ears, standing in the middle of the floor. He looked somewhat wind-beaten and stringy, though quite as imperturbable and leisurely as usual. She gave him her hand mechanically, looked at him kindly, and asked if he would not sit down.

"No, thank you," said Deane. "I've come but for a second, on a little matter of moment. Here is a rose for you," he added, and, taking a long-stemmed, large one, wrapped in paper, out of his deep overcoat pocket, he put it into her hand. The one thing noticeable about Deane was an extreme gentleness of speech and manner. Lesbia looked at him in momentary, pleased surprise, and his masking eyeglasses did not altogether hide the keenness of the look he gave her in return. He waited awhile, yet continued

to fix her with that look, which somehow seemed to steady her, and to place her, as it were, on a pedestal before him. Presently he said, plunging his hands deep into his pockets: "I've come to ask you to think over a little matter for me. Take as long as you like, but think it over."

With her wistful half smile, Lesbia questioningly regarded him.

Slowly, in the most matter-of-fact tone imaginable, Deane went on: "I want you to try to think about marrying me."

Lesbia gave a stifled cry, and shrank into a little huddled heap on a chair. The pathetic shield of a woman's pride — poor and insufficient in her case, and yet something — was as if suddenly thrust aside, and she saw in its place a champion. So she could but stare at Deane with amazed, mortally ashamed, yet relieved eyes. His look never wavered, and still held her up.

"But why, why do you say this — you — when — you must know — don't you know" — faltered Lesbia.

"That I am only the next best thing, which is always miles away from the best thing?" he said quietly. "Yes; but there are many times in life when we must accept, and make the most of, the next best thing."

He was standing near her now, and his low voice and gentle manner were like sheltering wings.

Lesbia interlaced her fingers, and her wondering eyes clung to his face in entreaty. "I don't see why you care; I don't see how you *can* care," she murmured.

"We don't always explain things to ourselves, and it would be quite impossible to explain them to others. However, I *do* care," returned Deane.

"Is it fair to yourself?" she stammered.

"If we desire lawfully, and can get lawfully what we desire, I think we are fair to ourselves," answered he gently. Then, after a pause, with a touch of hesi-

tation in his tone, he added, "Of course, seeing I do care, I should naturally have wished for you what you yourself may have desired."

Lesbia's face first paled, then crimsoned, but she continued to look at him in shrinking, grateful wonder; so he said more quickly: "But that is neither here nor there. Love does not always wear the same guise, nor come to all under the same form. Have me or leave me, as you choose. Take your own time, and let me know at your own convenience."

Deane's fine voice and exquisite utterance were memorable, and though he spoke now in as even and quiet a tone as if he were talking of the andirons and fire log, the effect of his words and manner was to bring relief, and to make of the impossible a comparatively easy thing. He immediately began a conversation, however, upon indifferent matters, and soon after took his leave. Yet six months later, to the amazement of every one, Lesbia Crashaw became Mrs. Rufus Oslin Deane.

Concerning that marriage there was unanimity of opinion. All said that Deane took Lesbia in the rebound of acute disappointment; and some wondered at his want of proper pride in so doing, and others blamed her for taking advantage of a good man's love. But after these criticisms the matter perforce dropped. The whole thing was too transparent to afford food for speculation, and as Lesbia appeared to be tranquil and at peace, and Deane perfectly satisfied, there was nothing to do except wish them the traditional joy.

But when, at the unexpected mention of Farnhurst's return, two little red flames leaped into Lesbia's cheeks, it was because of the stirring, not of feeling, but of memory, and of surprise at this truth. For, having felt so much, Lesbia had taken it for granted that she must necessarily feel always, and that that fixed feeling would be her "judg-

ment" for having given away her heart unasked. She did not know that the waters of life never pass the same point twice, although, in the shifting currents of this world, there are meetings, readjustments, *rapprochements*, which may appear, for the time, like a return to the past. Instead of still feeling, therefore, Lesbia discovered that she had felt; and instead of being bound to a rock of memory, she found that she had been rescued and borne on.

When, however, one evening at dinner, Lesbia casually and placidly remarked, "I met Gerald Farnhurst this afternoon, at Mrs. McCartney's," her husband keenly regarded her.

"Lucky man to have time for an afternoon tea! How does he look?" asked Deane.

"Well," said Lesbia meditatively, "I was surprised that he looked so much older." Then she laughed. "But of course it's natural to see the progress of years in others, not in ourselves. However, he looks older than necessary."

"Perhaps it is n't the dimming brush of time only which has passed over him," said Deane lightly.

Lesbia's look was interrogatory.

"It is said that a woman's eye judges best of a man's beauty; but was n't his that effulgent beauty which, like a dash of sunshine, is soonest overcast?"

Lesbia leaned back in her chair. "Yes; but it seems to me," she answered thoughtfully, "that in what you call a fine and harmonious development there ought to be something in heart and mind which will compensate" — She spoke slowly, tentatively, as if trying to formulate her thought, and now stopped short.

"Will compensate for the inevitable tarnish of years, 'outliving beauty's outward with a mind that should renew swifter than blood decays'? How do you know there is n't?" asked Deane gayly.

"He appeared just the same," returned Lesbia naively.

"Barring the beauty? What a pity!" cried Deane, smiling.

"Oh, it is n't that, exactly, and of course he's still wonderfully handsome," said Lesbia frankly; "yet it is a pity when a man grows stout and his hair gets thin on top."

"How thankful I am that I'm thin, and my hair is still stout on top!"

Even the children joined in the laugh.

"Rufus, you know just what I mean," protested Lesbia.

"I know it's the bounden duty of every man to live up to a woman's expectation of him, and that he's a failure if he does n't," returned Deane.

"Not at all," said Lesbia; "but I think" — She stopped again.

"Perhaps he impressed you as not having grown?" suggested Deane.

"But what's the good of life, of Europe, then?" asked Lesbia.

Deane shook his head. "But I hope you explained why I have n't called, and how I've been rushed with this absurd coffee case?"

"No," replied Lesbia reflectively, "I said very little. At all events, Gerald talks more than he used to, and I believe we all simply listened."

Deane made no reply, and the talk drifted off to other things. But in all that was said, in all the pleasant, homely give and take of family life, Deane watched his wife. She was evidently not aware that this was the first time in her married life that she had ever mentioned Gerald Farnhurst's name. However obvious to others a spell may be, the one who is spellbound never knows it. Like an echo, there came to Deane's mind the vague recollection of some old superstition which says that if you can once but firmly name your spell, you are freed from it. He felt that Lesbia, all unconsciously, had named her spell. His heart sang within him. There was a faint color in her usually pale cheeks, and in her eyes, so duskily gray, a touch of light which showed like a hint of

dawn. He watched her, first with the feeling of the physician who is well-nigh assured that he has saved his patient; and then with that other feeling, so finely personal, so nobly impersonal, that even love is for it too faint, too common a name.

III.

Farnhurst had made his home in Europe, thinking thereby to mould his work better and more beautifully than at home. But art for art's sake, while a very pretty theory, lacks central fire, and does not, as we Americans say, eventuate. Having no particular starting point, Gerald's life had no particular goal. And a man's work is himself. He can express things neither as they are nor as he sees them, but only as he himself is. Farnhurst loved freedom, and was fain to believe himself free, and while he was a man who would punctiliously have recognized and made good any and all claims, perhaps he took care that there should be no claims; for he failed to perceive that it is from the responsibilities which a man assumes and fulfills that his eventual intellectual and moral wealth accrues. Farnhurst thought that the issues of life are from the head, and forgot that they are chiefly from the heart. Life, he felt, was working upon him, rather than he upon life; and as his art grew finer, his touch surer, his hand more pliant, he nevertheless asked himself the numbing question, "To what purpose, to what good?" and felt that life, the thing he worked in, was losing its freshness and its power to interest and suggest. Then, as must often happen with a man of his full, many-sided mind, he would perceive in some cruder, less competent hand a something which would give him, not the corroding stab of envy, — he was too fine-natured for that, — but that thrill of anguish which comes to such a man when he perceives that there has been vouchsafed a revelation

of the Beauty he so longs for, and yet has missed. For, to the lovers of Life, the veiled Isis, any glint of an assurance of its unearthly reality and beauty is worth all that men call success.

So, when there came to him the inheritance which made it still less necessary to pursue his art, he said that he would throw all aside for the time, and go home; he would see things again; he would renew old friendships and take up old — well, no, one does not exactly take up old loves. Moreover, there were but few old loves to take up, seeing that Gerald's beauty had had that sufficiency which is beauty's antidote. And then he could not but recall the old friend who had married the old love, a pair whom to know again would be like enjoying the effect of two luminaries, the moon and the evening star, say, at once. For such a nature as Farnhurst's is far more apt, eventually, to remember the woman who has loved him than the woman he has loved, since such natures conceive of love, not as a free gift or princely largess, but as something conquering or conquered. They conceive of love as being dragged at another's chariot wheels, or — most sweet reversal — as gracing a triumph of their own.

There is infinite warmth in love; no thought of time or age, no lessening sense of life's power, no question of life's good. Farnhurst was quite man enough to feel this, even if he had not seized it, and his heart instinctively glowed at the remembrance of Lesbia's rare flame of devotion, odorous with youth, sincerity, and faith. Recalling it all, he was inclined to blame *her*. If only she had had more individuality, why, then, perhaps —

But he would go back; he would see that special one to whom he had been so much, — would see whether she were still the same astral creature feminine whom he had liked so well, yet had not cared to marry. Now he was half inclined to wonder why.

Farnhurst was in great demand that winter, for he was that *rara avis* in America, a man of entire leisure, and he obligingly went everywhere. People said that he was very nice. Occasionally he did, indeed, level a gentle shaft at the national vice of self-complacency, and once asked whether history was supposed to begin with the year 1776. But on the whole he was lenient and non-critical.

As for the Deanes, Farnhurst found Rufus much the same, but concerning Lesbia he doubted. She was prettier than ever, and undeniably *finer* than in her early youth. There is an open-air life of mind and spirit which is far more subtly beautifying than a mere open-air life of the body, and there were moments when the expression of Lesbia's face went to show that she had walked on heights where blow the pure, viewless winds of the soul, — heights from which she had faced horizons that do not beckon all. But how had she gone there? What influence had wrought a development so different from any he could have foreseen? She met him with an impersonal frankness which left conjecture free, and yet piqued — Farnhurst called it intelligent interest in one's fellows.

Still, with a slight contraction of the heart, he could not but feel that he probably had no longer so much as a foothold in Lesbia's life, — he who could once have possessed the whole of it. She was obviously a woman any man might well be proud of, and such a fact weighed heavily with Gerald. For he was no Cophetua, nor was he made of the stuff which declares, "I please myself first, and the world afterwards." He felt a twinge of mortification — or regret, he would have said — that Lesbia was no less fickle than her adorable sex in general; though what she had had to be constant to even he would have found it difficult to say. And he was tempted to find out whether she had forgotten the past as completely as she seemed.

IV.

One evening, in Miss Hatley's old-fashioned parlors, Farnhurst and Lesbia sat apart from the others, near an open window, through which came the warm, moist, caressing wind of an early spring. Above the primrose yellow of her evening dress, Lesbia's delicate face and dark hair had never looked handsomer, and her expression showed a rest and satisfaction which had not always been there. This look might be variously interpreted, and some people present were variously interpreting it; for Deane, meanwhile, hung over the piano, the length of the rooms away, and joined now and then in the young people's choruses.

"As I was saying," remarked Farnhurst, "just as in Italy the men are, as a rule, handsomer than the women, and in Spain the women are handsomer than the men, so in America the women are more interesting than the men; their wits are nimbler, their minds, on the whole, more complex."

"But I thought that modern women were everywhere nimble-witted, and that they were nothing if not complex. Suppleness and complexity, — are not these the mental earmarks of the end of the century?" returned Lesbia.

From under fine, slightly frowning brows he gave her a long, half-questioning, half-impatient look, and did not immediately reply.

"But do suppleness and complexity necessarily imply much depth or staying power?" she added, after a slight pause.

What was she thinking of? Of late he had asked himself many times that question, as he never had before; for in the former days Lesbia's thoughts had been finely transparent, a crystalline mirror which reflected but one image.

"You have wonderfully changed," he said slowly. "You have developed more than any one I know, and in a way I did not foresee."

"Like wine, I have improved with age?" asked Lesbia lightly.

Farnhurst smiled. "You have acquired the charm of the incalculable, the grace of uncertainty," he returned, with equal lightness.

"Oh, surely I was never anything but a woman, no matter how crude a girl," she said, with deprecatory archness; "and is n't it a world-old tradition that all women are uncertain?"

In the lovely eyes regarding him over the top of the fan there was a touch of gay, winsome raillery which he had never seen in them before. He drank the look down like wine, and found it fiery.

"And," she continued, "should we say 'acquire' the charm? We acquire a language, but I should think we develop a charm."

The Lesbia of past days had never dreamed of mending his speeches, nor of hazarding any divergence of thought. Now, mentally, she must feel the ground quite her own and very solid beneath her feet, to do either; and again he wondered what her real thought was.

"The charm is there, at all events, whether acquired or developed," was the reply.

She leaned forward a little, and gave him a look of friendly banter.

"The charm of the incalculable, the grace of uncertainty, — but these are things to please the fanciful. Creative minds, I should think, would care more for certainty. For the deeply imaginative, the great poets and thinkers, take up potentialities, foresee possible results, and work accordingly. Won't you allow me, then, the merit of a little certainty, too?"

He felt that he must bestir himself, or else he should prove wanting.

"I will allow you any and every merit possible," was the reply, "but you must not speak of yourself as ever having been crude."

"Oh, crudeness of mind and awkwardness of body are inseparable from

youth," said Lesbia carelessly: "let us hope that we outgrow both."

He looked at her, half vexed. "I think our youth was beautiful," he said, with emphasis; "perhaps it was the best part of our lives."

"Not of mine, — oh no!" exclaimed Lesbia, with involuntary quickness; then added gently, "And yet I would not now ask that it should have been different."

"And does the *now*, then, hold so much for you?" he demanded, with a touch of irony.

"It holds a great deal," was the answer, "and, above all, the prospect and hope that every height of the future will be better."

"Oh, if you have attained happiness!" he murmured, with obvious sarcasm.

Lesbia laughed. "The gods confound the boaster. But surely it is something so to live as to feel that happiness is, and is attainable."

"Then you have made no mistakes?" he asked significantly.

"None who live dare say that, I imagine; but at least I hope I have made none which were irretrievable."

She spoke with a touch of noble humility. Farnhurst winced; yet, bending forward, he said pointedly, "And have you no regrets?"

His eyes held her, and demanded more than his words; but as essentially cool as marble hands which he might have grasped, and as impersonal and free as the night wind which touched his face, were her look and tone, as she replied slowly, "In a large and general sense, none."

He leaned back, with a long, deep breath. Was, then, the fire out, the shrine bare and swept clean even of the ashes? But what drove him on was that, in all this renewed intercourse with Lesbia, he had been dimly conscious from the first that he somehow served; that she was measuring things — but what things? — by him; that he was clarifying things for her, putting them into right

places, giving them their true meaning and value. He hesitated.

"When it comes to regret," remarked Lesbia lightly, and yet as if following up some serious train of thought, — "when it comes to regret, I, for my part, had rather repent."

"Is there so great a difference?" he asked, smiling. "To me it seems much like a choice between drowning and asphyxiation: either way you smother."

"Oh dear, no!" cried Lesbia. "Repentance is like taking your bearings and going back, or bracing up and going on; while regret is like standing still and contemplating the place where you've broken your pitcher and spilled your milk. One acts; the other only feels."

"And have you, then, gone on?" he asked, in that indescribable man's tone between jest and earnest, which becomes one or the other according to the woman's reply.

"No," returned Lesbia musingly; "I am just beginning to perceive that I have been unconsciously carried on."

Her look was indrawn. More than ever did Farnhurst feel doubtful, yet he had, too, a tingling sense that certainty might prove very delightful. He sat tensely still, and regarded her steadily.

"Should you think me ungallant, or should you understand, if I said that women are generally disappointing?"

Lesbia laughed. "Are you quite a competent judge?" she asked gayly. "How can you tell the strength of a thing till you test it? How could you tell what a woman might make of her life until you had put yours in the power of it, — until you were dependent upon her sense of duty, of responsibility, her loyalty and uprightness?"

He looked startled. "It is so hard to find variety in life," he murmured evasively.

"I thought we all had to vary life as best we might, and to suit ourselves," was her reply.

"To overlook an entire personality,

to see the length and breadth of it" — He paused.

"Can any one do that?" she asked wonderingly.

"People *must* be interesting if they expect to hold other people's liking," he asserted.

Lesbia made no reply.

"Women make so little of their lives," he continued presently.

She lifted her level brows. "What would become of most men's lives if they were not watered with some woman's heart?" was the answer.

He looked at her eagerly. "Mine is not, and has never been, so nourished."

There were no subsurface memories in Lesbia's glance; her regard was as calm as if they had first met yesterday. But at this moment her face was so lovely, charged with a feeling he did not understand, that before he was aware he had exclaimed, "I made a horrible mistake, Lesbia, and the same opportunity never comes to a man twice!" and then was surprised at himself for having said it; for while he would not have greatly wondered at some expression of feeling from her, he was amazed at its escaping from him.

"What mistake?" asked Lesbia, in surprise; and he wondered at her wonder. Was it genuine, was she really ignorant of what was passing in his mind, was she unaware of her own charm, and had she indeed forgotten that the man near her had been once unmistakably dear? Are not all women coquettes? Is not feigning their strength? Where does the simplicity of nature end, and the sophistication of civilization begin?

Was it possible that he, Farnhurst, even here could not tell the real from the unreal, the true feeling from the conventional pretense? Again he felt how easily life could elude him. Yet he forgot that he had never been willing to ask directly for her love; was he willing to draw forth now a confession of ignoble weakness?

"I ought to have married you," he blurted out regretfully, "knowing that you cared so much," and then was aghast that he, a gentleman, had said a scarcely permissible thing. But matters were going beyond him, and the nature within, which he had never recognized, though he had catered well to it, now seemed to rise up and menace him.

Lesbia, however, listened as one who has not clearly heard or fully understood. Then, as if to reassure herself by a grip upon the plain truth of things, she said simply, "Yes, I loved you once."

Farnhurst was stunned. He sat there mute, staring. For it was bare truth that now challenged him, and he had no precedent of book or custom to be his guide. He felt himself to be at a loss just when his soul, his essential self-possession, was most needed. "And it's all over, I suppose," he said ruefully, and with more genuine feeling than he had ever shown before.

Lesbia was following her own thoughts rather than listening to him, yet she saw in his face, caught in his tone, a something which stirred her ready, sweet generosity. "Love is a great educator; I don't regret the lesson," she said nobly.

"And you married Rufus," he continued bitterly.

"Not at all!" flung back Lesbia, suddenly roused. "Rufus married me."

"If you had only waited!" ejaculated Farnhurst.

For the first time there dawned in her eyes a glint of wholesome humor. "Waited? For what? Till I had acquired the charm of the incalculable? But how was I to know what I lacked, and how were you to know what you wanted?"

But every look, tone, word, all this confluence of charm was breaking upon Gerald like a surge, and driving him on. "And I lost you," he exclaimed, "to such a man as Rufus Deane!"

The effect of his words was magical.

She who now faced him was more like a flaming sword than a ray of crystalized moonlight.

"Why, do you dare to compare yourself with Rufus?" she cried, when, out of her amazement, she could speak. "Are you blind? Don't you see he had it in him to be the man, to take, and make, life for himself and me, — never to play with life so as to become eventually life's plaything? Lost to Rufus Deane! Why, don't you know that Rufus was, and is, miles above either of us? Can't you appreciate what he did, — a something so daring, yet exquisite, that one's heart breaks at it? Suppose you are incapable of a thing yourself, can't you have the vision of it in others?" The rush of words choked her. "Of course I made a spectacle of myself. No, I don't blame you, and I don't care a straw now; all is swallowed up in the splendor of Rufus' simple goodness. I don't suppose one man out of a thousand would have done other than you did, — let an overemotionalized girl love him, if she were so minded. But how dare you name yourself in the same lifetime with Rufus?" She was royally beautiful, her eyes like fire, her cheeks roseate, her lips red as the flame within, quivering with the words she had uttered, and with the still stronger words, perhaps, which she repressed.

Farnhurst sat spellbound, but said finally, — and not without a touch of nobleness, — "Forgive me, Lesbia, if, for the moment, I lost my bearings."

"Bearings!" she cried scornfully.

"You have never taken any. I don't believe you ever made a really deliberate choice in your life. I see there are some men who don't even *sell* their birthright; they simply let it fall from their hand." After a long pause she added, more gently and in another tone: "But don't speak of forgiveness; that's understood. It's like asking forgiveness for being blind. In a world like this, to see, and not perceive!"

Farnhurst had cultivated himself to the utmost, as the art of cultivation is now understood and practiced; but at this moment he felt that he had worshiped at lesser shrines, that he had gone far to make of life a broken cistern when he might have made of it a living spring. And though he could not help thinking of himself first, and of her afterwards, still all that was best in him rose up to meet and greet her words.

"Forgive, then, my blindness and stupidity," he said gently, "seeing that they are both now recoiling heavily on me."

"I did not mean to wound," said Lesbia kindly.

"I know it," he returned quickly. "And if I have been made to wince, it was my own fault. You are a sweet woman, Lesbia, and deserve all happiness. It was worth coming back to see you, and — shall I say to perceive Rufus?"

He could smile now, yet was serious, too. They looked at each other during a prolonged silence; then Lesbia rose.

"Shall we join Miss Hatley?" she asked quietly. And the two moved slowly together down the long rooms.

Ellen Duvall.

A COLONIAL BOYHOOD.

I.

NATHANIEL AT COTTON HILL.

COME with me out of the subway station at Scollay Square. You will have been expecting to plunge at once into the bustle and hurly-burly of one of the busiest corners of Boston, a passing glance at Governor Winthrop's statue your only tribute to old times. But we have been traveling not only under the streets of the city, but through two centuries and a quarter of time, and emerge to find ourselves on the outskirts of the seaport town which was colonial Boston, on the hillside road which in the old days skirted the foot of Cotton Hill. We are higher up in the world than we had expected to be, and the water of the Town Cove comes in nearly to the foot of the slope on which we stand. The more distant outlook is over the roofs of houses and masts of ships to the beautiful landlocked harbor and island-studded bay. In the other direction, where we had thought to see the massive pile of the new Court House, a steep, grassy knoll rises behind the scattered houses which, with their gardens, lie between it and the road. Let us enter the front gate of the nearest of these houses. An old gentlewoman and a child perhaps five years of age are walking in the "south garden which lyeth under it." They are none other than little Nathaniel Mather, Increase Mather's second son, the subject of this sketch, and his grandmother, Mrs. Richard Mather, with whom he is spending the day.

At first sight the child looks, to our modern eyes, like a girl; for he wears a dress made with loose slashed sleeves and a skirt which reaches to his ankles, and on his head a handkerchief or cap tied under his chin. On his feet are clumsy

little soft shoes, — like the moccasins which infants wear to-day, — square-toed and home-made, and thin enough to let in the August dew. He would seem a comical miniature edition of his grandmother, if it were not that she wears a white kerchief across her ample bosom and a steeple-crowned hat tied over her cap, and is in point of physique as buxom and substantial as he is frail and spirit-like. He has of late been "twice ill of a fever and like to die," and it is for his health and to relieve the tedium of his convalescence that the good lady entertains him.

I wish that I had skill to make them talk in the quaint language of the period. They have a basket between them, in which to gather fruit, and the grandam is telling her little charge that she picked the first apples that grew on that early tree, long ago, when grandfather Cotton lived there and was minister at the First Church. At this a puzzled expression comes over Nathaniel's face. To his knowledge this is grandmother Mather. It is a riddle to him how she can also be grandmother Cotton, and his father's stepmother and mother-in-law at the same time. However, he is content to accept the blessings which this concentrated essence of grandmotherhood brings to him, and gives himself up to the charm of the stories of old times which he knows she will tell him.

The house behind them is a large double structure, with diamond-paned windows on hinges, unpainted, and with two chimneys. John Hull, the mintmaster, lives in the south part. In the north part Increase Mather first kept house, and there his four older children, Cotton, Maria, Elizabeth, and Nathaniel, were born. Nathaniel was a baby when Madam Mather, after her husband's death in Dorchester, came back to live in "her

house in Boston," where she had long been John Cotton's "deare wife and comfortable yoke-fellow."

On this summer's day the situation of the old mansion is breezy and sightly, but for winter we can readily believe it was "considerably distant from other building and very bleake." John Hull describes it as "greatly disadvantageous for trade; yet because I always desired a quiet life and not too much business, it was always best for me." Grandmother Mather says that the south half of the house was built for Sir Harry Vane, the splendid young nobleman from England who was governor for one brief year. When he went away he deeded his part to uncle Seaborn, then a little fellow four years old; and grandfather Cotton long after, respecting this whim of the young governor, confirmed the gift in his will.

Looking out over the bay, the old lady recalls the September day when the good ship Griffin came to anchor, with Cotton for the clothing, Hooker for the fishing, and Stone for the building of the colonists; and though Nathaniel has heard that pleasantries before, they smile together over it anew. He likes particularly to have her tell him about his uncle Seaborn, a tiny baby born on the voyage; what a welcome baby he was, and how, though there were so many ministers, and public worship was held no less than three times every day through the seven weeks' voyage, they waited till they could take him to church to baptize him. Five other dear children were born to grandmother in Boston, in this house, two of whom died of smallpox, baby Roland and aunt Sarah; and grandmother's eyes fill as she tells Nathaniel that aunt Sarah's last words were, "Pray, my dear father, let me now go home." Another little daughter, named Maria, who used to play and pick apples in this very garden, Nathaniel knows all about, being his own mother.

The two fill their basket from the early

tree, inspect the ripening pears and small fruits, and gather sprigs of herbs. For almost every plant grandmother has some recollection. Many of them she herself set out. With this, for her, half-sad and half-pleasant occupation she mingles stories of grandfather Cotton, which Nathaniel has often heard before, but finds none the less entertaining on that account. She describes him as a short, fat man, with red cheeks, blue eyes, and, in his old age, snow-white hair. Of course he was a great student, an eminent preacher, and a pious, godly man, — all Nathaniel's family seem to be that. He was fond of sweetening his mouth, he said, with a piece of Calvin before he went to sleep. But he was of a kind and gentle character, and knew wonderfully well how to keep his temper. A rude man, one day, following him home from church, told him that his ministry was become generally either dark or flat. "Both, brother, it may be, both; let me have your prayers that it may be otherwise," he answered. Another saucy person, hearing him say that he wanted light on a certain subject, sent him a pound of candles, at which the good man only smiled. A company of drunken men were reeling along the street, and, seeing him walking on the other side, one of them said, "I'll go and put a trick upon old Cotton." Crossing the way, he whispered, "Cotton, thou art an old fool." "I confess I am so," said grandfather Cotton. "The Lord make both me and thee wiser than we are, even wise unto salvation." He was specially tender toward his children, and, ruling his own spirit, knew how to rule them. His *Spiritual Milk for New England Babes* was one of the few children's books of the time. One point that Nathaniel thinks particularly interesting about this grandfather is that he was never long at family prayers.

Grandfather Mather was the minister at Dorchester, and was a tall, dark man, with a loud and big voice, and a very solemn and awful way of speaking and

preaching. When he came over from England there was a terrible easterly storm, so severe that on shore trees were torn up by the roots. The ship had lost three anchors and cables, and was being driven toward the rocks, and everybody on board had given up hope, when God guided them past the rocks, and the wind and sea abated. This makes grandmother think of far-away England when she was a girl, and where another husband ("Then I had three grandfathers!" thinks Nathaniel) had died before ever she had known grandfather Cotton, — beautiful England, its peace and homelikeness all spoiled for true religionists by the wicked Archbishop Laud and King Charles; at which Nathaniel feels like a little New England patriot and English rebel, and mightily relishes the cutting off of the king's head.

Madam Mather and Nathaniel have by this time turned back toward the house, and are met by pretty Mistress Hannah Hull, the mintmaster's only child, who asks them in to see her mother. Here we must leave them. If we should follow them inside, we should forget Nathaniel in the associations which the place suggests. John Cotton, Sir Harry Vane, John Hull, Hannah's marriage in the old hall and her famous dowry, Samuel Sewall (he of the *Diary* and the Salem witchcraft), — all these have little to do with Nathaniel Mather, except that in the *Diary* which Mr. Sewall kept in this house we shall find a few references to Nathaniel's later life.

II.

NATHANIEL IN HIS FATHER'S STUDY.

Having ventured so far in the realm of the historic imagination, come with me yet farther, and take up Nathaniel's acquaintance at a later period of his childhood. This time we fancy that he sits alone reading in his father's study, and as he bends to his books, a small, quaint

figure, clad in knee breeches, long stockings and buckled shoes, and a little coat with skirts, we will piece together his brief history.

The place in which we find him is one for strong impressions, — a goodly room, large and full of books; not only the best library in Boston, but a literary workshop, and the sanctum of the most influential minister in New England; the spot, in a word, where Increase Mather writes and prays. That our boy is at ease here, and has chosen it as the place of places in which to spend a holiday afternoon, speaks volumes for his tastes and character.

If we look over his shoulder, we shall see that he is deep in a volume of church history, and his absorbed expression proclaims it to be the magic carpet on which he has been transported far away from North Street and seventeenth-century New England. Plainly, he belongs to the great fraternity of bookworms, of which all the Mathers were distinguished members. As we closely observe him, he appears too pale for modern taste in children; the hands grasping the large folio look veined and thin, and his neck seems a slender column for the dome of his head. He has often been ill. Since we first saw him, a serious fall nearly deprived him of the use of his tongue, and in the great epidemic of 1678, when four of the Mather children had smallpox, he was one, though happily he was "gently smitten." We shrewdly guess that the study has also the attraction for him of being a safe retreat from the terrors and dangers of an uncongenial outside world. It is at the close of King Philip's War: what must not Indians have meant of sleepless nights and terrified days to so delicate a boy! Though good John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, may have often taken him on his knee and told him he should pray for Indians, he must also have seen Mrs. Rowlandson, and heard, perhaps from her own lips, the sorrowful story of her captivity. Her

little daughter, who was taken captive with her, and whose pitiful death occurred soon after, had been Nathaniel's own age. He is old enough to have shared from the beginning in the excitement and apprehension which the war aroused in Boston, and to have been an intelligent witness of the marching of the soldiers to the help of the distressed settlements on the frontier, the transportation of the praying Indians down the harbor to Deer Island, and his father's searching sermons on the causes of the war, among which — periwigs! Nathaniel has also had personal experience with a perennial danger of wooden Boston, namely, fire. He was seven years old when the great fire occurred which nearly destroyed the North End, and we may believe that the impression long remained with him of awakening on that cloudy Monday morning in November, to be hurried, along with his sisters and two-year-old brother Sam, to a place of safety, perhaps up on Cotton Hill, whence they saw what must have seemed to them like the end of the world: fire and smoke, great flakes of blazing thatch and shingles floating over toward Charlestown, high-leaping flames and hurrying men, the multitude hastening to bring water from the reservoir in Dock Square, — fed, by the way, from grandmother Cotton's and uncle Seaborn's spring on Cotton Hill, — and the melancholy spectacle of women and children carrying such remnants of household goods as they were able to rescue from the flames, wet by the rain which early began to fall. Increase Mather's house and church both perished, but the precious library and most of his household furniture were saved. Finally, the Devil was, in those days, a most real and tangible source of fear. The Devil is in the dark for Nathaniel; thunder and lightning are to him the Devil's instruments for destroying churches and ministers' houses; behind every evil, personal and public, lurks the Devil as a natural cause. Especially

is the delusion of possession by the Devil taking fresh hold on men's minds, and Nathaniel's dreams must often have been horribly disturbed by the paraphernalia of witchcraft, — the old woman and the broomstick, the witch pins and evil eye, and the torments of the poor bewitched.

For these or similar reasons the adventurous spirit of normal boyhood may be lacking in our Nathaniel; but, occupied with his beloved books, amid the surroundings which breathe security and sympathy for him, he is the image of a thoughtful, high-bred child, happy in his lot. Though no portrait of him exists to warrant it, we fancy there were mingled in him the dark Celtic and blond German-English types which the Mathers and Cottons represented. From his mother, we like to think, are derived the sweetness of his expression, and a certain neatness and carefulness of appearance such as a devoted and capable mother like Maria Cotton could not have failed to impart. Of his father a biographer of Cotton Mather writes: "His company was a school for his son; his example was an education; his position was an inspiration; and his piety was an incentive to a holy life." The love which Increase Mather's sons felt for him is a pleasant witness to the softer side of that imperious genius's true character.

Nathaniel has lingered long enough over his books. The door opens, and a handsome youth enters, wearing an unmistakable air of authority and self-confidence. It is Nathaniel's brilliant elder brother, young Cotton Mather, just over from Cambridge. Although only seventeen, he has graduated from Harvard, and is now studying at the college for his second degree. He is also tutor to his brothers and sisters at home, and under his instructions Nathaniel will soon be ready for college. Abruptly he breaks the spell under which Nathaniel has been resting. Addressing him in Latin, he reproves him for moping over his books, and orders him out to play. Then, with

a gentler impulse, he detains him to read to him a letter which he has received from London; and as he reads he halts a little in his speech, the only flaw in his precocious perfections. The letter is from a Nathaniel Mather in England, and reads as follows:—

“DEAR COSING. I rejoyse exceedingly that your little scholar, Your Br. Nat. is of such promising hopes. I fear his entring the Colledge too soon and his too slightly grounding in the learned languages. Remember if hee bee therein defective, the blame will redound upon you. Let it bee your care also that he bee well studyed in Logick, that *ὀργάνον ὀργάνον*.”

Folding the letter thoughtfully, Cotton regards Nathaniel from the vantage of the hearthstone, and, resisting the impulse to improve the occasion as a spur to the already too studious boy, he again urges him to his recreations.

III.

NATHANIEL AT HARVARD.

Once more we shake the kaleidoscope of fancy, and apply ourselves to a new combination of years and circumstances, in which Nathaniel appears as himself a Harvard student. In those good old days “college” was spelled with a *d*, which suggests the consideration that if Cotton and Nathaniel Mather did enter Harvard at twelve years of age, it was under certain ameliorating circumstances. The requirements for admission were as follows: “When scholars had so far profited by the grammar schools that they could read any classical author into English, and readily make and speak true Latin, and write it in *verse* as well as *prose*, and perfectly decline the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue, they were judged capable of admission to Harvard-Colledge” — with a *d* in it! That is to say, they must have

a good working knowledge of Latin and the beginnings of Greek, and that was all. After entering college the way was equally plain. Little questioning for Nathaniel as to what he was going to be, or wondering what he should study. He was destined, as were most of his fellow students, to enter the ministry; and his business was to learn how to preach, and to acquire the tools necessary for the ministerial profession, namely, Greek and Hebrew. He studied a little mathematics, and for his second degree learned chemistry and astronomy, and there was much practice in declamation and argument; but his attention was chiefly given to the Bible in the original tongues, and we find him, soon after he entered college, going through the Old Testament in Hebrew, and the New in Greek.

Several considerations help us to revive the Harvard of that day: the youth of the students, the few numbers, — in Nathaniel’s class fourteen graduated, which means about sixty students, all told, — the smallness and meanness of the college buildings, and the situation in the country. It presents itself to our imagination like some solitary academy, strict in discipline, remote from town life, and enlivened by the antics of a handful of young boys. The students had to board in commons, keep study hours, and get permission for eating in public houses, spending money, and going home; the penalty for breaking the rules being whipping and fines.

In Nathaniel’s class were two cousins, Rowland Cotton and Wareham Mather. Wareham was from Northampton, and we may imagine that he had many an exciting Indian story to tell our town-bred boy. Nathaniel was the youngest in his class, a slight-built, crop-haired boy, going bareheaded within the college bounds, clad in the academic robe of gingham, — with black for best, — and called “Mather,” according to the college rule. “The marks and works of a studious mind were to be discovered in him

even as he walked the streets," says his biographer, "and his candle would burn after midnight, until, as his own phrase for it was, 'he thought his bones would fall asunder.'"

While he was in college Harvard Hall was finished, and we may believe that he had a room in it, a sanctum of his own; bare and plain, no doubt, in its appointments, but where he studied and treasured the beginnings of his library. Of this library there are several mentions in his diary. March 13, 1682, when he was a sophomore and thirteen years old, he wrote, "This day I received of my father that famous work, the *Biblia Polyglotta*, for which I desire to praise the name of God." On June 29 — in Cambridge, and a few days before Commencement — he records, "This day my brother gave me Schindler's *Lexicon*, a book for which I had not only longed much but also prayed unto God, blessed be the Lord's name for it!" And again the next year, among causes for thankfulness he mentions the increase of his library. Many prayers left over to us from Nathaniel's time sound insincere and forced, but this shy student praying for books is readily believed in.

Of his life outside his study, one of the daily events which we should have liked to witness would have been prayers. In summer, the boys, gathering in the college hall at five o'clock in the morning, had the company of the birds and were blessed with the freshness of the new day. In winter, to assemble at six, in the cold and dark, and by candle-light render a chapter in the Old Testament out of Hebrew into Greek, and listen to President Rogers' long prayers, — he was a descendant of John Rogers, the martyr, and had a gift of continuance in prayer, — must have savored of hardship. On one such morning, Nathaniel shared the general astonishment occasioned by the reverend president's coming to a close in half his usual time. The students were dismissed, to find the

hand of God was in it. "The scholars returning to their chambers found one of them on fire, and the fire had proceeded so far that if the devotions had held three minutes longer, the college had been irrecoverably laid in ashes, which now was happily preserved." We may feel confident that President Rogers made up for his morning's brevity when he returned thanks at prayers that night.

Early in his college course Nathaniel was much exercised on the subject of religion. Then began the entries in his diary which, morbidly introspective as they seem to us, were destined to make him a model of early piety in the eyes of his contemporaries. He kept days of secret fasting and prayer; he made a list of his sins and his mercies, and, in the strange fashion of the day, kept, figuratively, digging himself up to see if he had grown in grace. When he was fourteen he drew up a formal covenant between God and his soul, duly dated, November 22, 1683, signed, and sealed; so quaint, so formal, withal so naïve and simple, that we are in doubt whether to smile at it, or cast it aside in disgust, or blush at examining a document so intimate. Yet not all his college days were spent in study and the exercises of religion. Model as he was of piety and propriety, he had his period of backsliding. We have no clue as to what he did, much as we should like to know the spot in which temptation found him vulnerable; but during his junior year, when he was fifteen, his brother says that he fell into "some vanities," though not into any "scandalous immoralities." He became familiar with "some that were no better than they should be," and grew cold in spiritual things. It was the turning point in his life. Whatever temptations he yielded to, he soon repented of them "with sore terrors and horrors of his wounded soul," and "afterwards maintained a constant and an even walk with God until he died." He had been a good boy up to this time from force of

nabit and physical weakness ; henceforward he was good from choice.

All the scenes in Nathaniel's college life connected with his father we should be glad to recall. After being repeatedly urged to accept the presidency, and as many times refusing it on account of his unwillingness to leave his Boston church, Increase Mather became the honored president of Harvard in July, 1684.

Let us try to picture to ourselves Commencement Day of 1685, when Nathaniel graduated, and his father for the first time presided as actual head of the college. He had sat in the president's chair before, but only *pro tempore*. It is Wednesday, the first day of July. Harvard Hall, in all its newness, standing end toward the street, is the college building we must keep in mind. Near it, in the college grounds, tents and awnings have been erected, and under these temporary shelters from the sun, as well as on the college steps and in its open windows, appear the guests of the day. Outside the yard, on the Common, the uninvited multitude celebrates in a fashion of its own, with side shows, wrestling matches, plenty to eat and drink, and a free fight in the afternoon. We shall confine ourselves to the more decorous side of the fence.

Whether the mothers and sisters of the graduates may be expected I do not know. It is certain that ten years before, when Samuel Sewall took his second degree, Hannah Hull was in the audience, and set her affection on him then and there. At all events, the leading men of Boston and the region round are all present, and for once prepared to enjoy themselves. It is an assembly, for the most part, of woolen coats and steeple hats, with a liberal sprinkling of the black garb and snowy bands of the ministers, and everywhere the robes and caps of the students. We recognize Mr. Samuel Sewall talking with a group of dignified-looking men near one of the tents. On the steps of Harvard Hall stands

young Mr. Cotton Mather, in the sombre glory of ministerial habiliments. He is twenty-three years old, and two months since was ordained his father's colleague at the North Church. Between them, they can carry on church, college, and colony. Just once we catch a glimpse of Nathaniel's pale face. It is a great day for him, and he nervously anticipates both failure and success in the ordeal before him. For three weeks he has been subject to examination, "weeks of visitation," so called, and to-day he is to "entertain the auditory with a Hebrew oration on the academic affairs of the Jews."

The crowd moves to the assembly room in Harvard Hall. On the platform the magistrates and ministers of the colony and officers of the college sit in dignified array. In the centre are Governor Bradstreet, "an old man, quiet and grave, dressed in black silk, but not sumptuously," and he on whom alone Nathaniel looks, his father, Increase Mather, the president of the college. He is forty-six years old, tall, dark, powerful, the embodiment of dignity and majesty, — a man of great parts intellectually, and of uncommon ability in persuading and influencing men. The boys at the college worship him, and Harvard has begun a new lease of life with his administration. The plain freemen in town meeting wept at his brave words of resistance to tyranny. Later, when he shall stand before King James, and King William and Queen Mary in England, he will get all that any man can get by way of favors to the colony in the new charter. No wonder that his sons love and honor him, and that Nathaniel, at the close of the day, full of Latin and Greek orations and declamations and Hebrew analysis, and answers and disputations in "Logicall, Ethicall, and Metaphysicall" questions, crowned by an address in Hebrew by the president himself in praise of academic studies, counts it a special privilege to receive his book of arts from such a father's hands.

IV.

SIR MATHER.

Nathaniel has come to the final period of his life. For the greater part of it, which comprised his residence at Cambridge, we must think of him as Sir Mather; for so the students for the Master of Arts degree were entitled. A certain dignity as of an older student, separate from the undergraduates, accrues to him. He has more liberty, and is often at home, where he has become his younger brother Samuel's tutor in Greek and Hebrew, as Cotton once was to him. For himself, says the *Magnalia*, "the Hebrew tongue was become so familiar with him as if he had apprehended it should quickly become the *only* language which he should have occasion for."

His attainments in preparation for his profession were the pride of his family and the wonder of his day. He fairly earned the encomium "an hard student, a good scholar and a great Christian." As precocious as his famous elder brother, like him graduating from Harvard at sixteen and proceeding Master of Arts at nineteen, he gave every promise of equaling, if not of surpassing him, as a preacher and scholar. To modern taste, he displays also a depth and fineness of character such as Cotton Mather never dreamed of. He was preëminently modest, — the one truly modest Mather, — no talker, and in appearance the retiring scholar. He had gentle and obliging manners, in his unobtrusive way being always more ready to do favors than to ask them. Everybody loved him, and those who knew him best loved him most. "Our Nathaniel" and "deare Nathaniel" they called him. Of his tastes and habits we get several glimpses in the extracts from his diary quoted in his biography. "My study, my Paradise!" he exclaims, and he enumerates the "plea-

sant enjoyments of this world" as "liberty, library, study and relations." "He considered that the whole creation was full of God, and that there was not a leaf of grass in the field which might not make an observer to be sensible of the Lord." "While others," says his brother, "can sleep in prayer, he sometimes would pray in sleep." Assaulted by temptations in his sleep, he dispelled them, also in sleep, by praying. That he realized that his way of life was unnatural seems apparent from the passage in his diary where he speaks of "the many wearisome hours, days, months, nay, years that I have spent in humane literature," and "my many toilsome studies in those hours when the general silence of every house in town proclaimed it high time for me to put a stop unto my working mind, and urged me to afford some rest unto my eyes which have been almost put out by my intensesness on my studies." Another passage has touches of nature in it which we could ill spare: "Jan. 8 A. M. Being about to rise, I felt the cold in a manner extraordinary; which inclin'd me to seek more warmth in bed before I rose; but so extream was the cold that this was not feasible; wherefore I resolved to dress myself without any more ado; and so going to the fire in my cloaths, I soon became warm enough." We can fancy how cold it was that January morning, and we like Nathaniel none the less for learning that for once he was tempted to lie abed. Another bit, shorn of the forced moralizing in which it is imbedded, is delightful: "Being very young, I was whittling on the Sabbath-day; and for fear of being seen, I did it behind the door." With unconscious humor, he mentions as the mercy to be recorded under date of 1669, the year he was born, that God then gave him a godly father and mother.

Of a different nature — in Cotton Mather's, not Nathaniel's taste, we believe, and on the former's authority, not in Nathaniel's diary — is the assurance

that Nathaniel prayed three times a day, "nor did he slubber over his prayers with hasty amputations." It is also with an ideal of excellence far different from our own that we are told that he was "an old man without grey hairs upon him," and learn of

"His rare devotion, such now seen,
A sign of ninety at nineteen."

Of external interests and excitements the last year of Nathaniel's life was full. Sir Edmund Andros was in Boston, and all that New England stood for by way of religious and political liberty was in jeopardy. Nathaniel must have seen the Episcopal service set up in the First Church. Increase Mather was the leader of the Puritan party, and under his roof every encroachment of tyranny was no doubt watched and jealously discussed. Where was Nathaniel on that night in April, 1688, when Dr. Mather got secretly off for England, bound on his mission to the court in behalf of the charter? We can hardly underestimate the anxiety with which the family connived at their father's concealment at Mr. Phillips's house in Charlestown, — Mr. Phillips was Cotton Mather's father-in-law, — and waited for news of the safe arrival at the ship of the boat which took him down the harbor. Young Samuel Mather, Nathaniel's pupil, went with his father to England. How he got off, also in secret, is an episode left entirely to our imagination. Did any of them feel, in those hurried good-bys, that Nathaniel must soon set out on his own long journey, without his father's presence and sustaining help?

Another episode full of color in the summer of 1688 was the return to Boston of Sir William Phips, New England's first self-made man. The Mathers had always known him, and watched his career from an unlettered ship carpenter up to this brilliant culmination, the successful finder of Spanish treasure, rich, respected, and honored by the king with knighthood. What a story Nathaniel

must have heard from Sir William's lips, when he came to pay his respects to Mrs. Mather and Mr. Cotton Mather! And the "fair brick house in the Green Lane" so long promised to Sir William's lady, — Nathaniel was very likely a witness to the laying of its foundations.

At Commencement, about the time of his nineteenth birthday, Nathaniel took his degree of Master of Arts. He had long been ailing. Ever since his graduation, three years before, "his neglect of moderate exercise, joyned with his excess of immoderate lucubration," occasioned in him many "pains and ails, especially in some of his joynts." The same causes made him subject to melancholy. In August he went to Dr. Swinerton's, at Salem, for treatment, the general "ill-habit of his body" having resulted in a tumor in his thigh. His sad eyes saw the marshes and Nahant and the blue ocean, with Egg Rock in the distance, just as they are to-day, though it was a journey through the country then, past scattering farmhouses; not, as now, in the midst of towns and cities which almost meet in their excess of population.

On August 14, 1688, he writes as follows to his brother: "I came to Dr. Swinerton's on Wednesday Last, which was Lecture Day. After Lecture I dined at Mr. Noyce's. On Thursday I went to Mr. Mould's and do go every day to him to dress my hip." Letters follow, asking for books to be sent to him, with familiar directions as to where they may be found, as "on my table" or "my father's table."

In his going to and fro among his father's friends in Salem, we wonder if he caught hints of the tragedy so soon to be enacted there. The Swinertons had nothing to do with witchcraft, but already feeling had begun to run high on the subject, and at Mr. Noyce's, who was teacher at the church in Salem, it must have been much discussed. In Boston, in this very year, Cotton Mather had the bewitched Goodwin children at his house,

and successfully drove the Devil out of them, he believed, by fasting and prayer.

In September "there was an incision, with mature advice, made into the tumour;" but blood poisoning followed, and on the 17th of October Heaven, in the phrase of the *Magnalia*, gave Nathaniel his third degree. In those soft autumn days, while, with fever-bright eyes, he was looking his last on earth, many were the visitors who hung over his couch to catch the influence of his passing spirit. One of his sisters was there, and perhaps his mother. Judge Sewall called on him on September 25. The two ministers of Salem came every day. His brother Cotton was with him at the end. All were watching for some expression of his religious state. He, poor boy, was meanwhile tormented by horrible conceptions of God, even blasphemous suggestions about God "buzzing about his mind," an affliction to which his papers afterwards proved him to have been often subject. After this ceased, he was still true to his natural modesty and reticence, and would say nothing to edification. When the ministers talked with him, he answered in Latin if any one else was by. Crumbs of comfort, merely, to his pious friends were his request, on his last night, that his watcher would read the song of Simeon to him, and his words in the morning, which, however, he refused to enlarge upon, "I have now been with Jesus." Just before his death, which occurred about one of the clock in the afternoon, when asked if he found comfort, he whispered, "I endeavor to those things which will issue in comfort," and so died.

"Thus he went away," says his biographer in a characteristic passage, "to the heavenly society, where he is beholding the 'face of God in righteousness' and solacing himself in the company not only of his blessed grandfathers and uncles, and all the 'spirits of the just,' but

of the amiable Jesus himself which is by 'far the best of all.'"

They buried him in Salem, in the Charter Street burying ground.

"A Spanish wrack hath not more silver than the grave of such a young man hath learning buried in it," sighed Cotton Mather.

"Deare Nathaniel is better of it than any of us. — Sir, be not discouraged," wrote John Phillips to Increase Mather.

"Whom the gods love die young," quoted little brother Samuel in Greek.

The loss to the church of God, — that was the note of mourning universally struck. That it was not all loss witness this little picture out of Cotton Mather's diary, nine years later: "While I was at Salem I retired unto the burying place and at the grave of my dear younger brother there, I could not but fall down on my knees before the Lord, with praises to his name, for granting the life of my dead brother to be writ and spread and read among his people and be very serviceable."

We too may stand beside Nathaniel's grave, in the old cemetery, full of Salem's earliest worthies. It is beside Dr. John Swinerton's and that of Hannah his wife, and its memorial, after these two centuries, reads plain and clear: —

MEMENTO MORI
MR.
NATHANAEL MATHER
DECD OCTOBER YE 17
1688
AN AGED PERSON
THAT HAD BEEN BUT
NINETEEN WINTERS
IN THE WORLD

Over it hovers, as ever out of the quaint pages of the *Magnalia*, the figure of a young scholar; not known to fame, like Cotton Mather, nor monarch of all he surveyed, like Increase Mather, but in whom intellectual power was united with graces of character which made him the best loved Mather of them all.

Kate M. Cone.

TO A CROW.

THY breast triumphant 'gainst the wintry blast
Or the snow, following fast,
Thou cheerily dost sound thy trump forlorn
From the dead field of corn.

Naught daunted by the rough and frozen ground,
Thou takest thy way around;
Grotesquely waddling, loudly glorying,
Descanting on the spring.

Distinctly sounds thine inventory rude
Of certain, future food:
Predictions where will rise from iron plain
The aisled and murmuring grain;

Clamorous forecasts from thy prophet beak,
Of plenteous store to seek
When thy smug, sentinel form shall follow, black,
The patient reapers' track.

What solemn conclave of thy kind shall stand,
That day, on the arable land!
Cocking wise eyes where once the scarecrow stood,
Sentry to hardihood!

What comic copies of thyself shall wait
On the creaking pasture gate!
What a watchful eye, alert on them and thee,
Thy mate in the sycamore tree!

But now thou standest, only of thy kind,
In the rough winter's wind:
Proprietor unchallenged of the field,
Lord of its future yield;

Boaster of plenty, harbinger of ease,
'Mid the lorn, shivering trees;
Boist'rously jocular and well content,
Though naught thy nourishment.

O bird indomitable, of raucous note
From winter-hoarsened throat!
Teach me thy courage, thy bold, common skill
Against all threatening ill.

Help me to meet, to bravely conquer, fate,
 Though, like thee, desolate;
 Find in the wintry midst of misery
 Joyance of days to be.

Teach me thy song derided, the refrain
 Of jollity in thy strain;
 Teach me thy note insistent, its full scope
 Of quaint and strenuous hope.

Adieu, brave bird, adieu! and as thy flight
 Hastens to meet the night,
 So may our hearts, exultant, spring to greet
 Fate's dark, swift-coming feet.

So may our souls, unfaltering, rise serene
 Where doubt and death have been,
 Into the night and silence; our last cry
 A jubilant song, as Life goes hurrying by!

Evelyn Phinney.

MODERN MURDER TRIALS AND NEWSPAPERS.

RECENT discussions concerning public methods of dealing with crime may lend interest to reflections concerning capital cases and the publicity now given to them. Necessarily some relations of the newspapers to such cases come into a general view.

Murder trials as reported by newspapers are often very different from the actual trials. The courts do not permit the reporters to characterize testimony freely, or to weigh witnesses. Readers generally demand the truth in a nutshell. Under these restrictions no reporter can let himself go, and tell a natural story of how the whole thing looks to him. Picturesque and entertaining as his reports may be, no one knows better than an experienced reporter how much out of proportion details are which he cannot omit. Many an able reporter, who has really mastered the evidence in a long and difficult case, has to pick out what the public will read.

Of course the larger part of the people are more familiar with newspapers than with courts. Evidently much public opinion is formed upon inadequate information.

But the majority get what the publishers know they demand. They demand news in brief and readable form. It is the business of newspapers to supply this demand. Accordingly reporters have to deal with a complex problem. They are to seek facts, and to state them not merely to persons of learning and taste, but also to the far greater number who have neither, yet whose patronage is necessary to the paper. The ability and training of the reporter of course affects his choice of what he tells and his manner of telling it. Nevertheless he must not forget the mass of readers.

It is not usual to employ lawyers to report long trials. It is more convenient to put clever members of the regular staff of experienced reporters upon

work requiring such skill and rapidity. They know better what interests the public. The reporters talk with lawyers from day to day, to get professional views, and occasionally a lawyer is employed to write a critical article or an editorial.

If the public demanded a report of every question and answer and of everything else said at a trial, the great newspapers could afford to print a complete report. But since few, except some professional or historical readers, wish for that, something is always omitted which might affect one's judgment, and which may have influenced some ruling of the judge or the verdict of the jury. In such a struggle of extremes of energy as a capital case, where every point is in a high light, one cannot thoroughly understand the case as tried and the persons trying it without a full report; and even then one's knowledge is but second-hand. To appreciate a witness one must see him on the stand. The manners of attorneys are favorite topics, but the mere mention of some detail often gives it an exaggerated importance, when so many grave matters are omitted. A few impulsive words or a hasty gesture are more than fully reported, while anxious and deliberate statements of the positions of the parties to a debate are dismissed in a sentence. The reader is led to wonder that grown men, trained to controversy, can be such creatures of impulse. This is not usually because clever reporters do not understand the points. It is because they know that the average reader will be more entertained by a dramatic description of a little display of temper, with a glimpse of a legal point, than by a more sober statement of a labored argument. Thus discussions essential to the case fail to be reported properly, because the reporters know that most of their readers would either not read or not comprehend them.

Some reporters defend this method by pointing to the spectators in the court-

room, most of whom certainly seem to look at a trial much as sensational reports describe it. They avowedly go not so much to understand the fine points of the case as to get excitement from the personal incidents. Thus the newspapers are not solely responsible for spreading grotesque ideas concerning what happens in the courtroom. The courts are more businesslike than ever before; but many spectators and readers are not businesslike, and they incite the reporters to give impressionist views of how a solemn scene looks to a wild eye.

Certainly many reporters make their reports readable, and the best of them take great pains to give correct statements of essential parts of the evidence. The speed with which they must work prevents the correction of all mistakes, and the pressure of new incidents puts the old out of the mind of most readers. A reporter's view of his function naturally is that he is to report facts, not as a leader of public opinion, but as one of the crowd saying what the rest of the crowd wants to hear. More critical work could not be done so rapidly. In the Eastman case, tried in Cambridge, fourteen thousand words were written as the report for an afternoon's edition of one newspaper. This report was delivered piecemeal by the reporter to the messenger, who took it downstairs to the telegrapher, who wired it to Boston, where it was printed, published, and sold in the papers of that afternoon.

The reporter has to endure the traditional fate of the bearer of bad news. A heavy load of moral responsibility is upon him when he does detective work and makes reports before trial concerning persons charged with crime. Sometimes, when he tells too much or falls into libels, it is a reproach which he shares with the police, and in some instances the work is a public benefit which he and the police perform with industry and courage without thanks. It is to the credit of the Boston Herald, its re-

porter and the other gentlemen¹ who acted with it, that, in consequence of their recent investigations, Cromwell and Stain, after conviction of murder and eleven years' imprisonment in Maine, were found not guilty, and were pardoned.

Before a celebrated murder case comes to trial the usual methods of the reporters and of the police are practiced, according to the scrupulousness or unscrupulousness of this and that man or woman. Our law forbids an arresting officer to question a prisoner without warning him of the right of silence. Cunning questions, however, are often put to entrap him by officers who are ambitious to make a record. In many cases no harm is done except in continuing the habit of ignoring our legal system. Yet now and then, when this illegal practice is exposed by the searchlight of some capital case, the importance of the broken rule appears, and citizens are startled to hear that officers of justice frequently yield to the temptation of bullying or wheedling out of their prisoner what our law forbids them to ask.

Reporters are usually more active and more gifted with an instinct for detail than the officers. Together they make a formidable combination. But they are often divided in opinion, and yet oftener in their sympathies. Reporters, like the average citizen, are more apt to pity the prisoner, if for nothing else for the very reason that the police are down upon him. It is an ambition of reporters to unearth more facts than the police. Newspapers print news from a prisoner's friends as readily as news from his prosecutors. Nevertheless they spread abroad the charge against a suspected person more than he or his friends wish. Such publication often injures the prisoner's reputation. But sometimes it helps his case by giving his attorneys information. The defense does not usually confide so

much to reporters as the prosecution. Yet reporters refrain from reporting some things out of compassion for innocent and unsuspected persons whom they do not wish to injure; and newspaper men generally refrain so much from publishing follies and sins that are told them by private telltales that they are in the habit of looking upon themselves as rather reserved. Since the newspapers begin long before a trial to work up a popular interest in all the persons concerned, the results cannot be other than an exaggeration of the importance to the public of what stimulates and gratifies curiosity, whether or not it affects the question of the prisoner's guilt.

Then the average critic of newspapers exaggerates as much as they do. For instance, it is said here and there that the newspapers are giving more and more space to murder trials. But they give less now than they gave a few years ago. The Borden trial and the Bram trial were reported much more fully than the Eastman trial or the Fosburgh trial, although the position of the accused in the last two cases, and the peculiar circumstances, excited wide popular curiosity. The reason of this change, probably, is not that the taste of the majority has improved, but that its interest has shifted for the moment to scandals.

Such changes tend to modify the theory that reports of criminal cases usually cause a morbid interest in crime. The public mind seems to be pretty healthy in that it does not dwell permanently upon any one evil, but samples them all in turn, with a cheerful belief that some persons are deterred from crime by a fear of exposure by the vigilant press.

A pet fancy of the average critic of newspapers is that they have to resort to horrors to fill up their columns; but a great newspaper is constantly cutting down its material, and small ones are of Rochester, N. H.; and Lewis A. Barker, of Bangor, Me.

¹ Thomas J. Feeney, reporter; William H. Drury, of Waltham, Mass.; Charles S. Barker,

constantly declining communications. An interesting piece of news comes in early, and is put down for a column ; then a dozen reports of other equally important matters arrive, and before the paper goes to press the first piece is condensed into a short paragraph. The test of space is, How much does the majority want ? The tests of what shall be told, and how plainly it shall be put, are the standards commonly observed as to what can be said aloud to a roomful of grown persons who really wish to know what has happened. Variable as may be these standards, the regard paid to them, such as they are, affects the circulation of every newspaper. The circulation affects the advertising. Some men will not take a paper home which is habitually scandalous. The advertiser has to estimate his chances according to his wares.

The average critic of the newspapers does not own stock in any newspaper, and does not know the cost of getting the news. The chances are that he has never consciously met a reporter. Yet most of what he knows from reading, outside of his own business or profession, has been taught him by the newspapers. They show him every day that the world is not what he wants it to be, and it is hard for him to learn their lessons, and especially hard to make allowances for their faults. He may be lazy, — they are industrious for him ; he may be stupid, — they are intelligent for him ; he may be timid, — they are bold for him ; yet he damns the newspapers. When a reporter, working day and night, throws the ardor of youth or the pity of age into tragic scenes from court where every one with a heart was in tears, he damns the newspapers. When an editorial — which he hunts for before breakfast, in order to know what to think immediately after some momentous tragedy — is not exhaustive, he damns the newspapers. His especial condemnation is bestowed upon what he truly calls

the vulgar publicity of the newspaper. When he reads enough papers, or extends his reading beyond his newspapers and his business, or, better still, tries to prevent some injustice, he may learn that vulgar publicity is often a safeguard of justice. Good taste and the modest reserve of private life too often tempt the critic to shrink from an open fight with oppression. One of the arts of the leading criminals among politicians is to scare off the private citizen by warning him that evil communications corrupt good manners. But public spirit is much more robust and efficient when coupled with a familiar knowledge of the vulgar world.

Prosecuting officers and police are now held up to higher standards of investigation, of thorough proof of alleged crimes, and of humane conduct toward alleged criminals and all the persons over whom they have any power, than ever before. This is effected partly by the general enlightenment made possible by the newspapers, and largely by the publicity which the newspapers give to the acts of public servants and to the rebukes administered by the courts to their officers. That does wonders even toward reforming professed reformers. When some respectable citizen himself happens to be falsely accused of crime, his chances of foiling his enemies are far greater than of old. Nor is he slow in taking advantage of the existing vulgar medium for reaching the ear of the common people.

When a human being's life is openly at stake, it is to be expected that the feelings of many will overflow into cruelty or sentimentality. Some foolish things always occur when the community is excited. Excessive kindness is not a novelty created by the newspapers. Witness Claude Duval, and the anguish which the conviction of that dashing highwayman caused in the breasts of fair ladies of the court of Charles II. An interesting contrast between the old and the new age is found in the following stories.

Judge Morton, who presided at the trial of Duval, threatened to resign his great office if the gallant prisoner were pardoned, as the ladies prayed; and the judge forced the prisoner's execution.¹ Almost two hundred years afterwards, in the reign of Victoria, the late Mr. Justice Stephen, who presided at the trial of Mrs. Maybrick for the murder of her husband, after sentencing her to death, used his influence to get the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, because the doctors disagreed as to whether her husband died of arsenic, with which the government claimed, and the jury found, that she tried to kill him.

That case was a pregnant instance of rough-and-ready methods in striving in some practicable ways for both truth and right without satisfying everybody that justice had been done. The judge had suffered some mental weakness, which afterwards caused his retirement from the bench, and the excitement of the trial led him to add to an attempt at an impartial statement of the jury's task a rhetorical declaration of horror at the motive suggested by the prisoner's confessed adultery with a lover to whom she wrote love letters while nursing her husband in his sick bed. The jury had heard the evidence, and there is no reason for not thinking their verdict honest. But the fact that they agreed upon a verdict of guilty in about half an hour, a remarkably short time in view of the conflicting medical evidence, seemed to show that they were influenced more by the judge's rhetoric than by his doubts. Besides, an English jury cares more for what a judge says than an American jury. After a private hearing, the Home Secretary decided substantially that the death might not have been caused by arsenic,

but she belonged in jail because of the attempt to poison. Persons were content with this who believed the attempt to have been proved, and who were bent rather upon what they regarded as justice than upon technical correctness. Others insisted that if she were not hanged she should be pardoned, because she had been tried for murder, and because imprisonment for life was not a legal punishment for the lesser crime. There were those, also, who regarded the commutation as an example of the old saying that English law is lenient because it is not enforced. Thus there was a conflict between what was called truth on one side and what was called right on the other.

The jury in the Maybrick case did what they thought was right, notwithstanding the doubts suggested by the judge as to what the truth was. In the recent Shaw case,² a Massachusetts jury found a verdict of not guilty because they thought it was right, although the charge of the judge was against the prisoner. The evidence was that a man was found dead about eighteen feet from the window of a lonely house in a forest. He had been shot twice in front, and once in the back of the head. The back wound was about two inches in diameter, and seemed to contain a whole charge of shot, which tended to prove that the gun had been discharged very near and behind him. The master of the house surrendered himself to the police. He testified that at night a strange man tried to get in where he and his wife were, and, when refused, said in the grossest words, "Send your woman out here." Being ordered off the stranger said, "I'll come back again and fix you." The master of the house, who was a nervous man and much excited, got his shotgun

¹ "Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief!

Duval the ladies' joy; Duval the ladies' grief."

From epitaph said to be in Covent Garden Church.

² Plymouth County. R. O. Harris, district attorney, for prosecution; N. Washburn for defense.

and watched at a window by the side door. The stranger returned, and as he approached the master of the house fired, as he said, one shot, not at him, but to scare him; and, when he continued to approach, fired two shots at him, — and all these shots from the window. No weapon was in the stranger's hands, but in his pockets were a razor in a case and a jackknife. The prosecution claimed that the wound in the back of the head was not consistent with the prisoner's testimony, and the judge charged the jury that to excuse the homicide the law required proof of a reasonable apprehension — not such as a timid or excited man, but such as an ordinarily brave man would have — of violence from a trespasser armed with a dangerous weapon ready for use.

But the prisoner's story was corroborated by his wife. His counsel argued that the shot from behind might have taken place if the stranger, in approaching to attack the house, had looked back for an instant to signal to possible confederates or for any other purpose. The jury after several hours brought in a verdict of not guilty. Probably they would have found anything to be a dangerous weapon in the possession of a man who demanded a woman in a forest. And whether they approved the judgment of the husband or not, they would not say that he was a murderer because he was not cautious or bold enough to try uncertain blows at such a moment.

This conflict between what may be true and what the jury think is probably right is increasing with the progress of scientific knowledge and with popular education. The defense can now present such formidable heaps of details to the jury about what may possibly have happened, and can appeal to the enlightened conscience of modern men with such plausibility, that the rugged old generalizations of common sense, like "Smoke proves fire," are often made to appear brutally inaccurate. Hence there

is a new development of the art of trying to turn jurymen into doubting students, and to make them casuists who fear to act upon their genuine convictions, and who seek fictitious reasons for verdicts according to their conceit.

Testimony concerning scientific questions adds much to the length and expense of trials. And long trials are thought to need defense by persons who suppose that the legal profession arrogates to itself too much importance. Some members of the medical profession dislike cross-examination so much that they join in this criticism, and urge that physicians be given more authority than ordinary witnesses. But it would be surprising if men trained in the practice of the common law should surrender questions of fact to experts. A specialist is not always a man of trustworthy judgment, and it takes time to show this to a jury.

Many persons unused to the close examination of witnesses find fault with the persistent ingenuity of counsel for the defense in inventing doubts not reasonably raised by the evidence. In the *Bram* case there was a striking instance of this. *Bram*, the first mate of a vessel, was on watch on deck at night, near the forward door of the cabin. A sailor was at the helm, near the after door of the cabin. The sailor testified that he looked through a window near the wheel and saw *Bram* strike down with something like an axe handle. The captain was found on the floor under that window, killed by an axe. The captain's wife was found murdered in the next room, and the second mate was found murdered in a third room. The defense was that the sailor lashed the wheel and committed all these murders and returned to the wheel without being discovered even by the first mate on watch, although some windows and the forward door were open. There was not the slightest evidence that the wheel was lashed. But the theory of the defense

required the government to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Bram had exclusive opportunity. Hence days were added to the trial by the examination of experts in the sailing of vessels as to how long a vessel could sail with her helm lashed without changing her course perceptibly.

It is impossible to prevent spending time and labor on such questions in a thorough trial. It is the penalty of having a mind that it will think more than is convenient for everybody. The history of what judges and juries have been in the past tends to reconcile us to attempts to satisfy the minds of jurymen by facts and reason instead of frightening them into verdicts by threats of the vengeance of men in power. The question of length must be considered not merely by the trouble it gives the government and the expense in taxes. The public question is, Is this our kind of justice? And if so, is our justice worth this much to us? If it is not our kind of justice, then we have a right to try to amend the law or its practice. If it is our justice, more delicate and difficult questions of morals and of judgment arise. How much of our justice can we afford to pay for?

Although the checks and balances that make long trials possible sometimes delay punishment and may faintly encourage a few calculating criminals, our long trials as now conducted and made public by the newspapers are lessons in justice. They teach the people how law is made, what it is, and its value as well as its defects as a means of justice. The temporary postponement of a verdict or execution is of little moment compared with the awe-inspiring spectacle of a powerful government controlling itself to examine and judge correctly the personal claims of a mere individual charged with a heinous crime. If such an effort is not worth much time and money, what is? Lovers of music do not grudge the time or the money required to produce that

flower of delight, an opera. A yachtsman spends a fortune on a good boat. A country town will appropriate a fourth of its public debt for electric lights. And are laws, which are tentative rules for the justice we long for, — are laws and the application of laws to the ever changing dangers of the complicated machinery of social order expected to be perfectly expressed, and undoubtedly clear, and promptly enforced, without nights of anxiety as sleepless as any caused by failure to sing an opera beautifully, without the exercise of ingenuity beyond the dreams of any mechanic, or without the expenditure of a large part of the savings of the people for the sake of making them just and practicing under them justly?

After Bram was convicted he got a second trial, one of the grounds of which was that after his arrest a detective examined him about his conduct. The Supreme Court of the United States held that our law required that accused persons should be free from such interference, a constant menace to justice as well as an inevitable temptation to the police. Thus the police may defeat themselves by trying to take the law into their own hands. The time and expense of such second trial are paid for by its possible influence, for instance, in preventing illegal evidence in such cases as that of Dr. Eastman. He was an officer of instruction in Harvard University, who accidentally shot a friend, and was accused of murder. The district judge discharged him, but he was summoned before the grand jury and indicted. At the trial the attorney-general of Massachusetts was forbidden by the court to put in evidence of what Eastman said before the grand jury, because an accused person should not be summoned before the grand jury. Influential persons, who had cared little for Bram, were naturally eager to give all the rights of law and of humanity to Dr. Eastman. But the criminal lawyers had to treat them both

alike. Each of Bram's trials was longer than Eastman's. Bram was convicted. Eastman was acquitted.

The world has always been interested in prosecutions against criminals as a class. Its interest in criminals as individuals is growing, and will increase as studies extend into the nature of men as they actually are. As the people become more closely organized, and governments acquire the strength of centralization, laws and the practice under them even in a free country tend, from the mere convenience of business, to become impersonal in their application. This would lead to the oppression of worthy individuals, if the mind of the public were not often instructed and its sympathies touched by such popular exhibitions of the effect of general rules upon particular persons as are given in celebrated cases. These dramatic events, judged by jurymen trusted by the people, help the masses to understand principles of government, and warn the learned that under all and above all of our laws and procedure are the original passions and force of living men. In the civil courts the pecuniary interests of the parties may control the whole proceeding. But in the criminal courts the issue is, Did this man, or this woman, or this child do this act? And if so, what shall be done to him or to her? The truth is to be proved; the right, so far as the law provides for it, is to be done. Truth and right are at stake for the people; everything is at stake for the prisoner and his friends, — truth, right, property, reputation, happiness, life itself in a capital case. Therefore a stream of perjury flows from the witness stand. In such a contest between truth and fiction, right and wrong, law and practice contrary to law, justice and injustice, how can anything less than a popular sensation take place and run its natural course through the newspapers when a crime is peculiarly terrible, or an accused person is for some reason distinguished or noto-

rious? Even a law-abiding community cannot help feeling a shock when a prisoner, against overwhelming evidence, challenges the government not only to do its utmost to prove its charges, but to show that it has acted legally toward him, and to do this according to its somewhat obscure laws, and to carry out correctly in detail to the end the proceedings without which he cannot be punished. A great trial is a crisis in the family of the state. If it were not celebrated, the community would neither get nor deserve the protection which such trials afford both to them and to the prisoner, a living member of the community, one of the individuals who give it its existence.

It is easy to curse the technical lawyer, who, with history at his back, faces a frowning world, and holds it off while he analyzes the words of an indictment against a heartless wretch who may deserve a felon's death. It is hard to understand an intricate system of rules, to appreciate the rude manners of courts, to endure the insolence of the transgressor, and to believe that his attorneys all have the good of the commonwealth in view. But it is of the essence of the order and the purity of the state that the attorney shall fearlessly bring the community and its courts face to face with its own laws, with all their imperfections, and it is the glory of our criminal law that the most reluctant judge is obliged to listen and to decide upon points so raised, whosoever the attorney or the prisoner at the bar may be. The court itself compels even a Czolgosz to be legally defended.

The truth must be found before what is right can be known. The truth about the motive of a person accused of an act which requires an evil intention to make it a crime is often too delicate or too deep a matter for the head or heart of even the average respectable citizen. Students of natural science are becoming more influential in trials. The effect

of their knowledge appeared recently in New Hampshire, at the trial of young Kelley for the murder of an aged cashier. It was found that the prisoner had, in his boyhood, suffered a blow upon the head which injured his brain. After a conference between the counsel, the physicians, and the judge, the prisoner pleaded guilty, the crime of murder was fixed at the second degree because of his mental condition, and the youth was sent to the state prison.

But we have to be on our guard, also, against the errors of experts as to both knowledge and judgment. The mere fact that some physician swears that a prisoner is insane does not always raise even a reasonable doubt of his sanity for the purpose of punishment. Even in insane asylums punishment is found to be good for some insane patients. The execution of such an unbalanced person as Guiteau for the murder of President Garfield was probably useful as a deterrent to persons in some degree resembling the assassin; for, notwithstanding the reported numbers of persons in this country who admire such crimes, it is a very rare fool who lives up to their doctrine in practice. Besides, the thorough public trial of an assassin tends to educate those who are a little above him in character or in judgment, by showing how mean and absurd as well as wicked assassination may be. It is good to have plenty of hospitals, but one of the best ways to treat some insane persons is to deal with them as if they were well. This is applicable to some of those who plead insanity as an excuse for crime. It is well to cause those who are a little crazy to fear to do what they know to be wrong.

The tendency to make the punish-

ment fit the crime is an advance in civilization which can only come by increased knowledge. There is no hurry about executing a murderer when the community is sufficiently advanced to understand that he is to be punished as he deserves, when he shall have been proved guilty according to methods whose regular observance is as important as the incident of his execution. A jury in New York, after several months' trial, found Molineux guilty; but, if evidence was admitted against him illegally, since the law is really intended to hold judges up to the enforcement of our rules of evidence, the question of his guilt remained open. What good would it do to the taxpayer to have a court of appeals confuse the law to save present expenses, and leave the survivors in a fog?

The length and expense of such a trial are not arguments in favor of the English system of having no resort to a higher court in criminal cases. Our American system of giving the prisoner a chance to argue the law after the trial of fact helps to settle, one after another, points that affect personal liberty, honor, and justice. This is wiser as well as juster than the method of leaving the final power as to the law to the judge presiding at the trial of fact, subject only to pardon or commutation by the political branch of the government. Not long ago, a murder case was taken up three times to the Supreme Court of the United States after three verdicts of guilty in the court below; but it became a precedent¹ for charging juries, and it was itself decided upon grounds that were intelligible to those who take pains to understand our government. But the case of Mrs. Maybrick, although the English government² has been firm in

¹ *Allen v. United States*, 164 U. S. 492.

² Compare the newspaper reports of expected pardon with the following letter, which Mr. Robert T. Lincoln forwarded to Mr. Blaine on 24 June, 1892 (U. S. Pub. Doc. No. 3428, 54, Cong.): —

(Inclosure in No. 703, Marquis of Salisbury to Mr. Lincoln.)

FOREIGN OFFICE, June 21, 1892.

SIR, — With reference to my note of the 1st inst. I have now the honor to inform you that the petition in favor of the release of the con-

resisting frequent complaints, has nevertheless caused agitation to provide for proceedings, after verdict and sentence, that may rescue the law from the accidents of a presiding judge's absence of mind, errors of expression, or essential mistakes.

There has been much discussion lately as to who should be prosecuted and the methods of prosecution. The attorney-general has judicial powers, and may prosecute or not, as he decides the evidence and the welfare of the state require. Police devote themselves often to work that convinces them of the guilt of some one against whom the evidence is weak from a legal point of view. How much consideration shall an attorney-general give to the wishes of the police or of persons who inform the police? Shall experimental cases be tried only on a *corpus vile*, a tramp or a known villain, or shall persons of fortunate standing in the social and business world be tried for homicide because the police have claims to professional support after detective work?

There can be no general answer to fit such questions for practical use. That is why the attorney general has judicial powers intrusted to him. Some critics do not, until a trial, wake up to the fact that prosecuting officers have anxiously exercised their judicial functions before undertaking the tremendous labors of a prosecution. In the case of Dr. Eastman no motive was proved, but he had to be tried because the bullet found in the man he shot could not have been fired from the pistol he thought and said he shot him with, at a little distance, by letting the hammer slip accidentally. He

admitted on the witness stand that he was mistaken, and that the bullet must have come from a pistol for which he and his friend were struggling after the first accidental shot. The prisoner was an honest man, whose word was of value; but it had to be taken by a jury before the prosecuting officers could rest in the face of persons interested in the man who was killed. It was a tragedy with two sides. The prisoner had to suffer for the public good. The more public the trial, the more instructed were the people as to the rights of the people to a trial of any one for the public safety, and as to the rights of any one against the chief prosecuting officer of the state in the admission and rejection of evidence. But the point here is that the accused man himself had to be judged by judge and jury because, in the opinion of the attorney-general, it was a case requiring such judgment. The attorney-general said to the jury, "I regret that the duty of my office requires me to prosecute my brother student." Both that trial and the event which caused it are awful illustrations of the impossibility of being sure of what we all would agree to be perfect justice, whether in court or in the outside world. Yet an innocent man triumphed over suspicion by telling the truth, and, as the world goes, the case served both truth and right within the limits of our law.

On the other hand, the recent Fosburgh case, unless we accept without criticism the discretion of the prosecution, does not seem to have served the cause of either truth or right, except so far as the officers of the law tried to do their duty, and as it was correct for the

vict Florence Elizabeth Maybrick has received the fullest consideration by her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Taking the most lenient view which the facts proved in evidence and known to her Majesty's Secretary of State admit of, the case of this convict was that of an adulteress attempting to poison her husband under the most cruel circumstances, while she pretended to be nursing him in his sickbed.

The Secretary of State regrets that he has been unable to find any ground for recommending to the Queen any further act of clemency toward the prisoner.

It may be satisfactory to the petitioners to learn that Mrs. Maybrick is reported by the authorities to be in fair health, and to have gained in weight since her admission to prison.

I have, etc.

SALISBURY.

judge to direct a verdict for the defendant. A young lady was shot dead in her father's house, in the middle of the night. The family said that it was done by a burglar. The police doubted that burglars would or could have left such tracks as were found. A pistol belonging to a brother of the deceased was missing. The bullet might have come from that. The brother was indicted and tried for manslaughter, on the theory that in some kind of family quarrel he fired the shot with some motive that was criminal, although he may not have wished to kill his sister. No evidence is reported that tended to sustain the indictment. It is said that the government relied upon witnesses who disappointed them. Was it due to the police to try that case? Persons of experience who know the prosecuting officers say that the suggestion that they yielded to the influence of ambitious police is unfair, and that they acted upon honest suspicion, official duty, and the expectation of unearthing falsehood. But from the outside one cannot see any wisdom in bringing the case to trial.

Yet this case was made as public as any. Is this an evil of the newspapers? Some of it is, and some of it is not. Since the arrest and indictment and trial of necessity were public, it was better that the whole matter should be published, and thus disposed of. When the trial was over, the defendant is reported to have issued to a newspaper a letter expressing his own indignation about the prosecution. From the rough-and-ready point of view, he got even with the police.

Sympathetic persons suggest pecuniary compensation in cases where, after the failure to convict an accused person, he is thought by the court to have been wronged without fault on his part. The allowance for counsel fees and witnesses now in the discretion of the court amounts to little. A trial may have ruined an innocent defendant's fortune, reputation, and health. The suggestion is charac-

teristic of the socialistic tendency of the time. Hitherto the books have been enthusiastic about the mere opportunity of getting acquitted by a fair trial. There is already a remedy for a malicious prosecution against any one who maliciously procured it. No compensation could be expected to be provided for by a legislature unless it also invented a new form of verdict, such as, *Not guilty, with compensation*. This might be a hard verdict to win, and might lengthen trials, but it would correspond in a measure to the modified verdict established a few years ago by Congress for federal courts, "*Guilty, without capital punishment*," which was the verdict at the second trial of Bram. That met the growing opposition to capital punishment, and the consequent difficulty in filling juries, and in getting verdicts of guilty even when guilt is proved.

The general answer to the question, What is the use of such publicity? is that much of it is of no use and does harm, but that much of it is of use even when it does harm, because most persons need to be watched in some things, and the evils of the watching have to be endured for the sake of the good. We cannot have public courts of justice, and a free press, and the prompt reports that help us to save ourselves and our friends from dangerous persons, without occasional sad libels and tragic injustice. They are the costly price of a knowledge of even a little of the actual wickedness that daily seeks to destroy civilization, as agony and death are the price of electric conveniences that make a short life fuller.

The raw material of civilization can never be excluded from it. The law laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States concerning the mining rights of millionaires is based upon the rules made in California by rough miners in their shirt sleeves, with pistols in their belts. The newspapers, with all their faults, are among the most constant aids to the vigilance which is the price of the liberty that

is protected by the courts. Who believes that the police, the prosecuting officers, or the judges would enforce the laws and respect private persons as well as they do now, if the eye of the reporter and the pen of the editor were not at the daily service of every voter? The occasional pettifoggery of attorneys is a necessary evil, incidental to the conservative power by which the legal profession upholds and tests the law as it exists, and exercises a foresight gained from history and informed by present business. Yet sharp practice is kept in check by the fear that it will be reported.

In England, in the reign of James II., there was not a word in the Gazette about the trial and acquittal of the seven bishops who had dared to tell the king that he was not above the Constitution. It is better to tolerate the worst newspaper in the United States than to have a censorship of the press. We have to take some risks, and our people prefer the risks of freedom of speech. They who abuse it by foolish declarations lose much of what influence they have by the indifference or ridicule with which our people are accustomed to treat absurdities; and those who publish criminal suggestions are more easily watched and caught in their earlier career than they would be if our government required them to be more secret. Indeed, the people of the United States do not know how to do

without freedom of speech. The repressive policies of other governments, judged by their effects, are not alluring.

The more open and fearless way is the better way for trying to give to every human being his share of truth and right, as well as his just portion of punishment. We cannot escape suffering of some kind, and we are learning that no tests are too severe for the ages in their development of the highest types of human character. Until individual life shall not need to fear exposure, publicity will be the dreaded weapon of public order as well as of private revenge. And it is impossible to foretell when publicity will not need to be subject at least to the restrictions of our law.

It is consistent with these reflections to insist that, in this conflict of forces, newspapers are rightly subject to courts as distinguished from censors; that the justice of the law is necessarily of a rough kind, which improves very gradually with the rest of our education; that the cost of legal justice affects its kind and degree; that the increasing thoroughness of criminal trials tends toward an enlightened consideration for individuals; and that the lawful publicity which is given to capital cases, while sometimes unjustly damaging innocent persons, strengthens the influence of our courts, and upon the whole does more good than harm.

Charles E. Grinnell.

AUDREY.¹XIX.²

THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

FOR an hour it had been very quiet, very peaceful, in the small white house on Palace Street. Darden was not there; for the Commissary had sent for him, having certain inquiries to make and a stern warning to deliver. Mistress Deborah had been asked to spend the night with an acquaintance in the town, so she also was out and gone. Mistress Stagg and Audrey kept the lower rooms, while overhead Mr. Charles Stagg, a man that loved his art, walked up and down, and, with many wavings of a laced handkerchief and much resort to a gilt snuffbox, reasoned with Plato of death and the soul. The murmur of his voice came down to the two women, and made the only sound in the house. Audrey, sitting by the window, her chin upon her hand and her dark hair shadowing her face, looked out upon the dooryard and the Palace Street beyond. The street was lit by torches, and people were going to the ball in coaches and chariots, on foot and in painted chairs. They went gayly, light of heart, fine of person, a free and generous folk. Laughter floated over to the silent watcher, and the torchlight gave her glimpses of another land than her own.

Many had been Mistress Stagg's customers since morning, and something had she heard besides admiration of her wares and exclamation at her prices. Now, as she sat with some gay sewing beneath her nimble fingers, she glanced once and again at the shadowed face opposite her. If the look was not one of curiosity alone, but had in it an admixture of new-found respect; if to Mistress

Stagg the Audrey of yesterday, unnoted, unwhispered of, was a being somewhat lowlier than the Audrey of to-day, it may be remembered for her that she was an actress of the early eighteenth century, and that fate and an old mother to support had put her in that station.

The candles beneath their glass shades burned steadily; the house grew very quiet; the noises of the street lessened and lessened, for now nearly all of the people were gone to the ball. Audrey watched the round of light cast by the nearest torch. For a long time she had watched it, thinking that he might perhaps cross the circle, and she might see him in his splendor. She was still watching when he knocked at the garden door.

Mistress Stagg, sitting in a dream of her own, started violently. "La, now, who may that be?" she exclaimed. "Go to the door, child. If 't is a stranger, we shelter none such, to be taken up for the harboring of runaways!"

Audrey went to the door and opened it. A moment's pause, a low cry, and she moved backward to the wall, where she stood with her slender form sharply drawn against the white plaster, and with the fugitive, elusive charm of her face quickened into absolute beauty, imperious for attention. Haward, thus ushered into the room, gave the face its due. His eyes, bright and fixed, were for it alone. Mistress Stagg's curtsy went unacknowledged save by a slight, mechanical motion of his hand, and her inquiry as to what he lacked that she could supply received no answer. He was a very handsome man, of a bearing both easy and commanding, and to-night he was splendidly dressed in white satin with embroidery of gold. To one of the women he seemed the king, who could do no

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² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the eleventh advertising page.

wrong ; to the other, more learned in the book of the world, he was merely a fine gentleman, whose way might as well be given him at once, since, spite of denial, he would presently take it.

Haward sat down, resting his clasped hands upon the table, gazing steadfastly at the face, dark and beautiful, set like a flower against the wall. "Come, little maid!" he said. "We are going to the ball together, you and I. Hasten, or we shall not be in time for the minuet."

Audrey smiled and shook her head, thinking that it was his pleasure to laugh at her a little. Mistress Stagg likewise showed her appreciation of the pleasantry. When he repeated his command, speaking in an authoritative tone and with a glance at his watch, there was a moment of dead silence ; then, "Go your ways, sir, and dance with Mistress Evelyn Byrd!" cried the scandalized ex-actress. "The Governor's ball is not for the likes of Audrey!"

"I will be judge of that," he answered. "Come, let us be off, child! Or stay! hast no other dress than that?" He looked toward the mistress of the house. "I warrant that Mistress Stagg can trick you out! I would have you go fine, Audrey of the hair! Audrey of the eyes! Audrey of the full brown throat! Dull gold,—have you that, now, mistress, in damask or brocade? Soft laces for her bosom, and a yellow bloom in her hair. It should be dogwood, Audrey, like the coronal you wore on May Day. Do you remember, child? The white stars in your hair, and the May-pole all aflutter, and your feet upon the green grass"—

"Oh, I was happy then!" cried Audrey, and wrung her hands. Within a moment, however, she was calm again, and could look at him with a smile. "I am only Audrey," she said. "You know that the ball is not for me. Why then do you tell me that I must go? It is your kindness; I know that it is your kindness that speaks. But yet—but

yet"—She gazed at him imploringly ; then from his steady smile caught a sudden encouragement. "Oh!" she exclaimed, with a gesture of quick relief, and with tremulous laughter in her face and voice,— "oh, you are mocking me! You only came to show how a gentleman looks who goes to a Governor's ball!"

For the moment, in her relief at having read his riddle, there slipped from her the fear of she knew not what,— the strangeness and heaviness of heart that had been her portion since she came to Williamsburgh. Leaving the white wall against which she had leaned, she came a little forward, and with gayety and grace dropped him a curtsy. "Oh, the white satin like the lilies in your garden!" she laughed. "And the red heels to your shoes, and the gold-fringed sword knot, and the velvet scabbard! Ah, let me see your sword, how bright and keen it is!"

She was Audrey of the garden, and Haward, smiling, drew his rapier and laid it in her hands. She looked at the golden hilt, and passed her brown fingers along the gleaming blade. "Stainless," she said, and gave it back to him.

Taking it, he took also the hand that had proffered it. "I was not laughing, child," he said. "Go to the ball thou shalt, and with me. What! Thou art young and fair. Shalt have no pleasure"—

"What pleasure in that?" cried Audrey. "I may not go, sir; nay, I will not go!"

She freed her hand, and stood with heaving bosom and eyes that very slowly filled with tears. Haward saw no reason for her tears. It was true that she was young and fair; true, also, that she had few pleasures. Well, he would change all that. The dance,—was it not woven by those nymphs of old, those sprites of open spaces in the deep woods, from whose immemorial company she must have strayed into this present time? Now at the Palace the candles were burning

for her, for her the music was playing. Her welcome there amidst the tinsel people? Trust him for that: he was what he was, and could compass greater things than that would be. Go she should, because it pleased him to please her, and because it was certainly necessary for him to oppose pride with pride, and before the eyes of Evelyn demonstrate his indifference to that lady's choice of Mr. Lee for the minuet and Mr. Lightfoot for the country dance. This last thought had far to travel from some unused, deep-down quagmire of the heart, but it came. For the rest, the image of Audrey decked in silk and lace, turned by her apparel into a dark Court lady, a damsel in waiting to Queen Titania, caught his fancy in both hands. He wished to see her thus, — wished it so strongly that he knew it would come to pass. He was a gentleman who had acquired the habit of having his own way. There had been times when the price of his way had seemed too dear; when he had shrugged his shoulders and ceased to desire what he would not buy. To-night he was not able to count the cost. But he knew — he knew cruelly well — how to cut short this fruitless protest of a young girl who thought him all that was wise and great and good.

"So you cannot say 'yes' to my asking, little maid?" he began, quiet and smiling. "Cannot trust me that I have reasons for the asking? Well, I will not ask again, Audrey, since it is so great a thing" —

"Oh," cried Audrey, "you know that I would die for you!" The tears welled over, but she brushed them away with a trembling hand; then stood with raised face, her eyes soft and dewy, a strange smile upon her lips. She spoke at last as simply as a child: "Why you want me, that am only Audrey, to go with you to the Palace yonder, I cannot tell. But I will go, though I am only Audrey, and I have no other dress than this" —

Haward got unsteadily to his feet, and

lightly touched the dark head that she bowed upon her hands. "Why, now you are Audrey again," he said approvingly. "Why, child, I would do you a pleasure!" He turned to the player's wife. "She must not go in this guise. Have you no finery stowed away?"

Now, Mistress Stagg, though much scandalized, and very certain that all this would never do, was in her way an artist, and could see as in a mirror what bare throat and shoulders, rich hair drawn loosely up, a touch of rouge, a patch or two, a silken gown, might achieve for Audrey. And after all, had not Deborah told her that the girl was Mr. Haward's ward, not Darden's, and that though Mr. Haward came and went as he pleased, and was very kind to Audrey, so that Darden was sure of getting whatever the girl asked for, yet she was a good girl, and there was no harm? For the talk that day, — people were very idle, and given to thinking the forest afire when there was only the least curl of smoke. And in short and finally, it was none of her business; but with the aid of a certain chest upstairs, she knew what she could do! To the ball might go a beauty would make Mistress Evelyn Byrd look to her laurels!

"There's the birthday dress that Madam Carter sent us only last week," she began hesitatingly. "It's very beautiful, and a'most as good as new, and 't would suit you to a miracle — But I vow you must not go, Audrey! . . . To be sure, the damask is just the tint for you, and there are roses would do for your hair. But la, sir, you know 't will never do, never in this world."

Half an hour later, Haward rose from his chair and bowed low as to some high-born and puissant dame. The fever that was now running high in his veins flushed his cheek and made his eyes exceedingly bright. When he went up to Audrey, and, in graceful mockery of her sudden coming into her kingdom, took her hand and, bending, kissed it, the picture that

they made cried out for some painter to preserve it. Her hand dropped from his clasp, and buried itself in rich folds of flowered damask; the quick rise and fall of her bosom stirred soft, yellowing laces, and made to flash like diamonds some ornaments of marcasite; her face was haunting in its pain and bewilderment and great beauty, and in the lie which her eyes gave to the false roses beneath those homes of sadness and longing. She had no word to say; she was "only Audrey," and she could not understand. But she wished to do his bidding, and so, when he cried out upon her melancholy, and asked her if 't were indeed a Sunday in New England instead of a Saturday in Virginia, she smiled, and strove to put on the mind as well as the garb of a gay lady who might justly go to the Governor's ball.

Half frightened at her own success, Mistress Stagg hovered around her, giving this or that final touch to her costume; but it was Haward himself who put the roses in her hair. "A little longer, and we will walk once more in my garden at Fair View," he said. "June shall come again for us, and we will tread the quiet paths, my sweet, and all the roses shall bloom again for us. There, you are crowned! Hail, Queen!"

Audrey felt the touch of his lips upon her forehead, and shivered. All her world was going round; she could not steady it, could not see aright, knew not what was happening. The strangeness made her dizzy. She hardly heard Mistress Stagg's last protest that it would never do, — never in the world; hardly knew when she left the house. She was out beneath the stars, moving toward a lit Palace whence came the sound of violins. Haward's arm was beneath her hand; his voice was in her ear, but it was as the wind's voice, whose speech she did not understand. Suddenly they were within the Palace garden, with its winding, torchlit walks, and the terraces at the side; suddenly, again, they had mounted

the Palace steps, and the doors were open, and she was confronted with lights and music and shifting, dazzling figures. She stood still, clasped her hands, and gave Haward a piteous look. Her face, for all its beauty and its painted roses, was strangely the child's face that had lain upon his breast, where he knelt amid the corn, in the valley between the hills, so long ago. He gave her mute appeal no heed. The Governor's guests, passing from room to room, crossed and recrossed the wide hall, and down the stairway, to meet a row of gallants impatient at its foot, came fair women, one after the other, the flower of the colony, clothed upon like the lilies of old. Haward, entering with Audrey, saw Mr. Lee at the stairfoot, and, raising his eyes, was aware of Evelyn descending alone and somewhat slowly, all in rose color, and with a smile upon her lips.

She was esteemed the most beautiful woman in Virginia, the most graceful and accomplished. Wit and charm and fortune were hers, and the little gay world of Virginia had mated her with Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View. Therefore that portion of it that chanced to be in the hall of the Governor's house withdrew for the moment its attention from its own affairs, and bestowed it upon those of the lady descending the stairs, and of the gold-and-white gentleman who, with a strange beauty at his side, stood directly in her path. It was a very wise little world, and since yesterday afternoon had been fairly bursting with its own wisdom. It knew all about that gypsy who had come to town from Fair View parish, — "La, my dear, just the servant of a minister!" — and knew to a syllable what had passed in the violent quarrel to which Mr. Lee owed his good fortune.

That triumphant gentleman now started forward, and, with a low bow, extended his hand to lead to the ballroom this rose-colored paragon and cynosure of all eyes. Evelyn smiled upon him, and

gave him her scarf to hold, but would not be hurried; must first speak to her old friend Mr. Haward, and tell him that her father's foot could now bear the shoe, and that he might appear before the ball was over. This done, she withdrew her gaze from Haward's strangely animated, vividly handsome countenance, and turned it upon the figure at his side. "Pray present me!" she said quickly. "I do not think I have the honor of knowing" —

Audrey raised her head, that had been bent, and looked again, as she had looked yesterday, with all her innocent soul and heavy heart, into the eyes of the princess. The smile died from Evelyn's lips, and a great wave of indignant red surged over face and neck and bosom. The color fled, but not the bitter anger. So he could bring his fancy there! Could clothe her that was a servant wench in a splendid gown, and flaunt her before the world — before the world that must know — oh, God! must know how she herself loved him! He could do this after that month at Westover! She drew her breath, and met the insult fairly. "I withdraw my petition," she said clearly. "Now that I bethink me, my acquaintance is already somewhat too great. Mr. Lee, shall we not join the company? I have yet to make my curtsy to his Excellency."

With head erect, and with no attention to spare from the happy Mr. Lee, she passed the sometime suitor for her hand and the apple of discord which it had pleased him to throw into the assembly. Audrey watched her as she went, but from Haward's mind she slipped at once. His eyes were bright, his cheeks flushed; he stopped a passing gentleman of his acquaintance, and in a raised voice began to ask into how many factions the clergy in convention had split that day, and what minister was to have the honor of preaching before the Governor on the morrow. "Now it is my turn," said the acquaintance in his ear. "How many

bottles of wine have you drunk to-day, and what the devil do you mean by offering insult to every woman here?"

A whisper ran around the hall. Audrey heard suppressed laughter, and heard a speech which she did not understand, but which was uttered in an angry voice, much like Mistress Deborah's when she chided. A sudden terror of herself and of Haward's world possessed her. She turned where she stood in her borrowed plumage, and clung to his hand and arm. "Let me go," she begged. "It is all a mistake, — all wrong. Let me go, — let me go."

He laughed at her, shaking his head and looking into her beseeching face with shining, far-off eyes. "Thou dear fool!" he said. "The ball is made for thee, and all these folk are here to do thee honor!" Holding her by the hand, he moved with her toward a wide doorway, through which could be seen a greater throng of beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen. Music came from this room, and she saw that there were dancers, and that beyond them, upon a sort of dais, and before a great carved chair, stood a fine gentleman who she knew must be his Excellency the Governor of Virginia.

XX.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

"Mistress Audrey?" said the Governor graciously, as the lady in damask rose from her curtsy. "Mistress Audrey whom? Mr. Haward, you gave me not the name of the stock that hath flowered in so beauteous a bloom."

"Why, sir, the bloom is all in all," answered Haward. "What root it springs from matters not. I trust that your Excellency is in good health, — that you feel no touch of our seasoning fever?"

"I asked the lady's name, sir," said the Governor pointedly. He was stand-

ing in the midst of a knot of gentlemen, members of the Council and officers of the colony. All around the long room, seated in chairs arow against the walls, or gathered in laughing groups, or moving about with a rustle and gleam of silk, were the Virginians his guests. From the gallery, where were bestowed the musicians out of three parishes, floated the pensive strains of a minuet, and in the centre of the polished floor, under the eyes of the company, several couples moved and postured through that stately dance.

"The lady is my ward," said Haward lightly. "I call her Audrey. Child, tell his Excellency your other name."

If he thought at all, he thought that she could do it. But such an estray, such a piece of flotsam, was Audrey that she could not help him out. "They call me Darden's Audrey," she explained to the Governor. "If I ever heard my father's name, I have forgotten it."

Her voice, though low, reached all those who had ceased from their own concerns to stare at this strange guest, this dark-eyed, shrinking beauty, so radiantly attired. The whisper had preceded her from the hall: there had been fluttering and comment enough as, under the fire of all those eyes, she had passed with Haward to where stood the Governor receiving his guests. But the whisper had not reached his Excellency's ears. In London he had been slightly acquainted with Mr. Marmaduke Haward, and now knew him for a member of his Council, and a gentleman of much consequence in that Virginia which he had come to rule. Moreover, he had that very morning granted a favor to Mr. Haward, and by reason thereof was inclined to think amiably of the gentleman. Of the piece of dark loveliness whom the Virginian had brought forward to present, who could think otherwise? But his Excellency was a formal man, punctilious, and cautious of his state. The bow with which he received

the strange lady's curtsy had been profound; in speaking to her he had made his tones honey-sweet, while his compliment quite capped the one just paid to Mistress Evelyn Byrd. And now it would appear that the lady had no name! Nay, from the looks that were being exchanged, and from the tittering that had risen amongst the younger of his guests, there must be more amiss than that! His Excellency frowned, drew himself up, and turned what was meant to be a searching and terrible eye upon the recreant in white satin. Audrey caught the look, for which Haward cared no whit. Oh, she knew that she had no business there,—she that only the other day had gone barefoot on Darden's errands, had been kept waiting in hall or kitchen of these people's houses! She knew that, for all her silken gown, she had no place among them; but she thought that they were not kind to stare and whisper and laugh, shaming her before one another and before him. Her heart swelled; to the dreamy misery of the day and evening was added a passionate sense of hurt and wrong and injustice. Her pride awoke, and in a moment taught her many things, though among them was no distrust of him. Brought to bay, she put out her hand and found a gate; pushed it open, and entered upon her heritage of art.

The change was so sudden that those who had stared at her sourly or scornfully, or with malicious amusement or some stirrings of pity, drew their breath and gave ground a little. Where was the shrinking, frightened, unbidden guest of a moment before, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks? Here was a proud and easy and radiant lady, with witching eyes and a wonderful smile. "I am only Audrey, your Excellency," she said, and curtsied as she spoke. "My other name lies buried in a valley amongst far-off mountains." She slightly turned, and addressed herself to a portly, velvet-clad gentleman of a very

authoritative air, who, arriving late, had just shouldered himself into the group about his Excellency. "By token," she smiled, "of a gold moldore that was paid for a loaf of bread."

The new Governor appealed to his predecessor. "What is this, Colonel Spotswood, what is this?" he demanded, somewhat testily, of the opep-mouthed gentleman in velvet.

"Odso!" cried the latter. "'Tis the little maid of the sugar tree! — Marmaduke Haward's brown elf grown into the queen of all the fairies!" Crossing to Audrey, he took her by the hand. "My dear child," he said, with a benevolence that sat well upon him, "I always meant to keep an eye upon thee, to see that Mr. Haward did by thee all that he swore he would do. But at first there were cares of state, and now for five years I have lived at Germanna, halfway to thy mountains, where echoes from the world seldom reach me. Permit me, my dear." With a somewhat cumbrous gallantry, the innocent gentleman, who had just come to town and knew not the gossip thereof, bent and kissed her upon the cheek.

Audrey curtsied with a bright face to her old acquaintance of the valley and the long road thence to the settled country. "I have been cared for, sir," she said. "You see that I am happy."

She turned to Haward, and he drew her hand within his arm. "Ay, child," he said. "We are keeping others of the company from their duty to his Excellency. Besides, the minuet invites. I do not think I have heard music so sweet before to-night. Your Excellency's most obedient servant! Gentlemen, allow us to pass." The crowd opened before them, and they found themselves in the centre of the room. Two couples were walking a minuet; when they were joined by this dazzling third, the ladies bridled, bit their lips, and shot Parthian glances.

It was very fortunate, thought Au-

drey, that the Widow Constance had once, long ago, taught her to dance, and that, when they were sent to gather nuts or myrtle berries or fagots in the woods, she and Barbara were used to taking hands beneath the trees and moving with the glancing sunbeams and the nodding saplings and the swaying grapevine trailers. She that had danced to the wind in the pine tops could move with ease to the music of this night. And since it was so that with a sore and frightened and breaking heart one could yet, in some strange way, become quite another person, — any person that one chose to be, — these cruel folk should not laugh at her again! They had not laughed since, before the Governor yonder, she had suddenly made believe that she was a care-free, great lady. Well, she would make believe to them still.

Her eyes were as brilliant as Haward's that shone with fever; a smile stayed upon her lips; she moved with dignity through the stately dance, scarce erring once, graceful and fine in all that she did. Haward, enamored, his wits afire, went mechanically through the oft-trod measure, and swore to himself that he held in his hand the pearl of price, the nonpareil of earth. In this dance and under cover of the music they could speak to each other unheard of those about them.

"'Queen of all the fairies,' did he call you?" he asked. "That was well said. When we are at Fair View again, thou must show me where thou wonnest with thy court, in what moonlit haunt, by what cool streams" —

"I would I were this night at Fair View glebe house," said Audrey. "I would I were at home in the mountains."

Her voice, sunken with pain and longing, was for him alone. To the other dancers, to the crowded room at large, she seemed a brazen girl, with beauty to make a goddess, wit to mask as a great lady, effrontery to match that of

the gentleman who had brought her here. The age was free, and in that London which was dear to the hearts of the Virginians ladies of damaged reputation were not so unusual a feature of fashionable entertainments as to receive any especial notice. But Williamsburgh was not London, and the dancer yonder, who held her rose-crowned head so high, was no lady of fashion. They knew her now for that dweller at Fair View gates of whom, during the summer just past, there had been whispering enough. Evidently, it was not for naught that Mr. Marmaduke Haward had refused invitations, given no entertainments, shut himself up at Fair View, slighting old friends and evincing no desire to make new ones. Why, the girl was a servant, — nothing more nor less; she belonged to Gideon Darden, the drunken minister; she was to have married Jean Hugon, the half-breed trader. Look how the Governor, enlightened at last, glowered at her; and how red was Colonel Spotswood's face; and how Mistress Evelyn Byrd, sitting in the midst of a little court of her own, made witty talk, smiled upon her circle of adorers, and never glanced toward the centre of the room and the dancers there!

"You are so sweet and gay to-night," said Haward to Audrey. "Take your pleasure, child, for it is a sad world, and the blight will fall. I love to see you happy."

"Happy!" she answered. "I am not happy!"

"You are above them all in beauty," he went on. "There is not one here that's fit to tie your shoe."

"Oh me!" cried Audrey. "There is the lady that you love, and that loves you. Why did she look at me so, in the hall yonder? And yesterday, when she came to Mistress Stagg's, I might not touch her or speak to her! You told me that she was kind and good and pitiful. I dreamed that she might let me serve her when she came to Fair View."

"She will never come to Fair View," he said, "nor shall I go again to Westover. I am for my own house now, you brown enchantress, and my own garden, and the boat upon the river. Do you remember how sweet were our days in June? We will live them over again, and there shall come for us, besides, a fuller summer" —

"It is winter now," said Audrey, with a sobbing breath, "and cold and dark! I do not know myself, and you are strange. I beg you to let me go away. I wish to wash off this paint, to put on my own gown. I am no lady; you do wrong to keep me here. See, all the company are frowning at me! The minister will hear what I have done and be angry, and Mistress Deborah will beat me. I care not for that, but you — Oh, you have gone far away, — as far as Fair View, as far as the mountains! I am speaking to a stranger" —

In the dance their raised hands met again. "You see me, you speak to me at last," he said ardently. "That other, that cold brother of the snows, that paladin and dream knight that you yourself made and dubbed him me, — he has gone, Audrey; nay, he never was! But I myself, I am not abhorrent to you?"

"Oh," she answered, "it is all dark! I cannot see — I cannot understand" —

The time allotted to minuets having elapsed, the music ceased, and the performers withdrew to a deep window looking out upon the gardens. The master of ceremonies, who had been summoned a moment before to the Governor's side, now came mincing through the crowd, and addressed himself in a low voice to Haward: "My painful duty, sir, — his Excellency the Governor desires Mr. Marmaduke Haward to withdraw with this uninvited lady from the assembly. His Excellency may not here and now further resent the indignity which Mr. Haward has put upon his Excellency's guests, but to-morrow" —

Haward looked at his Excellency's mouthpiece with eyes that saw nothing beyond the fantasies of his fevered brain's creating. "Fellow, you forget yourself," he said serenely. "If 't were worth my while, I would chastise you. His Excellency is my very good friend, and I myself invited the lady. She is my ward, and fair and noble."

Waving aside the amazed and indignant functionary, he turned to Audrey. "Here is the music again, child, and we must dance with the rest of the world. You shall have pleasure to your heart's content." He touched the roses in her hair. "They are withering in this heat, — it is a stifling night. Why have the servants lit so many candles? See, there are scores of fresh ones burning!"

"There are no more than at first," said Audrey wonderingly.

The musicians playing an ancient, lively air, a number of ladies and gentlemen, young, gayly dressed, and light of heart as of heels, engaged in a country dance. When they were joined by Mr. Marmaduke Haward and his shameless companion, there arose a great rustling and whispering. A young girl in green taffeta was dancing alone, wreathing in and out between the silken, gleaming couples, coquetting with the men by means of fan and eyes, but taking hands and moving a step or two with each sister of the dance. When she approached Audrey, the latter smiled and extended her hand, because that was the way the lady nearest her had done. But the girl in green stared coldly, put her hand behind her, and, with the very faintest salute to Mr. Marmaduke Haward, danced on her way. For one moment the smile died on Audrey's lips; then it came resolutely back, and she held her head high.

The men, forming in two rows, drew their rapiers with a flourish, and, crossing them high overhead, made an arch of steel under which the women must pass. Haward's blade touched that of his acquaintance of the hall. "I have

been leaning upon the back of a lady's chair," said the latter gruffly, under cover of the music and the clashing steel, — "a lady dressed in rose color, who's as generous (to all save one poor devil) as she is fair. I promised her I would take her message; the Lord knows I would go to the bottom of the sea to give her pleasure! She says that you are not yourself; begs that you will go quietly away" —

An exclamation from the man next him, and a loud murmur mixed with some laughter from those in the crowded room who were watching the dancers, caused the gentleman to break off in the middle of his message. He glanced over his shoulder; then, with a shrug, turned to his vis-à-vis in white satin. "Now you see that 't will not answer, — not in Virginia. The women — bless them! — have a way of cutting Gordian knots" —

A score of ladies, one treading in the footsteps of another, should have passed beneath the flashing swords. But there had thrust itself into their company a plague spot, and the girl in green taffeta and a matron in silver brocade, between whom stood the hateful presence, indignantly stepped out of line and declined to dance. The fear of infection spreading like wildfire, the ranks refused to close, and the company was thrown into confusion. Suddenly the girl in green, by nature a leader of her kind, walked away, with a toss of her head, from the huddle of those who were uncertain what to do, and joined her friends among the spectators, who received her with acclaim. The sound and her example were warranty enough for the cohort she had quitted. A moment, and it was in virtuous retreat, and the dance was broken up.

The gentlemen, who saw themselves summarily deserted, abruptly lowered their swords. One laughed; another, flown with wine, gave utterance to some coarse pleasantry; a third called to the musicians to stop the music. Darden's

Audrey stood alone, brave in her beautiful borrowed dress and the color that could not leave her cheeks. But her lips had whitened, the smile was gone, and her eyes were like those of a hunted deer. She looked mutely about her: how could she understand, who trusted so completely, who lived in a labyrinth without a clue, who had built her dream world so securely that she had left no way of egress for herself? These were cruel people! She was mad to get away, to tear off this strange dress, to fling herself down in the darkness, in the woods, hiding her face against the earth! But though she was only Audrey and so poor a thing, she had for her portion a dignity and fineness of nature that was a stay to her steps. Barbara, though not so poor and humble a maid, might have burst into tears, and run crying from the room and the house; but to do that Audrey would have been ashamed. It was easier to stand there; and when Haward called her name, bidding her to his side, she went as quietly and proudly as a king's daughter.

"It was you, Mr. Corbin, that laughed, I think?" said Haward. "To-morrow I shall send to know the reason of your mirth. Mr. Everard, you will answer to me for that pretty oath. Mr. Travis, there rests the lie that you uttered just now: stoop and take it again." He flung his glove at Mr. Travis's feet.

A great hubbub and exclamation arose. Mr. Travis lifted the glove with the point of his rapier, and in a loud voice repeated the assertion which had given umbrage to Mr. Haward of Fair View. That gentleman sprang unsteadily forward, and the blades of the two crossed in dead earnest. A moment, and the men were forced apart; but by this time the whole room was in commotion. The musicians craned their necks over the gallery rail, a woman screamed, and half a dozen gentlemen of years and authority started from the crowd of witnesses to the affair and made toward the centre of the

room, with an eye to preventing further trouble. Where much wine had been drunken and twenty rapiers were out, matters might go from bad to worse.

Another was before them. A lady in rose color had risen from her chair and glided across the polished floor to the spot where trouble was brewing. "Gentlemen, for shame!" she cried. Her voice was bell-like in its clear sweetness, final in its grave rebuke and its recall to sense and decency. She was Mistress Evelyn Byrd, who held sovereignty in Virginia, and at the sound of her voice, the command of her raised hand, the clamor suddenly ceased, and the angry group, parting, fell back as from the presence of its veritable queen.

Evelyn went up to Audrey and took her by the hand. "I am not tired of dancing, as were those ladies who have left us," she said, with a smile, and in a sweet and friendly voice. "See, the gentlemen are waiting! Let us finish out this measure, you and me."

At her gesture of command the lines that had so summarily broken re-formed. Back into the old air swung the musicians; up went the swords, crossing overhead with a ringing sound, and beneath the long arch of protecting steel moved to the music the two women, the dark beauty and the fair, the princess and the herdgirl. Evelyn led, and Audrey, following, knew that now indeed she was walking in a dream. From the throng of spectators burst a sudden storm of applause that was all for Mistress Evelyn Byrd.

A very few moments, and the measure was finished. A smile, a curtsy, a wave of Evelyn's hand, and the dancers, disbanding, left the floor. Mr. Corbin, Mr. Everard, and Mr. Travis, each had a word to say to Mr. Haward of Fair View, as they passed that gentleman.

Haward heard, and answered to the point; but when presently Evelyn said, "Let us go into the garden," and he found himself moving with her and with

Audrey through the buzzing, staring crowd toward the door of the Governor's house, he thought that it was into Fair View garden they were about to descend. And when they came out upon the broad, torchlit walk, and he saw gay parties of ladies and gentlemen straying here and there beneath the trees, he thought it strange that he had forgotten that he had guests this night. As for the sound of the river below his terrace, he had never heard so loud a murmur. It grew and filled the night, making thin and far away the voices of his guests.

There was a coach at the gates, and Mr. Grymes, who awhile ago had told him that he had a message to deliver, was at the coach door. Evelyn had her hand upon his arm, and her voice was speaking to him from as far away as across the river. "I am leaving the ball," it said, "and I will take the girl in my coach to the place where she is staying. Promise me that you will not go back to the house yonder; promise me that you will go away with Mr. Grymes, who is also weary of the ball" —

"Oh," said Mr. Grymes lightly, "Mr. Haward agrees with me that Marot's best room, cool and quiet, a bottle of Burgundy, and a hand at piquet are more alluring than the heat and babel we have left. We are going at once, Mistress Evelyn. Haward, I propose that on our way to Marot's we knock up Dr. Contesse, and make him free of our company."

As he spoke, he handed into the coach the lady in flowered damask, who had held up her head, but said no word, and the lady in rose-colored brocade, who, through the length of the ballroom and the hall and the broad walk where people passed and repassed, had kept her hand in Audrey's, and had talked, easily and with smiles, to the two attending gentlemen. He shut to the coach door, and drew back, with a low bow, when Haward's deeply flushed, handsome face appeared for a moment at the lowered glass.

"Art away to Westover, Evelyn?" he asked. "Then 'tis 'Good-by, sweetheart!' for I shall not go to Westover again. But you have a fair road to travel, — there are violets by the way-side; for it is May Day, you know, and the woods are white with dogwood and purple with the Judas tree. The violets are for you; but the great white blossoms, and the boughs of rosy mist, and all the trees that wave in the wind are for Audrey." His eyes passed the woman whom he would have wed, and rested upon her companion in the coach. "Thou fair dryad!" he said. "Two days hence we will keep tryst beneath the beech tree in the woods beyond the glebe house."

The man beside him put a hand upon his shoulder and plucked him back, nor would look at Evelyn's drawn and whitened face, but called to the coachman to go on. The black horses put themselves into motion, the equipage made a wide turn, and the lights of the Palace were left behind.

Evelyn lodged in a house upon the outskirts of the town, but from the Palace to Mistress Stagg's was hardly more than a stone's throw. Not until the coach was drawing near the small white house did either of the women speak. Then Audrey broke into an inarticulate murmur, and stooping would have pressed her cheek against the hand that had clasped hers only a little while before. But Evelyn snatched her hand away, and with a gesture of passionate repulsion shrank into her corner of the coach. "Oh, how dare you touch me!" she cried. "How dare you look at me, you serpent that have stung me so!" Able to endure no longer, she suddenly gave way to angry laughter. "Do you think I did it for you, — put such humiliation upon myself for you? Why, you wanton, I care not if you stand in white at every church door in Virginia! It was for him, for Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View, for whose name and fame, if

he cares not for them himself, his friends have yet some care!" The coach stopped, and the footman opened the door. "Descend, if you please," went on Evelyn clearly and coldly. "You have had your triumph. I say not there is no excuse for him, — you are very beautiful. Good-night."

Audrey stood between the lilac bushes and watched the coach turn from Palace into Duke of Gloucester Street; then went and knocked at the green door. It was opened by Mistress Stagg in person, who drew her into the parlor, where the good-natured woman had been sitting all alone, and in increasing alarm as to what might be the outcome of this whim of Mr. Marmaduke Haward's. Now she was full of inquiries, ready to admire and to nod approval, or to shake her head and cry, "I told you so!" according to the turn of the girl's recital.

But Audrey had little to say, little to tell. Yes, oh yes, it had been a very grand sight. . . . Yes, Mr. Haward was kind; he had always been kind to her. . . . She had come home with Mistress Evelyn Byrd in her coach. . . . Might she go now to her room? She would fold the dress very carefully.

Mistress Stagg let her go, for indeed there was no purpose to be served in keeping her, seeing that the girl was clearly dazed; spoke without knowing what she said, and stood astare like one of Mrs. Salmon's beautiful wax ladies. She would hear all about it in the morning, when the child had slept off her excitement. They at the Palace could n't have taken her presence much amiss, or she would never in the world have come home in the Westover coach.

XXI.

AUDREY AWAKES.

There had lately come to Virginia, and to the convention of its clergy at Wil-

liamsburgh, one Mr. Eliot, a minister after the heart of a large number of sober and godly men whose reputation as a body suffered at the hands of Mr. Darden of Fair View parish, Mr. Bailey of Newport, Mr. Worden of Lawn's Creek, and a few kindred spirits. Certainly Mr. Eliot was not like these; so erect, indeed, did he hold himself in the strait and narrow path that his most admiring brethren, being, as became good Virginians, somewhat easy-going in their saintliness, were inclined to think that he leaned too far the other way. It was commendable to hate sin and reprove the sinner; but when it came to raining condemnation upon horse racing, dancing, Cato at the playhouse, and like innocent diversions, Mr. Eliot was surely somewhat out of bounds. The most part accounted for his turn of mind by the fact that ere he came to Virginia he had been a sojourner in New England.

He was mighty in the pulpit, was Mr. Eliot; no droning reader of last year's sermons, but a thunderer forth of speech that was now acrid, now fiery, but that always came from an impassioned nature, vehement for the damnation of those whom God so strangely spared. When, as had perforce happened during the past week, he must sit with his brethren in the congregation and listen to lukewarm — nay, to dead and cold adjurations and expoundings, his very soul itched to mount the pulpit stairs, thrust down the Laodicean that chanced to occupy it, and himself awaken as with the sound of a trumpet this people who slept upon the verge of a precipice, between hell that gaped below and God who sat on high, serenely regardful of his creatures' plight. Though so short a time in Virginia, he was already become a man of note, the prophet not without honor, whom it was the fashion to admire, if not to follow. It was therefore natural enough that the Commissary, himself a man of plain speech

from the pulpit, should appoint him to preach in Bruton church this Sunday morning, before his Excellency the Governor, the worshipful the Council, the clergy in convention, and as much of Williamsburgh, gentle and simple, as could crowd into the church. Mr. Eliot took the compliment as an answer to prayer, and chose for his text Daniel fifth and twenty-seventh.

Lodging as he did on Palace Street, the early hours of the past night, which he would have given to prayer and meditation, had been profaned by strains of music from the Governor's house, by laughter and swearing and much going to and fro in the street beneath his window. These disturbances filling him with righteous wrath, he came down to his breakfast next morning prepared to give his hostess, who kept him company at table, line and verse which should demonstrate that Jehovah shared his anger.

"Ay, sir!" she cried. "And if that were all, sir" — and like water from a bottle out came a colored narration of the occurrence at the Governor's ball. This was followed by a wonderfully circumstantial account of Mr. Marmaduke Haward's sins of omission against old and new acquaintances who would have entertained him at their houses, and been entertained in turn at Fair View, and by as detailed a description of the toils that had been laid for him by that audacious piece who had forced herself upon the company last night.

Mr. Eliot listened aghast, and mentally emended his sermon. If he knew Virginia, even so flagrant a case as this might never come before a vestry. Should this woman go unreprieved? When in due time he was in the church, and the congregation was gathering, he beckoned to him one of the sidesmen, asked a question, and when it was answered looked fixedly at a dark girl sitting far away in a pew beneath the gallery.

It was a fine, sunny morning, with a

tang of autumn in the air, and the concourse within the church was very great. The clergy showed like a wedge of black driven into the bright colors with which nave and transept overflowed. His Excellency the Governor sat in state, with the Council on either hand. One member of that body was not present. Well-nigh all Williamsburgh knew by now that Mr. Marmaduke Haward lay at Marot's ordinary ill of a raging fever. Hooped petticoat and fragrant bodice found reason for whispering to laced coat and periwig; significant glances traveled from every quarter of the building toward the tall pew where, collected but somewhat palely smiling, sat Mistress Evelyn Byrd beside her father. All this was before or during the service. When the minister of the day mounted the pulpit, and, gaunt against the great black sounding-board, gave out his text in a solemn and ringing voice, such was the genuine power of the man that every face was turned toward him, and throughout the building there fell a sudden hush.

Audrey looked with the rest, but she could not have said that she listened; — not at first. She was there because she always went to church on Sunday. It had not occurred to her to ask that she might stay at home. She had come from her room that morning with the same still face, the same strained and startled look about the eyes, that she had carried to it the night before. Black Peggy, who found her bed unslept in, thought that she must have sat the night through beside the window. Mistress Stagg, meeting her at the stairfoot with the tidings (just gathered from the lips of a passer-by) of Mr. Haward's illness, thought that the girl took the news very quietly. She made no exclamation, said nothing good or bad; only drew her hand across her brow and eyes, as though she strove to thrust away a veil or mist that troubled her. This gesture she repeated now and again during the hour before church time.

Mistress Stagg heard no more of the ball this morning than she had heard the night before. Something ailed the girl. She was not sullen, but she could not or would not talk. Perhaps, despite the fact of the Westover coach, she had not been kindly used at the Palace. The exactress pursed her lips, and confided to her Mirabell that times were not what they once were. Had she not, at Bath, been given a ticket to the Saturday ball by my Lord Squander himself? Ay, and she had footed it, too, in the country dance, with the best of them, with captains and French counts and gentlemen and ladies of title, — ay, and had gone down the middle with the very pattern of Sir Harry Wildair! To be sure, no one had ever breathed a word against her character; but, for her part, she believed no great harm of Audrey, either. Look at the girl's eyes, now: they were like a child's or a saint's.

Mirabell nodded and looked wise, but said nothing.

When the church bells rang Audrey was ready, and she walked to church with Mistress Stagg much as, the night before, she had walked between the lilacs to the green door when the Westover coach had passed from her sight. Now she sat in the church much as she had sat at the window the night through. She did not know that people had looked at her; nor had she caught the venomous glance of Mistress Deborah, already in the pew, and aware of more than had come to her friend's ears.

Audrey was not listening, was scarcely thinking. Her hands were crossed in her lap, and now and then she raised one and made the motion of pushing aside from her eyes something heavy that clung and blinded. What part of her spirit that was not wholly darkened and folded within itself was back in the mountains of her childhood, with those of her own blood whom she had loved and lost. What use to try to understand to-day, — to-day with its falling skies, its

bewildered pondering over the words that were said to her last night? And the morrow, — she must leave that. Perhaps when it should dawn he would come to her, and call her "little maid," and laugh at her dreadful dream. But now, while it was to-day, she could not think of him without an agony of pain and bewilderment. He was ill, too, and suffering. Oh, she must leave the thought of him alone! Back then to the long yesterdays she traveled, and played quietly, dreamily, with Robin on the green grass beside the shining stream, or sat on the doorstep, her head on Molly's lap, and watched the evening star behind the Endless Mountains.

It was very quiet in the church save for that one great voice speaking. Little by little the voice impressed itself upon her consciousness. The eyes of her mind were upon long ranges of mountains distinct against the splendor of a sunset sky. Last seen in childhood, viewed now through the illusion of the years, the mountains were vastly higher than nature had planned them; the streamers of light shot to the zenith; the black forests were still; everywhere a fixed glory, a gigantic silence, a holding of the breath for things to happen.

By degrees the voice in her ears fitted in with the landscape, became, so solemn and ringing it was, like the voice of the archangel of that sunset land. Audrey listened at last; and suddenly the mountains were gone, and the light from the sky, and her people were dead and dust away in that hidden valley, and she was sitting in the church at Williamsburgh, alone, without a friend.

What was the preacher saying? What ball of the night before was he describing with bitter power, the while he gave warning of handwriting upon the wall such as had menaced Belshazzar's feast of old? Of what shameless girl was he telling, — what creature dressed in silks that should have gone in rags, brought to that ball by her paramour —

The gaunt figure in the pulpit trembled like a leaf with the passion of the preacher's convictions and the energy of his utterance. On had gone the stream of rhetoric, the denunciations, the satire, the tremendous assertions of God's mind and purposes. The lash that was wielded was far-reaching; all the vices of the age — irreligion, blasphemy, drunkenness, extravagance, vainglory, loose living — fell under its sting. The condemnation was general, and each man looked to see his neighbor wince. The occurrence at the ball last night, — he was on that for final theme, was he? There was a slight movement throughout the congregation. Some glanced to where would have sat Mr. Marmaduke Haward, had not the gentleman been at present in his bed, raving now of a great run of luck at the Cocoa Tree; now of an Indian who, with his knee upon his breast, was throttling him to death. Others looked over their shoulders to see if that gypsy yet sat beneath the gallery. Colonel Byrd took out his snuffbox and studied the picture on the lid, while his daughter sat like a carven lady, with a slight smile upon her lips.

On went the word picture that showed how vice could flaunt it in so fallen an age. The preacher spared not plain words, squarely turned himself toward the gallery, pointed out with voice and hand the object of his censure and of God's wrath. Had the law pilloried the girl before them all, it had been but little worse for her. She sat like a statue, staring with wide eyes at the window above the altar. This, then, was what the words in the coach last night had meant — this was what the princess thought — this was what his world thought —

There arose a commotion in the ranks of the clergy of Virginia. The Rev. Gideon Darden, quitting with an oath the company of his brethren, came down the aisle, and, pushing past his wife, took his stand in the pew beside the orphan who had lived beneath his roof, whom during

many years he had cursed upon occasion and sometimes struck, and whom he had latterly made his tool. "Never mind him, Audrey, my girl," he said, and put an unsteady hand upon her shoulder. "You're a good child; they cannot harm ye."

He turned his great shambling body and heavy face toward the preacher, stemmed in the full tide of his eloquence by this unseemly interruption. "Ye beggarly Scot!" he exclaimed thickly. "Ye evil-thinking saint from Salem way, that know the very lining of the Lord's mind, and yet, walking through his earth, see but a poisonous weed in his every harmless flower! Shame on you to beat down the flower that never did you harm! The girl's as innocent a thing as lives! Ay, I've had my dram, — the more shame to you that are justly rebuked out of the mouth of a drunken man! I have done, Mr. Commissary," addressing himself to that dignitary, who had advanced to the altar rail with his arm raised in a command for silence. "I've no child of my own, thank God! but the maid has grown up in my house, and I'll not sit to hear her belied. I've heard of last night: 't was the mad whim of a sick man. The girl's as guiltless of wrong as any lady here. I, Gideon Darden, vouch for it!"

He sat heavily down beside Audrey, who never stirred from her still regard of that high window. There was a moment of portentous silence; then, "Let us pray," said the minister from the pulpit.

Audrey knelt with the rest, but she did not pray. And when it was all over, and the benediction had been given, and she found herself without the church, she looked at the green trees against the clear autumnal skies and at the graves in the churchyard as though it were a new world into which she had stepped. She could not have said that she found it fair. Her place had been so near the door that well-nigh all the congregation

was behind her, streaming out of the church, eager to reach the open air, where it might discuss the sermon, the futile and scandalous interruption by the notorious Mr. Darden, and what Mr. Marmaduke Haward might have said or done had he been present.

Only Mistress Staggs kept beside her; for Mistress Deborah hung back, unwilling to be seen in her company, and Darden, from that momentary awakening of his better nature, had sunk to himself again, and thought not how else he might aid this wounded member of his household. But Mistress Mary Staggs was a kindly soul, whose heart had led her comfortably through life with very little appeal to her head. The two or three young women — Oldfields and Porters of the Virginian stage — who were under indentures to her husband and herself found her as much their friend as mistress. Their triumphs in the petty playhouse of this town of a thousand souls were hers, and what woes they had came quickly to her ears. Now she would have slipped her hand into Audrey's and have given garrulous comfort, as the two passed alone through the churchyard gate and took their way up Palace Street toward the small white house. But Audrey gave not her hand, did not answer, made no moan, neither justified herself nor blamed another. She did not speak at all, but after the first glance about her moved like a sleep-walker.

When the house was reached she went up to the bedroom. Mistress Deborah, entering stormily ten minutes later, found herself face to face with a strange Audrey, who, standing in the middle of the floor, raised her hand for silence in a gesture so commanding that the virago stayed her tirade, and stood open-mouthed.

"I wish to speak," said the new Audrey. "I was waiting for you. There's a question I wish to ask, and I'll ask it of you who were never kind to me."

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"Never kind to her!" cried the minister's wife to the four walls. "And she's been taught, and pampered, and treated more like a daughter than the beggar wench she is! And this is my return, — to sit by her in church to-day, and have all Virginia think her belonging to me" —

"I belong to no one," said Audrey. "Even God does not want me. Be quiet until I have done." She made again the gesture of pushing aside from face and eyes the mist that clung and blinded. "I know now what they say," she went on. "The preacher told me awhile ago. Last night a lady spoke to me: now I know what was her meaning. Because Mr. Haward, who saved my life, who brought me from the mountains, who left me, when he sailed away, where he thought I would be happy, was kind to me when he came again after so many years; because he has often been to the glebe house, and I to Fair View; because last night he would have me go with him to the Governor's ball, they think — they say out loud for all the people to hear — that I — that I am like Joan, who was whipped last month at the Court House. But it is not of the lies they tell that I wish to speak."

Her hand went again to her forehead, then dropped at her side. A look of fear and of piteous appeal came into her face. "The witch said that I dreamed, and that it was not well for dreamers to awaken." Suddenly the quiet of her voice and bearing was broken. With a cry, she hurried across the room, and, kneeling, caught at the other's gown. "Ah! that is no dream, is it? No dream that he is my friend, only my friend who has always been sorry for me, has always helped me! He is the noblest gentleman, the truest, the best — he loves the lady at Westover — they are to be married — he never knew what people were saying — he was not himself when he spoke to me so last night" —

Her eyes appealed to the face above her.

"I could never have dreamed all this," she said. "Tell me that I was awake."

The minister's wife looked down upon her with a bitter smile. "So you've had your fool's paradise? Well, once I had mine, though 't was not your kind. 'T is a pretty country, Audrey, but it's not long before they turn you out." She laughed somewhat drearily, then in a moment turned shrew again. "He never knew what people were saying?" she cried. "You little fool, do you suppose he cared? 'T was you that played your cards all wrong with your Governor's ball last night! — setting up for a lady, forsooth! — bringing all the town about your ears! You might have known that he would never have taken you there in his senses. At Fair View things went very well. He was entertained, — and I meant to see that no harm came of it, — and Darden got his support in the vestry. For he was bit, — there's no doubt of that, — though what he ever saw in you more than big eyes and a brown skin, the Lord knows, not I! Only your friend! — a fine gentleman just from London, with a whole Canterbury book of stories about his life there, to spend a'most a summer on the road between his plantation and a wretched glebe house because he was only your friend, and had saved you from the Indians when you were a child, and wished to be kind to you still! I'll tell you who did wish to be kind to you, and that's Jean Hugon, the trader, who wanted to marry you."

Audrey rose to her feet, and moved slowly backward to the wall. Mistress Deborah went shrilly on: "I dare swear you believe that Mr. Haward had you in mind all the years he was gone from Virginia? Well, he did n't. He puts you with Darden and me, and he says, 'There's the strip of Orenoko down by the swamp, — I've told my agent that you're to have from it so many pounds a year;' and he sails away to London and all the fine things there, and never thinks

of you more until he comes back to Virginia and sees you last May Day at Jamestown. Next morning he comes riding to the glebe house. 'And so,' he says to Darden, 'and so my little maid that I brought for trophy out of the Appalachian Mountains is a woman grown? Faith, I'd quite forgot the child; but Saunderson tells me that you have not forgot to draw upon my Orenoko.' That's all the remembrance you were held in, Audrey."

She paused to take breath, and to look with shrewish triumph at the girl who leaned against the wall. "I like not waking up," said Audrey as to herself. "It were easier to die. Perhaps I am dying."

"And then out he walks to find and talk to you, and in sets your pretty summer of all play and no work!" went on the other, in a high voice. "Oh, there was kindness enough, once you had caught his fancy! I wonder if the lady at Westover praised his kindness? They say she is a proud young lady: I wonder if she liked your being at the ball last night? When she comes to Fair View, I'll take my oath that you'll walk no more in its garden! But perhaps she won't come now, — though her maid Chloe told Mistress Bray's Martha that she certainly loves him" —

"I would I were dead," said Audrey. "I would I were dead, like Molly." She stood up straight against the wall, and pushed her heavy hair from her forehead. "Be quiet now," she said. "You see that I am awake; there is no need for further calling. I shall not dream again." She looked at the older woman doubtfully. "Would you mind," she suggested, — "would you be so very kind as to leave me alone, to sit here awake for a while? I have to get used to it, you know. To-morrow, when we go back to the glebe house, I will work the harder. It must be easy to work when one is awake. Dreaming takes so much time."

Mistress Deborah could hardly have

told why she did as she was asked. Perhaps the very strangeness of the girl made her uncomfortable in her presence; perhaps in her sour and withered heart there was yet some little soundness of pity and comprehension; or perhaps it was only that she had said her say, and was anxious to get to her friends below, and shake from her soul the dust of any possible complicity with circumstance in moulding the destinies of Darden's Audrey. Be that as it may, when she had flung her hood upon the bed and had looked at herself in the cracked glass above the dresser, she went out of the room, and closed the door somewhat softly behind her.

XXII.

BY THE RIVERSIDE.

"Yea, I am glad — I and my father and mother and Ephraim — that thee is returned to Fair View," answered Truelove. "And has thee truly no shoes of plain and sober stuffs? These be much too gaudy."

"There's a pair of black callimanco," said the storekeeper reluctantly; "but these of flowered silk would so become your feet, or this red-heeled pair with the buckles, or this of fine morocco. Did you think of me every day that I spent in Williamsburgh?"

"I prayed for thee every day," said Truelove simply. — "for thee and for the sick man who had called thee to his side. Let me see thy callimanco shoes. Thee knows that I may not wear these others."

The storekeeper brought the plainest footgear that his stock afforded. "They are of a very small size, — perhaps too small. Had you not better try them ere you buy? I could get a larger pair from Mr. Carter's store."

Truelove seated herself upon a convenient stool, and lifted her gray skirt

an inch above a slender ankle. "Perchance they may not be too small," she said, and in despite of her training and the whiteness of her soul two dimples made their appearance above the corners of her pretty mouth. MacLean knelt to remove the worn shoe, but found in the shoe strings an obstinate knot. The two had the store to themselves; for Ephraim waited for his sister at the landing, rocking in his boat on the bosom of the river, watching a flight of wild geese drawn like a snowy streamer across the dark blue sky. It was late autumn, and the forest was dressed in flame color.

"Thy fingers move so slowly that I fear thee is not well," said Truelove kindly. "They that have nursed men with fever do often fall ill themselves. Will thee not see a physician?"

MacLean, sanguine enough in hue, and no more gaunt of body than usual, worked languidly on. "I trust no lowland physician," he said. "In my own country, if I had need, I would send to the foot of Dun-da-gu for black Murdoch, whose fathers have been physicians to the MacLeans of Duart since the days of Galethus. The little man in this parish, — his father was a lawyer, his grandfather a merchant; he knows not what was his great-grandfather! There, the shoe is untied! If I came every day to your father's house, and if your mother gave me to drink of her elder-flower wine, and if I might sit on the sunny doorstep and watch you at your spinning, I should, I think, recover."

He slipped upon her foot the shoe of black cloth. Truelove regarded it gravely. "'T is not too small, after all," she said. "And does thee not think it more comely than these other, with their silly pomp of colored heels and blossoms woven in the silk?" She indicated with her glance the vainglorious row upon the bench beside her; then looked down at the little foot in its sombre covering and sighed.

"I think that thy foot would be fair

in the shoe of Donald Ross!" cried the storekeeper, and kissed the member which he praised.

Truelove drew back, her cheeks very pink, and the dimples quite uncertain whether to go or stay. "Thee is idle in thy behavior," she said severely. "I do think that thee is of the generation that will not learn. I pray thee to expeditiously put back my own shoe, and to give me in a parcel the callimanco pair."

MacLean set himself to obey, though with the expedition of a tortoise. Crisp autumn air and vivid sunshine pouring in at window and door filled and lit the store. The doorway framed a picture of blue sky, slow-moving water, and ragged landing; the window gave upon crimson sumac and the gold of a sycamore. Truelove, in her gray gown and close white cap, sat in the midst of the bouquet of colors afforded by the motley lining of the Fair View store, and gazed through the window at the riotous glory of this world. At last she looked at MacLean. "When, a year ago, thee was put to mind this store, and I, coming here to buy, made thy acquaintance," she said softly, "thee wore always so stern and sorrowful a look that my heart bled for thee. I knew that thee was unhappy. Is thee unhappy still?"

MacLean tied the shoe strings with elaborate care; then rose from his knees, and stood looking down from his great height upon the Quaker maiden. His face was softened, and when he spoke it was with a gentle voice. "No," he said, "I am not unhappy as at first I was. My king is an exile, and my chief is forfeited. I suppose that my father is dead. Ewin Mackinnon, my foe upon whom I swore revenge, lived untroubled by me, and died at another's hands. My country is closed against me; I shall never see it more. I am named a rebel, and chained to this soil, this dull and sluggish land, where from year's end to year's end the key keeps the house and the furze bush keeps the cow. The best years of

my manhood — years in which I should have acquired honor — have gone from me here. There was a man of my name amongst those gentlemen, old officers of Dundee, who in France did not disdain to serve as private sentinels, that their maintenance might not burden a king as unfortunate as themselves. That MacLean fell in the taking of an island in the Rhine which to this day is called the Island of the Scots, so bravely did these gentlemen bear themselves. They made their lowly station honorable; marshals and princes applauded their deeds. The man of my name was unfortunate, but not degraded; his life was not amiss, and his death was glorious. But I, Angus MacLean, son and brother of chieftains, I serve as a slave; giving obedience where in nature it is not due, laboring in an alien land for that which profiteth not, looking to die peacefully in my bed! I should be no less than most unhappy."

He sat down upon the bench beside Truelove, and taking the hem of her apron began to plait it between his fingers. "But to-day," he said, — "but to-day the sky seems blue, the sunshine bright. Why is that, Truelove?"

Truelove, with her eyes cast down and a deeper wild rose in her cheeks, opined that it was because Friend Marmaduke Haward was well of his fever, and had that day returned to Fair View. "Friend Lewis Contesse did tell my father, when he was in Williamsburgh, that thee made a tenderer nurse than any woman, and that he did think that Marmaduke Haward owed his life to thee. I am glad that thee has made friends with him whom men foolishly call thy master."

"Credit to that the blue sky," said the storekeeper whimsically; "there is yet the sunshine to be accounted for. This room did not look so bright half an hour syne."

But Truelove shook her head, and would not reckon further; instead heard

Ephraim calling, and gently drew her apron from the Highlander's clasp. "There will be a meeting of Friends at our house next fourth day," she said, in her most dovelike tones, as she rose and held out her hand for her new shoes. "Will thee come, Angus? Thee will be edified, for Friend Sarah Story, who hath the gift of prophecy, will be there, and we do think to hear of great things. Thee will come?"

"By St. Kattan, that will I!" exclaimed the storekeeper, with suspicious readiness. "The meeting lasts not long, does it? When the Friends are gone there will be reward? I mean I may sit on the doorstep and watch you—and watch *thee*—spin?"

Truelove dimpled once more, took her shoes, and would have gone her way sedately and alone, but MacLean must needs keep her company to the end of the landing and the waiting Ephraim. The latter, as he rowed away from the Fair View store, remarked upon his sister's looks: "What makes thy cheeks so pink, Truelove, and thy eyes so big and soft?"

Truelove did not know; thought that mayhap 't was the sunshine and the blowing wind.

The sun still shone, but the wind had fallen, when, two hours later, MacLean pocketed the key of the store, betook himself again to the water's edge, and entering a small boat, first turned it sunwise for luck's sake, then rowed slowly downstream to the great-house landing. Here he found a handful of negroes—boatmen and house servants—basking in the sunlight. Juba was of the number, and at MacLean's call scrambled to his feet and came to the head of the steps. "No, sah, Marse Duke not on de place. He order Mirza an' ride off"—a pause—"an' ride off to de glebe house. Yes, sah, I done tol' him he ought to rest. Goin' to wait tel he come back?"

"No," answered MacLean, with a

darkened face. "Tell him I will come to the great house to-night."

In effect, the storekeeper was now, upon Fair View plantation, master of his own time and person. Therefore, when he left the landing, he did not row back to the store, but, it being pleasant upon the water, kept on downstream, gliding beneath the drooping branches of red and russet and gold. When he came to the mouth of the little creek that ran past Haward's garden, he rested upon his oars, and with a frowning face looked up its silver reaches.

The sun was near its setting, and a still and tranquil light lay upon the water that was glassy smooth. Rowing close to the bank, the Highlander saw through the gold fretwork of the leaves above him far spaces of pale blue sky. All was quiet, windless, listlessly fair. A few birds were on the wing, and far toward the opposite shore an idle sail seemed scarce to hold its way. Presently the trees gave place to a grassy shore, rimmed by a fiery vine that strove to cool its leaves in the flood below. Behind it was a little rise of earth, a green hillock, fresh and vernal in the midst of the flame-colored autumn. In shape it was like those hills in his native land which the Highlander knew to be tenanted by the *daoine shì*, the men of peace. There, in glittering chambers beneath the earth, they dwelt, a potent, eerie, gossamer folk, and thence, men and women, they issued at times to deal balefully with the mortal race.

A woman was seated upon the hillock, quiet as a shadow, her head resting on her hand, her eyes upon the river. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, slight of figure, and utterly, mournfully still, sitting alone in the fading light, with the northern sky behind her, for the moment she wore to the Highlander an aspect not of earth, and he was startled. Then he saw that it was but Darden's Audrey. She watched the water where it gleamed far off, and did not see him in his boat below the

scarlet vines. Nor when, after a moment's hesitation, he fastened the boat to a cedar stump, and stepped ashore, did she pay any heed. It was not until he spoke to her, standing where he could have touched her with his outstretched hand, that she moved or looked his way.

"How long since you left the glebe house?" he demanded abruptly.

"The sun was high," she answered, in a slow, even voice, with no sign of surprise at finding herself no longer alone. "I have been sitting here for a long time. I thought that Hugon might be coming this afternoon. . . . There is no use in hiding, but I thought if I stole down here he might not find me very soon."

Her voice died away, and she looked again at the water. The storekeeper sat down upon the bank, between the hillock and the fiery vine, and his keen eyes watched her closely. "The river," she said at last, — "I like to watch it. There was a time when I loved the woods, but now I see that they are ugly. Now, when I can steal away, I come to the river always. I watch it and watch it, and think. . . . All that you give it is taken so surely, and hurried away, and buried out of sight forever. A little while ago I pulled a spray of farewell summer, and went down there where the bank shelves and gave it to the river. It was gone in a moment for all that the stream seems so stealthy and slow."

"The stream comes from afar," said the Highlander. "In the west, beneath the sun, it may be a torrent flashing through the mountains."

"The mountains!" cried Audrey. "Ah, they are uglier than the woods, — black and terrible! Once I loved them, too, but that was long ago." She put her chin upon her hand, and again studied the river. "Long ago," she said, beneath her breath.

There was a silence; then, "Mr. Haward is at Fair View again," announced the storekeeper.

The girl's face twitched.

"He has been nigh to death," went on her informant. "There were days when I looked for no morrow for him; one night when I held above his lips a mirror, and hardly thought to see the breath-stain."

Audrey laughed. "He can fool even Death, can he not?" The laugh was light and mocking, a tinkling, elvish sound which the Highlander frowned to hear. A book, worn and dog-eared, lay near her on the grass. He took it up and turned the leaves; then put it by, and glanced uneasily at the slender, brown-clad form seated upon the fairy mound.

"That is strange reading," he said.

Audrey looked at the book listlessly. "The schoolmaster gave it to me. It tells of things as they are, all stripped of make-believe, and shows how men love only themselves, and how ugly and mean is the world when we look at it aright. The schoolmaster says that to look at it aright you must not dream; you must stay awake," — she drew her hand across her brow and eyes, — "you must stay awake."

"I had rather dream," said MacLean shortly. "I have no love for your schoolmaster."

"He is a wise man," she answered. "Now that I do not like the woods I listen to him when he comes to the glebe house. If I remember all he says, maybe I shall grow wise, also, and the pain will stop." Once more she dropped her chin upon her hand and fell to brooding, her eyes upon the river. When she spoke again it was to herself: "Sometimes of nights I hear it calling me. Last night, while I knelt by my window, it called so loud that I put my hands over my ears; but I could not keep out the sound, — the sound of the river that comes from the mountains, that goes to the sea. And then I saw that there was a light in Fair View house."

Her voice ceased, and the silence closed in around them. The sun was

setting, and in the west were purple islands merging into a sea of gold. The river, too, was colored, and every tree was like a torch burning stilly in the quiet of the evening. For some time MacLean watched the girl, who now again seemed unconscious of his presence; but at last he got to his feet, and looked toward his boat. "I must be going," he said; then, as Audrey raised her head and the light struck upon her face, he continued more kindly than one would think so stern a seeming man could speak: "I am sorry for you, my maid. God knows that I should know how dreadful are the wounds of the spirit! Should you need a friend" —

Audrey shook her head. "No more friends," she said, and laughed as she had laughed before. "They belong in dreams. When you are awake, — that is a different thing."

The storekeeper went his way, back to the Fair View store, rowing slowly, with a grim and troubled face, while Darden's Audrey sat still upon the green hillock and watched the darkening river. Behind her, at no great distance, was the glebe house: more than once she thought she heard Hugon coming through the bushes and calling her by name. The river darkened more and more, and in the west the sea of gold changed to plains of amethyst and opal. There was a crescent moon, and Audrey, looking at it with eyes that ached for the tears that would not gather, knew that once she would have found it fair.

Hugon was coming, for she heard the twigs upon the path from the glebe house snap beneath his tread. She did not turn or move; she would see him soon enough, hear him soon enough. Presently his black eyes would look into hers; it would be bird and snake over again, and the bird was tired of fluttering. The bird was so tired that when a hand was laid on her shoulder she did not writhe herself from under its touch; instead only shuddered slightly, and

stared with wide eyes at the flowing river. But the hand was white, with a gleaming ring upon its forefinger, and it stole down to clasp her own. "Audrey," said a voice that was not Hugon's.

The girl flung back her head, saw Haward's face bending over her, and with a loud cry sprang to her feet. When he would have touched her again she recoiled, putting between them a space of green grass. "I have hunted you for an hour," he began. "At last I struck this path. Audrey" —

Audrey's hands went to her ears. Step by step she moved backward, until she stood against the trunk of a blood-red oak. When she saw that Haward followed her she uttered a terrified scream. At the sound and at the sight of her face he stopped short, and his outstretched hand fell to his side. "Why, Audrey, Audrey!" he exclaimed. "I would not hurt you, child. I am not Jean Hugon!"

The narrow path down which he had come was visible for some distance as it wound through field and copse, and upon it there now appeared another figure, as yet far off, but moving rapidly through the fading light toward the river. "Jean! Jean! Jean Hugon!" cried Audrey.

The blood rushed to Haward's face. "As bad as that!" he said, beneath his breath. Going over to the girl, he took her by the hands and strove to make her look at him; but her face was like marble, and her eyes would not meet his, and in a moment she had wrenched herself free of his clasp. "Jean Hugon! Help, Jean Hugon!" she called.

The half-breed in the distance heard her voice, and began to run toward them.

"Audrey, listen to me!" cried Haward. "How can I speak to you, how explain, how entreat, when you are like this? Child, child, I am no monster! Why do you shrink from me thus, look at me thus with frightened eyes? You know that I love you!"

She broke from him with lifted hands

and a wailing cry. "Let me go! Let me go! I am running through the corn, in the darkness, and I hope to meet the Indians! I am awake, — oh, God! I am wide awake!"

With another cry, and with her hands shutting out the sound of his voice, she turned and fled toward the approaching trader. Haward, after one deep oath and an impetuous, quickly checked movement to follow the flying figure, stood beneath the oak and watched that meeting: Hugon, in his wine-colored coat and Blenheim wig, fierce, inquisitive, bragging of what he might do; the girl suddenly listless, silent, set only upon an immediate return through the fields to the glebe house.

She carried her point, and the two

went away without let or hindrance from the master of Fair View, who leaned against the stem of the oak and watched them go. He had been very ill, and the hour's search, together with this unwonted beating of his heart, had made him desperately weary, — too weary to do aught but go slowly and without overmuch of thought to the spot where he had left his horse, mount it, and ride as slowly homeward. To-morrow, he told himself, he would manage differently; at least, she should be made to hear him. In the meantime there was the night to be gotten through. MacLean, he remembered, was coming to the great house. What with wine and cards, thought might for a time be pushed out of doors.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF NOVEMBER.

IN the green country it is often hard to say, unprejudiced, what the season is; and if a revenant noted such things, he would find that many days belied the calendar. Indeed, on first going afield after a long imprisonment by illness, I have detected autumnal savors in a stagnant February day, and mistaken the bravery of October for the nuptial splendor of the spring. Seen afar off, the poplars seem to be on fire with blossoms instead of dying foliage in September. In April the young creeper leaves have a look of autumn in their bronzed luxuriance. I have known many a beaming day with "June in her eyes," as Thomas Carew says, —

"June in her eyes, in her heart January," —

with a drear wind that kills the budding roses. But in my suburban street every season, almost every month, is marked

as it were in heavy black letter at its entrance. Nature here uses a brief language, like the hand at Belshazzar's feast, and I know that it is November by the dull, sad trampling of the hooves and feet; by that testy wind among the chimneys (the mere *body* of the wind; its *soul* it left among the hills); by the light, as of an unsnuffed candle, of the sun, that scarcely at midday surmounts the tallest housetops; by the barren morning twilight, broken by no jolly sound of boys whistling or ballad-singing on their errands. The fire should rightly grow pale toward noon, and I detest its continual brightness, which cannot check a shudder as I read the lines on November by a Welsh poet of four or five centuries back. In his Novembers pigs became fat and men dreamed of Christmas. The minstrels began to appear, making a second spring.

The barns were full, — a pleasant thought, that made the bread taste sweet. The butcher was hard at work. The sea, he says, was joyful, and “marrowy the contents of every pot.” The nights were “long to sprightly prisoners,” which I take to refer to the delicious evenings the old Welsh spent, exchanging by the fireside proverbs and tales, —

“Sad stories chanced in the times of old.”

He ends characteristically: “There are three classes that are not often contented, — the sorrowful, the ill-tempered, the miserly.” As if hardly these, in his day, could resist the balm and oil of festal tables, good fires, and minstrelsy! Oh, happy days!

And yet I have joys he never dreamed of, in this mean street. How shall I say with what thoughts I spy a sea gull from my window? — spreading her great wings in flight at altitudes whence perhaps she beholds the sea. — an emblem of that liberty I boast, but do not feel. Sometimes an autumn leaf of vermeil or of gold is blown into my study, and such a feeble knocking will throw open many doors of memory. At night, too, there is often a moon. I do not think the moon is anywhere half so wonderful as in the town. We see “the other side” of her, as a half-wise rustic once said to me. How like to some pale lady of pity she will arise, softly, as if she feared to wake us, out of yonder dismal chimneys! In summer she seems to pass from house to house, low down, a celestial watchman, blessing the doors and windows. Sometimes, more like Aphrodite than Hecate, she comes up all rosy warm. Sometimes, in November, she sits aloft like a halcyon brooding over the strange and lethal calm of London, her face expressing undecipherable things, like La Joconde. Sometimes, white and frostbit, she flies across the mighty dark blue spaces as if she were hurrying to Actæon’s fate, and those hungry clouds were the hounds pursuing.

There has been but one sunset since I came hither, and in the cold succeeding light, so countercharged with darkness, great clouds began to troop toward the west, sombre, stealthily, noiseless; hastening and yet steadfast, as if some fate marshaled their jetty columns, — hushing all that lay beneath, — all moving in one path, yet never jostling, like hooded priests. To what weird banquet, to what mysterious shrine, were they advancing, — to what shrine among the firs of an unseen horizon, with the crow and the bat? Or were they retreating, dejected guests, from some palace in the leaden east? In the west, just above the roofs, hung the white evening star. As the clouds approached she seemed to be a maiden, — Una, perhaps, encircled by a crew of satyrs. Anon she seemed to be a witch alluring them.

The moon is my closest neighbor, but there is also close at hand a superb laborer, who, if he were of stone, and not of gnarled brown flesh, might stand in a temple of fame as Cincinnatus. At times I drink a cup of tea — or something stronger — with him. Even without a cup, he sits, as it were, “with his feet by the fire, his stomach at the board,” so genial is he, and would shake Alexander by the hand, with a greeting like the old French bacchanal’s, *bon vieux drôle Anacréon*. I feel warmer in my bed as I hear him shouting good-day, in the shrewd early morning, long before dawn. His bad jokes are more laughable than the very best of good ones. Like all good men, he is an assiduous smoker; his pipe is to him a temple of Vesta, and he a goodly stoker; out of his nostrils goeth smoke, and his wife calls him Leviathan. When I remarked that I thought he had no difficulty in stopping smoking, if he liked, “No,” he answered, “but the difficulty is in the liking.” I would rather live a day such as he lives than have written *The Tempest*.

The only other neighbors with whom

I am on calling terms are certain tall poplars, half a mile away. There the calendar is observed less slavishly, and though it be November I go to see a fine yellow sunlight slanting among the only half-denuded branches, hardly touched until yesterday's rainy tempest broke up forever the sibylline summer meanings of their leaves. But they ought to be visited by night. By day they may appear insignificant among the houses that have risen around. They seem exotic, out of place, — Heliades, daughters of the Sun indeed, condemned to weep amber tears, — horribly slender, unprotected, naked to the world. In the night, however, they seem to have grown by magical increase. They have a solemn look in the evenfall of these sad-fading days. The place is too mournful. There is usually one empty house, and the withering foliage whips the panes. I have spent many an evening inside, listening to the wind. But I could not live there; I should be bound to open the window at that piteous sound, as if to let in a storm-stricken bird, and expect to find the dryad wringing her hands in sorrow. The poplars contrive in summer to look cheerful, yet I think they love the autumn best. They are in love with their own decay, like old and widowed ladies that have lived on into these flat, unprofitable times.

On another side, and farther still, lies a common, beautiful with gorse, though in the main a mournful place. I sometimes walk there in the morning, between eleven and noon, and meet a number of odd people, in this hour when the prosperous are at their work. They stare at me, and I at them, wondering what the shabby raiment hides. For they — I might say we — are usually ill-dressed, eccentrically-groomed, dreamy, self-conscious people, evidently with secrets. I surmise that they are such as have failed in the world for some vices of honesty, or strangeness, or carelessness of opinion. *Laudatur et alget.*

One seems to be a cadet of some grand fallen house, with no insignia left save a gold snuffbox (sans snuff) and a pair of ivory hands. Another is perhaps an author, stately, uncomplaining, morose withal, whose nonsense did not suit the times.

"The world is all before him, where to choose
His place of rest,"

but at his garret the duns are in occupation. Another, though singularly jaded, is evidently an old beau, once, no doubt, a Fastidious Brisk, "a good property to perfume the boot of a coach," using delicate oaths; with soiled necktie scrupulously folded, his trousers turned up (only to display their threadbare edges and a pair of leanest shanks); brought to the dust by the law and some indignant plotter for his hand. One is a man of eighty, who wears a stock, — probably a superannuated clerk, one who has seen his master's failure (it may be), and refuses another place. I see him conning the law news, — though he seems too blind to read, — always with a knowing smile or frown. They are always solitary. They regard one another with suspicion, seem to fear lest questions be asked, and never exchange greetings. They give themselves airs, as hoping to draw toward them the respect they once commanded. And for the most part they are men. One lady I remember, a venerable but grim and unapproachable dame, — the relict, perhaps, of a gentleman, an insolvent rake. I have heard her mutter, in a temper out of keeping with her gentility, and shake her slender staff, as if she cried, like Lear: —

"I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion

I would have made them skip: I am old now."

She is a great reader, in sunny intervals, on a seat overhung, but not shaded, by hawthorn, and I love to see her poring, with tears in her eyes, over a book which I have purposely left there as she approached. In this way she has read

George Herbert's Temple, The Worldling's Looking Glass, and many more. . . . It would be easy to laugh when she and three or four of these poor souls are sheltered under the same tree from the rain, — never speaking, and looking unconcerned, but all the time nervously anxious to impress, and the beau arranging his tie.

In the evenings I could almost love these brand-new streets, so nimbly do they set the mind working to find anodynes and fantasies "to batter the walls of melancholy." My books seem to be fond of the night, — poor ghosts of buried minds, — and are never so apt as in the faint candlelight to be taken down and read, or perhaps merely glanced at as I turn the pages, which I think they best enjoy. The portrait of Andrea del Sarto, by his own censorious hand, hangs near, and loves the twilight. If ever, he seems now to smile. 'Tis such a light that in it fancy can without apparent falseness weave suitable environment for all the ghostly lords and ladies. Proserpina, with the pomegranate, may now have Enna within sight. Beatrice d'Este, with passion long subdued, gazes upon the pageantry of Milan, and cares no more for Sforza and the Sanseverini, — does not even hate Lucrezia and Cecilia. . . .

I recall November holidays in a tangled wood, having all the perfume and sequestered sense of virgin forest, that lay in the hollows of some undulating upland, whence, with "morning souls" alert, we used to be able to see the dawn, a rust-red smoke waving along the horizon, and presently turned to saffron; then a sky of pearl, with a faint bloom of the night blue upon it; and one by one the stars went out, so slowly that we fancied they would never disappear if we watched them vigilantly; the consumptive moon went down, having outlived her light, as the first blackbird awakened with a cornet call; the sparrows, like schoolboys, on those cold

mornings, chattered and fluttered, but dared not leave the eaves; and all the cold of the windy dawn seemed to be in the starling's thin piping. Sometimes on the lawny interspaces of the wood we saw fallen leaves and fruit, gold and silver, like sheddings from Hesperidian gardens, in the noonday sun. And oh for the tang of acorns eaten for wantonness in sunshine from which we never missed the heat! Not until nightfall did we return, and then, "happy, happy livers," laughed as our feet scattered into a myriad prisms the grim jewelry of frost.

But to-night, as I take the selfsame walk, under the flying rags of a majestic sunset, the gray and silent landscape of few trees and many houses seems a deserted camp (which I startle when I tread among the fallen leaves), or a Canaan from which the happy savage, childhood, has been banished. I long to gather a few sad flowers from the grave of buried time. High up on a blank wall lingers one pure white rose. White with cold, and flickering as if the powerful wind might blow them out, a few stars shine. Far away the leafless branches of an elm grove look like old print against the sky. Though I cannot wallow naked in December's snow by thinking on fantastic summer's heat, yet my study fire is more delicious dreamed of in these misty streets.

And now, by the hearthside, I like best among books the faint perfumes of those old forgotten things that claim a little pity along with my love. I had rather the Emblems of Quarles than mightier books where there is too much of the fever and the fret of real passionate life. Odd books of devotion, of church music, the happy or peevish fancies of religious souls, please me well. I plead guilty to liking a thing because 'tis old. I believe, were I alive two hundred years hence, I should like silk hats. As George Herbert says of two words he set great store by: —

"As amber-gris leaves a rich scent
 Unto the taster,
 So do these words a sweet content,
 An oriental fragrauncy. . . .
 With these all day I do perfume my mind,
 My mind e'en thrust into them both;
 That I might find
 What cordials make this curious broth,
 This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my
 mind."

Were it always evening I could live
 ever thus, and find in it a pleasing substi-
 tute for Arcadia, in which, as the bricks
 mellowed around me and all things took
 a deep autumnal tone, I should be as
 much in love with the life as Charles Cot-
 ton with his, and capable of a vanity like
 his, and I hope as pardonable. How
 delicious are those execrable "irregular
 stanzas" of his, where he seems to ex-
 pect to go to heaven, because

"Good Lord! how sweet are all things here,
How cleanly do we feed and lie.
 Lord! what good temperate Hours we keep!
 How quietly we sleep!
 How innocent from the lewd Fashion
 Is all our Business, all our Recreation!"

Perhaps, indeed, of such is the kingdom
 of heaven.

It has been observed that we "de-
 vour" a book, and "discuss" a turkey
 or chine; in Lilly I find a good fellow
 who wants to "confer" certain liquor:
 and with the help of these metaphors
 I have often dined well, though I have
 eaten little. I have meditated, indeed,
 a new cookery book "for the library," or
 "every bookman his own cook," but the
 tradesmen's dissuasions have prevailed.
 But out upon them! I had hoped by
 this means to record those messes of old
 calf and dog's-ears that so reduced our
 bills at——. Many a time and oft
 have I seen a guest's lips glorified, as if

he tasted ambrosia, after reading Greek,
 — Euripides, perhaps, or something sol-
 emn from Callimachus. A Welshman
 of the company declared that in speak-
 ing his own fine tongue he seemed to
 taste buttermilk and fruit at some moun-
 tain farm, a mile nearer heaven than
 one commonly lives. Corydon used to
 say he would never read Shelley save at
 midnight, because he could not bear to
 eat soon after the taste of those melodi-
 ous syllables. Give me that man whose
mind is, in a better sense than Terence
 intended, always among the pots and
 pans. And I think, on this humming
 midnight, I could sleep well, even sup-
 perless, after reading Ben Jonson's lusty
 lines Inviting a Friend to Supper: —

"To-night, grave sir, both my poor house
 and I

Do equally desire your company;
 Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
 But that your worth will dignify our feast,
 With those that come; whose grace may make
 that seem

Something, which else could hope for no
 esteem.

It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
 The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
 Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
 An olive, capers, or some better salad
 Ushering the mutton. . . .

I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come,
 Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which
 some

May yet be there; and godwit, if we can;
 Kua, rail, and ruff, too. Howsoe'er, my man
 Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
 Livy, or of some better book to us,
 Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our
 meat.

Nor shall our cups make any guilty men;
 But at our parting, we will be, as when
 We innocently met. No simple word
 That shall be uttered at our mirthful board,
 Shall make us sad next morning; or affright
 The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night."

Edward Thomas.

A GROUP OF LYRICS.

TO THE LYRIC MUSE.

O RARE one, born in rugged Thessaly,
 Hard by Olympus and sweet Helicon,
 O haunter of the sunny Cyclades,
 O muse of Sappho and Simonides,
 Of late where hast thou gone?

We trace thy wandering feet to Tiber's land,
 Where happy Flaccus sang the Roman noon;
 Along the Arno and the haunted Rhine,
 By Mulla's flood and Avon's silver line,
 And by the banks o' Doon.

And late it seemed that by the western Charles
 We heard thy pipe in sweetest cadence drawn;
 The Hudson and the busy Merrimac
 A moment flung the wayward echoes back,
 But now the voice is gone.

O muse, the world is empty of thy song;
 The pipe is silent now, and dumb the flute.
 Come sweep again Apollo's mighty lyre,
 And bring to earth again the lyric fire.
 O muse, why art thou mute?

Fred Lewis Pattee.

THE ROWAN TREE.

I.

'Tis I go singing, singing, across the fields at dawn.
 With fairy music ringing the blithe new day is born,
 And all the trees are stirring, far as the eye can see,
But never tiniest leaflet moves on the rowan tree.
 Ah! flutings from the sea of dreams, ye will not let me rest;
 Ye call and call, the livelong day, the heart from out my breast. —
 The heart from out my breast to the face mine eyes must see
 Because I slept at nightfall beneath the rowan tree.

II.

Dreaming, dreaming, toward the West from the East I go.
 What my dreams are, they alone, they the fay folk know.
 Purple visions sway and reel, love lights flash and flee,
Keeping time to the clash of bells, round and round the rowan tree.
 Sinks the sun in the opal sea, still the dream leads on,
 (Weary feet and longing eyes,) and the day is gone.

A Group of Lyrics.

Longing eyes and aching heart, still the love lights flee
 Since I saw Dream Ailka under the rowan tree.

III.

'Tis I go weeping, weeping, across the dewy meads;
 The cruel hills are sleeping, no least breath stirs the reeds.
 No least breath stirs the reeds, nor west wind comforts me,
But I hear the branches groaning, all on the rowan tree.
 My brothers, O my brothers, call me to life and light!
 'Tis human love can fold me from the Terror of the Night.
 They pass before me, cold and hard, and oh! they jeer at me,
 For I have kissed Dream Ailka beneath the rowan tree.

Katharine Aldrich.

THE FOUR PLACES OF SORROW.

THERE is sorrow for me in the North, where the black wind blows.
 (Hush, O wind of the dirges, O voice of the restless dead!)
 The ache of its cruel keening through my heart like an arrow goes;
 I see in the tossing waters the sheen of a dear bright head.

There is sorrow for me in the South, where the white wind sings.
 (Hush, O wind of all lovers, crooning a laugh and a cry!)
 On the pain of a dream love-haunted breaks the music of wings:
 Sea gulls, sweeping and swaying, saw ye my dead drift by?

There is sorrow for me in the East, where the red wind burns.
 (Hush, O wind of remorse, O wind of the scourging flame!)
 Under its slow cold dawning the soul of the drowned returns,
 And wan, in the startled daybreak, a ghost from the sea he came.

There is sorrow for me in the West, where the brown wind raves.
 (Hush, O wind from the bogs, O memory-freighted wind!)
 He is spindrift hither and thither, sport of unweary waves.
Would that my heart were close on his heart, my eyes on his eyes were blind!
Ethna Carbery.

SONG.

I FOLLOW Song, —
 Unto the utmost east I follow Song.
 Song dawns with day, it dreams with dusk,
 It lights the happy stars upon their way,
 It calms the wild, weird fears that throng:
 I follow Song.

I follow Song.
 There youth and love go laughing, hand in hand;
 There sorrow, joy, and hope and tears,
 Are of one gentle, weeping, sister band,

Sent to illumine man's impassioned years:
I follow Song.

I follow Song.
O Death, made dear by sweetest melody,
Come thou at noon or night, I go
Fondly to thy embrace, so thou wilt show
Unto my soul the Soul of Poetry:
I follow Song.

Robert Loveman.

COMMONWEALTH.

Joy of the sage and joy of the saint
That have pierced life's inmost fold —
(You too are a soul, O blinded and faint)
Take that for your joy; be bold!

Joy of the child in his pulse and brain,
In his human hand and voice —
(This in your blood is the human strain)
Take that for your joy; rejoice!

Joy of the bird-flight over your head,
Joy of the grass in spring —
(You too are alive, that would fain be dead)
Take that for your joy, and sing!

Joy of the wave in the south wind curled,
Joy of the stars and sun —
(You that repine are a drop of the world)
Take that for your joy; march on!

Alice Van Vliet.

THE WANDERER'S SOUL.

Oh, why should I weep because men weep!
For me fierce winds are singing,
And past the mists and the veils of rain,
A blithesome Soul, I'm winging.

And past the moon, with her pool of dreams
And her ruined hills forlorn,
I seek the tale she has long forgot,
And I hear Orion's horn.

Orion hunts with the laughing Dead;
And, down the thundering skies,
They point my little grave to me
Where wet in the field it lies.

Anita Fitch.

“*Allee Same.*”

MOTH JOY.

THE dim, gray dust blown by my breath
Is not the moth's defeat;
Before it fell was victory won, —
A triumph, fiery, fleet,

Of cleaving to the soul of flame.
What then the end of dust?
A thrill of ecstasy and death
Outweighs the centuries' rust.

L. Studdiford McChesney.

WE MAY LOVE.

SONG.

FROM the withered, bitter ground
Every sweet has taken leave;
Joy there's none, of sight or sound;
Naught to do but sit and grieve?
Look — the blue! bent close above,
Close above;
While it hovers we may love,
We may love.

John Vance Cheney.

“ALLEE SAME.”

WHEN a Chinese child is born, the fortune teller is always called in. When the fortune teller came to pronounce his report on the future of Oo Too, the little son whom the Chinese stork brought to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chi Ping, over the Chinese Theatre, he said: —

“Oo Too will be a great man. There is an evil spirit dwelling in the bedquilt that will try to destroy him, to lose him, but he will be found; and unless the genii are displeased his father will live to be happy and proud of Oo Too.”

So little Mrs. Chi Ping was more joyful over the arrival of her son than even before the visit of the fortune teller, and while her husband attended to his business of acting the parts of bad men in

the playhouse downstairs, she occupied herself above in sewing, and cooking, and taking care of Oo Too.

He was a fine little yellow, moon-faced fellow, and presently, when he was a year old, he had become the pet of the neighborhood, the delight of the troupe of actors and of the fortune teller and other wise men of the quarter.

While Mrs. Chi Ping sewed beautiful embroideries to sell to the merchants, she sat on the doorstep of the tall tenement where the theatre was on the first floor, and dozens of her countrymen lodged, like bees in a hive, on all the other stories; and she smoked her pipe, and watched Oo Too playing with his rattle and tiny gong, and dreamed

dreams of the time when Oo Too should be a great man ; but she shuddered considerably when she thought of the evil spirit that hid in the bedquilt, and wondered if the many yellow written prayers and the incense which her husband and she both burned every day would not appease the genti, and defeat the evil spirit and pull him out of the bedquilt.

But evidently the bedquilt spirit was too much for both prayers and incense ; for one memorable day, while Mrs. Ping smoked and embroidered, while Mr. Ping, splendidly attired in the robes of a wicked mandarin, shouted his part in the theatre at a rehearsal, Oo Too was whisked up and away by a Chinatown missionary named Miss Virginia Staunton ; and although law and sentiment, anger and hatred, entreaty and supplication, were each in turn resorted to by poor Mr. and Mrs. Chi Ping, the courts decided that they were unfit persons to have the custody of their child ; that the father was an actor wearing masks ; that the mother smoked opium, very likely ; and that, since the good and excellent young lady had legally adopted Oo Too, it was for his parents to rejoice that so good a thing had happened to him, rather than to inveigh against the benefaction.

Nevertheless, although Chi Ping went about his business of acting with something more than his accustomed vehemence, he said little ; but Mrs. Ping never ceased to clamor in the houses, the shops, the streets, and the theatre for her stolen child : never ceased to burn prayers and incense for his return to her ; never ceased to weep and lament that out of her loving mother's arms her firstborn son had been taken away causelessly into the life of foreign devils, to be brought up to hate and despise the religion of his forefathers, to trample his ancestors under the foot of his mind, and to sneer and laugh at the honorable customs of his native land.

So loud and far-reaching and per-

sistent, indeed, were the murmurings of this tiny yellow mother that they finally reached and smote the heart of Miss Virginia Staunton, who kindly condescended to say to her lawyer, who said it to Chi Ping, who told it to his wife :

"Oo Too is safe and happy, happier than he could possibly be with you ; he will be educated, and grow up into a Christian man. His name is no longer Oo Too Ping ; you cannot find him ; no one but myself knows where he is or who he is. But I promise you, if we are all alive, when your son, whom you call Oo Too, is eighteen years of age, you shall see him if you wish to, and you will then be proud of him : and for this I give you my word."

Then Mrs. Ping fell down on her bed, and rent the quilt in pieces, and cried out to Mr. Ping :—

"Ah, it is within this cursed quilt that the evil spirit lived of whom the fortune teller spoke ; and he spoke true : our little son is lost ; for us he is destroyed. He will be found, yes, but after seventeen more years ; and when he is found, he will be for us a foreign devil, — no more a Chinaman, like his honorable ancestors !" And Mrs. Ping cried more bitterly than ever.

Mr. Ping said :—

"I would rather believe our little son dead than to hear what the white lady says. It is a mystery that, in a country which is called the free, we find our son taken from our arms, and no one to raise his arm to restore him to us."

"Seventeen years !" moaned Mrs. Ping. "And all those long months, full of long days, I and you must sit down and wait to behold our little son. And when we see him, he will be no longer small to sit in my lap, but a man and a Christian !"

"Seventeen years," reiterated Chi Ping, in a relentless fashion.

"Seventeen years," echoed the fortune teller, who came in just then, grieving with other friends, but not quite

able to conceal his pleasure in the speedy and not entirely usual fulfillment of his prognostications.

"Seventeen years," also said several wise and rich men, who came in for the purpose of condoling with Chi Ping.

"Seventeen years!" said little Mrs. Ping, with mournful, appealing gestures, her almond eyes asking plainly of these powerful personages if they could not propose some plan to cut away those awful years and restore her baby to her heart.

But they all shook their heads very sadly as they smoked; and Mrs. Ping wept softly on her bed while she tore the evil bedquilt into strips.

"Well," said Chi Ping at last, "it is quite true that we have the most powerful servant on our side, as well as have these others who have stolen our child."

And all the wise, rich men wagged their heads and smoked the harder, and stared at the actor; and his wife stopped tearing up the quilt to stare at him, too.

"Chi Ping is correct," remarked the fortune teller, with a sage bob; for it was in his trade always to know what every one meant, whether he really did or not; yet he waited silently for Ping to continue.

"We have the servant that is stronger than any other; fleetier than the camel before the wind, than the hungry mule that crosses the river to his pasture, than the horse that runs into the fire, than the tiger that seeks his mate; slower than the seed that sleeps, than the riches that are always coming, and never arrive; more powerful than the monarchs it watches die, than the gods it defies."

As Chi Ping paused, all present bobbed their heads several times, with a solemn air of sagacity, yet no one undertook to speak.

"We have Time," concluded Ping. "It is our servant."

And they all bobbed once again, and nodded at one another; and three of the

richest merchants of the quarter, and a priest, and Chi Ping — leaving out the fortune teller, for even Chinese fortune tellers are not above the greed of gold — went out together to the joss house and held a consultation; for Ping was a man of uncommon intelligence and learning, although of the middle class and poor; and among the Chinese the scholar ranks next to royalty.

And while Chi Ping and his advisers and friends took counsel together in the East Side, Miss Virginia Staunton was chatting with her suitor, the Rev. Thornton Bennett, in the West, about little Oo Too. She said: —

"I am glad, Thornton, that you approve of me about that dear little rescued Chinese darling. I shan't tell even you where he is, but I will tell you the name I have given him, — Ernest Pingree; and I feel that he is going to be a good man, now that I have succeeded in removing him entirely from those wretches, his actor-father and opium-smoking mother. I have legally proven to the poor misguided creatures that he is better off, and very likely, if facts were known, they are glad to be rid of him."

"Highly probable," assented Mr. Bennett, whose mind was also on the Chinese question, and whose hopes were centred on going as a missionary to China, and taking Miss Virginia with him as his wife.

They were earnest souls, full of zeal, good works, exemplary living, self-denial, and serious purpose, and having equally thorough faith in the purity and in the wisdom of their own actions.

Not very long after Chi Ping's consultation with his friends in the joss house, he left the theatre, as he said, for good; that is, as an actor. His home remained up in the tenement, and through the long days and far into the nights Mrs. Ping sat alone, or with one or two of her countrywomen, always talking of Oo Too; alone, because her husband

had changed his business, and went uptown on the West Side, to work for Ah Soon in his laundry, ironing and washing and starching, and carrying home nice clean clothes in brown parcels to the many customers of Ah Soon. Among these was Miss Virginia Staunton, and quite a number of times the young lady herself paid Chi Ping for the washing, and of course did not know in the least that he was the father of her little adopted boy, Ernest Pingree; but Chi Ping knew, the rich merchants and the priest of the joss house knew. Miss Virginia spoke pleasantly to Chi Ping, and asked him his name; and he smiled and answered, "Johnnee Chineeman." And she invited him to come to her class in Sunday school, and he answered very politely: "Johnnee velly nice Clistian man allee same likee Melican lady; Johnnee makee velly same likee white lady bimeby. Goo'-by."

And Miss Virginia was extremely pleased with her laundryman, and gave him a Prayer Book; and as she was very busy getting ready to be married, she had n't time just then to instruct him any further.

Of course the wedding was to be soon. Chi Ping knew all that, for the next week such a lot of frilled, laced, and embroidered linen came to the laundry of Ah Soon, with particular instructions that it was to be "done up with extra care," that all the men nodded their heads over their irons and said together, "Mallied soon, Melican lady."

And at the end of the week there was such a great pile of beautiful foamy, filmy things to go home to Miss Virginia that Ah Soon went and bought one of those fine little varnished handcarts to put them in, and Chi Ping took them all home; and Miss Virginia was so pleased with his laundry work that she gave him half a dollar, and said:—

"Johnnee, I am going to be married to the best man in the world; and when I am back from my wedding tour, I

shall send word to Ah Soon for you to come for my clothes."

And Chi Ping grinned, and when he went home down to the East Side, late that night, and told his friends of it, they all grinned; and the wisest and richest of the merchants said, with a wink at the joss sticks they lighted, "What a fine servant Time is!"

But little Mrs. Ping mourned and grew paler every day, and her narrow eyes grew hollow, and her cheeks, and she murmured over and over again in the ear of any one who would listen to her, "Seventeen years! Seventeen years!"

Miss Virginia—or rather, as she must now be called, Mrs. Bennett—did not forget her promise to Chi Ping, by any means, and when she returned from Niagara, and went to live in a pretty flat uptown, near her old home, she wrote a postal card, bidding Ah Soon send for the washing: and every week, regularly, Chi Ping fetched and carried the piles of linen, sometimes in his bag, sometimes in the fine little varnished cart, which had Ah Soon's name printed on it in red, and which at that time was quite a novelty, for Ah Soon was then the only Chinaman in town who owned one.

Chi Ping and all his friends considered it a distinct degradation to push or pull the cart, but neither he nor they ever said so to one another or to any one else; indeed, Ping pursued the even tenor of his uneventful life with that strange and classic calm which has pervaded his nation since the days of Confucius, some twenty-five hundred years ago. There was no outward expression from the present laundryman as to his sentiments on the change in his association, whatever his inward feelings may have been. He had now scarcely any time to himself, where formerly he had had many hours a day for study, reading, and recreation; his pay was miserably small compared with the good salary he had earned in the portrayal of all the villains of the Chinese drama; his com-

panions in the laundry were men of no education; and altogether, from whatever cause, the present existence of Chi Ping, if from choice or compulsion, must have been sadly at variance with his tastes and former habits. Yet he was never seen other than cheerful, and always trying to console Mrs. Ping in her sorrow.

"The priests do not weary," he said to her. "They recite incantations and pronounce magic words; each day they burn written prayers and incense. The gods and the genii will come out of the grottoes and deal blows, heavy blows, to the foreign devils with the bluish eyes. Oo Too will be avenged."

"Ah, but will he ever be returned to me?" cried Mrs. Ping.

And her husband answered, "We must wait."

Meantime the months had slipped away, and it was more than a year since Miss Virginia's wedding day; and one Monday morning, when Chi Ping came with his bag for the clothes, he had to wait a long while at the basement door, — for the Bennetts' flat was on the first floor, and their kitchen was below; and so he sat down, as he often did, on the stone steps, and looked at the children already out on the sidewalk playing.

Presently the cook came and handed him the bundle, and she smiled and said to him, "Johnnee, we've got a little baby upstairs."

And Chi Ping did not move on the steps, but said, in his dull, listless way, "Boy?"

"Yes, a nice little boy," the woman replied.

"Good, velly good. Johnnee glad. Goo'-by."

And that night, when Mr. Ping went back to Chinatown after his work, he and his rich and powerful friends, the merchants, had a long talk over their pipes and tea in one of the shops, and Chi Ping said, as he rose to go home to his wife:—

"Well, from to-day I always take

home the clothes in the cart; and it is no more seventeen years until I see my son, but now only sixteen."

And "Sixteen years! Sixteen years!" wailed little Mrs. Ping monotonously, day in and day out, yet with a great patience, for the Chinese is the most patient person under the sun. Yet sometimes, when she saw the wife of the comedian of the troupe with her little girl in her arms, she reached out her own thin yellow little hands toward the west, where she supposed her Oo Too to be, and wept and trembled and shook until her heart was almost broken with the misery and uncertainty and anguish of it all, with the mad, impotent sense of the injustice and cruelty of it.

So for three hundred and sixty-five days after the birth of Mrs. Bennett's little son Mrs. Ping continued to reiterate, "Sixteen years! Sixteen years!"

Then Chi Ping said to her, early one morning, as he was going up to the laundry:—

"It is no longer sixteen years: now it is only fifteen, and the son of our enemy is a year of age, and you must burn prayers and incense all day for a week now, and go into the joss house and spend your hours there."

And Mrs. Ping said, "I will do as you say."

That happened to be a Monday morning, and Chi Ping presently trotted off from the laundry, pushing his cart after Mrs. Bennett's clothes. It was December, very cold, and he came as usual and sat on the steps. He was a little too early, and he fell asleep, with his head leaning on the handle of the cart as it stood beside him in the area, — so fast asleep that cook had to waken him.

"Why, Johnnee!" she cried, as she gave him a bounce with the big bundle. "I do always have to be after wakin' ye up ivry week! What's the matter wid ye? Get up and get out of the way! Sure 'n' here's Joanna wantin' to get through wid the baby carriage!"

"Solly, velly solly!" said Chi Ping, rising slowly and yawning. "Chinee-man work muchee, sleepee lill, tiled evly day!"

"Goo-goo gar-ar-ar!" remarked Thornton Bennett, Jr., seizing Mr. Ping's pointed finger.

Mr. Ping smiled. "Nice lill babee!" he said. "Goo'-by."

On Saturday, when Ah Soon always sent home Mrs. Bennett's clothes, it was still colder than it had been on Monday; but the Bennett baby was brought up to go out in all sorts and conditions of weather, and Chi Ping was not at all surprised when, at the close-gathering twilight, he saw it being wheeled up and down from the corner to the house, waiting and watching for its father to alight from the trolley car. It was the only child on the block just then, although a dozen shrill voices could be heard shrieking around on the avenue, where the gutter had been converted into a sliding-pond. Chi Ping passed the baby carriage, trotting along with his cart. He took out the clothes, and handed the large piles in to the cook; and as he sat down on the step to wait for his money the baby carriage came into the area, and the nurse said, pushing past Chi Ping where he leaned, apparently sleeping soundly:—

"Keep still now, baby, be good, while Joanna goes in and gets your other afghan; it's too cold to keep you out any longer without it, waiting for dada."

Then the same instant that the nurse disappeared Mr. Ping woke up, and took a small vial from one of his jacket pockets and a cloth from another, and tipped the vial on the cloth and clapped it over the face of Thornton Bennett, Jr., and opened the little cart, and snatched up the baby and thrust him, cloth, bottle, and all, inside, and snapped to the cart door, and sat down on the area steps again, and went fast asleep, leaning against the cart handle.

Then the nurse came out, and then

the cook, then the baby's mother; then his father arrived from downtown, where he went every day to teach; then the neighbors in the flat-house, and the policemen presently: and Mr. Ping was in the midst of the hubbub and confusion, and Joanna told how she had seen him asleep when she went in, asleep when she came out; and everybody questioned him, but Chi Ping could give no information at all.

"Johnnee muchee velly tiled; washee, washee allee time; fallée sleepee evly day; evly time come Mis' Bennett; solly! Nice lill babee; too bad loseee only lill babee havee; velly solly; velly bad. Goo'-by; go tellee Ah Soon. Velly solly too. Come 'gain next week money. Goo'-by."

As Chi Ping, his hands on his cart handle, turned to go away, Mrs. Bennett rushed up to him on the sidewalk and laid her white hands both on his yellow ones.

"Oh, Johnnee!" cried the frantic mother. "Try, try to remember! Did n't you hear baby cry while you slept? Did n't you hear a footstep, or feel some one brush by you? Try, Johnnee, try to remember!"

"No hea' babee cly; if babee cly, Johnnee must hea' cly; no hea'; no step; no blush by Johnnee. Johnnee sleepee sleepee sound. Solly."

"Oh, my baby! my baby! Stolen from me! Oh, God! what shall I do?" and the mother sank swooning in her husband's arms, while Chi Ping trotted off, pushing the little varnished cart before him back to the laundry of Ah Soon.

The town rang with it; the whole country echoed the mother's wild prayer, the poor father's desperate appeals. Rewards were offered by both of the baby's grandfathers, men of wealth and prominence; the town offered a reward; the mothers of the town offered a reward. But Thornton Bennett, Jr., was not to be had for cry of love, or lure of lucre, or subtlety of detection.

The night of the day of his disappearance Chi Ping carried a parcel home to Chinatown, as he often had for the past year, — just the same sized and weighted parcel; he also went out to a shop and had tea and smoked with his rich, influential friends, and the comedian and the manager of the theatre; and a week later, while all the rewards were being offered, and the newspapers had headings in large type, and the land was ringing with accounts of the inscrutable, dastardly cruelty of those who would rob a young mother of her first-born son, Chinatown had a festival of its own, to which no one outside of it paid any heed. Chinatown has many festivals; one more or less makes no difference. In this one they carried, swinging between paper lanterns and strings of beads, strips of bright yellow paper with a blue dragon printed at either end, and in between the wise words of Chi Ping, late villain of Chinatown theatre, — "Time is our Servant."

By and by, little Mrs. Ping, who now had plenty to do taking care of Thornton Bennett, Jr., dyeing his face with saffron every other day, and his hair with a black liquid, and dressing him in the garments of her own Oo Too, and presently teaching him the first maxims of the classics (that is, Confucius; for Chi Ping was, as has been intimated, an educated person, and not under the sway wholly of the Taoist priests), — by and by, then, Mrs. Ping, while she tended the baby, whom they called Ah Ping, began to say, "Fifteen years! Fifteen years!" every morning when she got up, and every night when she went to bed.

And all the while Chi Ping was fetching and carrying the clothes in the hand-cart from the Bennetts' flat to the laundry of Ah Soon every week, and often seeing Mrs. Bennett, and hearing her incessant laments for her little son.

At last Chi Ping did not come any more for the clothes, and the new Chinaman who came could not speak any Eng-

lish at all, except "Close comee. Ah Soon man; all light, goo'-by;" and Mrs. Bennett was sorry, for she held any one dear who had seen and known her baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Ping, with Ah Ping, now being full two years of age, started one morning for San Francisco, and reached there five days later, and took ship and sailed away for Hong-Kong, and thence traveled to Peking, with plenty of money and in good comfort, for the rich merchants of Chinatown spared nothing to help avenge the kidnapping of the actor's little son; and they said to Chi Ping when he was leaving the town: —

"Write to us every year for the whole fourteen years, — do not fail once; and we will write to you every year at the Feast of Dragons, and we will keep you in entire knowledge of the movements of those who stole away Oo Too from his mother's arms."

So Chi Ping and his wife and Ah Ping lived on in Peking, and Chi Ping went back to his old profession of acting, but with only small parts to play and a small salary, in the Royal Theatre.

And from year to year Mrs. Ping said, "Fourteen years, thirteen years, twelve years;" and each year Chi Ping received a letter from his rich merchant friends in America. But the news was always the same, until the eleventh year was near its beginning; then the word came that the Bennetts were going out to China as missionaries, and that their destination was Peking.

The same year of their arrival they were of course much interested in all that they saw, and although the inscrutable loss of the baby was ever present and never to be lessened, still the father and mother tried to bow in meekness and humility to the affliction that had been permitted; tried to be cheerful and to be good. The annual Feast of Dragons occurred soon after their arrival; and as they gazed out on the procession, they beheld little Ah Ping, now being five years old, pass by, arrayed, as Chinese children

are for this greatest of festivals, in embroidered and gold-trimmed garments, a grinning and horrible mask decorating his chest, beautiful crisp paper flowers encircling his head, immense twisted horns springing out from either side of his gaudy wreath, and a festival drum in his hands.

"What a sweet little face, Thornton!" cried Mrs. Bennett. "Look! the features are not Chinese at all, but only the yellow skin and pigtail, and the awful insignia of heathendom. Oh, how I shall work and strive among these benighted children, in blessed memory of my lost darling!"

Which indeed she did for five years. At this time little Mrs. Ping was saying wearily, "Six more years, six more years, more long, more cruel, than the first!" and burning as many prayers and as much incense as she could afford, which was not a great deal, for her husband had lost his position at the theatre; they said he was too old, and no longer supple and big enough of lung; and a few taels a week was all he could earn, and the boy must be well taken care of, he must go on at school.

So Mrs. Ping went to work in a factory, and was pulled and pushed back and forth every day in a wheelbarrow by a cooly, in company with seven other women, just to earn a little and keep Ah Ping at school. Chi Ping himself went from bad to worse in the way of occupation, until finally he had to take to camel-driving with coals across the marshy plains to Taku.

But Mrs. Ping said when she reached home each night from the oil factory, "Five years, five years, and I shall see my little son;" and she made supper of acorn-flour cakes for herself and Ah Ping, who was now grown to be a fine fellow of eleven, very studious, very devout, very learned in all the religion of the Chinese, which was extremely fitting, as Chi Ping intended him to be a priest, if money could be earned to

keep him at the schools and colleges long enough.

But Chi Ping was now away, and could not get back with his reloaded camels for four months longer, and Mrs. Ping had to keep the letter from America unread until his return.

When he got home he read it, and the rich merchants said: "Those who stole away your little son have written to America for one to be sent to them who has been educated in a remote part of Maine. We have seen him; we believe he is Chinese; we think he may be your son; he is of the proper age; but you must wait, and not be in haste."

And Chi Ping and his wife both said, under their breath, "Haste!" and Chi Ping added: "Oh, but Time is the one excellent servant of the poor; let us not despise the years yet to pass, but the rather spend them in toiling bravely to educate Ah Ping in the grand, the magnificent religion of our country."

And they did toil; and the toil wrote wrinkles in the quaint little wistful face of Mrs. Ping, and furrows in the swart countenance of her husband; but the boy did not toil or fare badly, going to his college and the joss house, and learning all the rites and mysteries of the Chinese faith.

Now the five years were nearing their close; the seventeen long years were almost at an end. Ernest Pingree had come out to Pekin, and joined Mr. and Mrs. Bennett at the mission; he was studying for the ministry, and a more enthusiastic, devout, charming lad never lived. The Bennetts had become so attached to him that, in despair of ever gleaning any tidings of their son, they had adopted him, and looked forward to the time when he should be doing wonders among his own race. They had never told him who he was; he knew nothing of his parentage other than the obvious fact of his Mongolian origin, — which was more than Ah Ping had ever learned of his birth. In the climate of China

the American child's skin had yellowed ; his eyes were black and his hair naturally straight and dark, his eyebrows as scanty as the Americans' frequently are ; habit, association, intimacy, had wrought in his features one of those subtle changes of expression, if not of outline, which are not rare, and he passed everywhere as the son of the actor and his wife.

Chi Ping reached home from Taku, with his spongy-footed drove, not very much after the day he had planned ; but his journey had been a poor one, and he had but little to show for it. In his absence his wife had been ill and unable to go to the factory, and Ah Ping had had to stay away from the college. There was little even to eat in the house, — a few grains of rice, a little peanut oil, some peach-pit kernels to grind into flour between the stones ; yet they ate and were thankful, Ah Ping thought, because they were all once more together.

When he went out, Mrs. Ping said quickly, "The seventeen years are gone, is it not so, — all gone?"

And Chi Ping bowed his head.

"My son ! My son ! Now, if he be not dead, I shall behold him !" and her small weazened face became transfigured.

Chi Ping nodded, and rose from the meal, and took his wife by the hand, and bade Ah Ping follow them ; and they went out into the street where they lived, near the old Ferry road, a very ragged, wretched - looking three. And they trudged along doggedly all the way, until they came to the compound, and gained entrance, and inquired the path to the mission where the Bennetts lived ; and they reached the door, and on the porch, in an American rocking-chair, sat Mrs. Bennett, and her husband was reading a newspaper aloud, and inside, in the parlor, Ernest Pingree sat reading, also, from a large book.

Chi Ping went up first ; his wife clung to his skirt ; she was hungry for the first glimpse of her son. Ah Ping hung back ;

he was so starved he felt he must humble himself — nay, it would not be humiliation, but triumph over the foreign devil — and ask an alms of these rich people before he left ; perhaps that was what his father and mother had walked so far for ; he could not tell. He understood no other language than the Chinese, not a word ; he had been rigorously excluded from the least intercourse with Christians, precisely as Ernest Pingree had been kept away from the Chinese.

Chi Ping spoke first, replying to the kindly inquiring glances of both Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, but speaking directly to the woman : —

"Seventeen years allee same same gone away. Me Chi Ping ; father lill babee Melican lady steal 'way long 'go, New York. Melican lady plomise my wife" — little Mrs. Ping's eyes were so full of pathetic longing that they must have moved a heart of stone ; only no one was looking at them just then except the lad, dropping his big book, in the parlor — "plomise my wife see my lill babee when eighteen years ol'. Have waittee allee time same same ; come, now, where my son ?"

"My son ?" echoed Mrs. Ping, stretching her short neck out as a thirsty creature toward the cool waters that it seeks.

And then Mrs. Bennett and Mr. Bennett consulted aside for a few moments ; for she recalled the face of Mrs. Ping, and her promise to her long ago, although Mr. Ping she had not, to her knowledge, ever seen, yet his face too seemed familiar ; and the husband and wife were stunned and surprised, and utterly nonplussed, for Ernest Pingree was not the sort of lad to present out of hand with a pair of dirty beggars for parents. Still, a promise was a promise, and their patience should be rewarded ; and that would be all, for what could they do with Ernest, although he might convert them ?

And while Chi and his wife waited,

the others went into the parlor and told Ernest Pingree; and he said, "Take me out to them at once."

Then he was led out, and he beheld them unkempt and ragged as they were.

And little weazen-faced, wistful-eyed Mrs. Ping darted to him, and stretched out her lean, short arms, when Virginia Bennett said, "This is your son."

But when Mrs. Ping got close to Ernest Pingree, she stopped short and drew back, and, cowering behind her husband, she whimpered: "My son! my son! my lill son! foleign mister, no mo' Chineeman; allee shavce man! allee Clistian! Bettel die long ago!" she added passionately, rising now, and turning her back.

Chi Ping stood still, motionless, inexpressive, irresponsive to the kind words Ernest Pingree tried to utter, to the amiable explanations and the tactful little sermon of the missionary and his wife; his countenance as if carved of yellow stone, his eyes as if two black glass beads, while all three consoled, exhorted, did their best.

At last Ah Ping thought it was about time to do what seemed good to him, and he fell down and prostrated himself, his forehead touching the dust before them, as he cried out pitifully, "Ta — la — aie! Ta — la — aie!"

And when they gave him alms, he looked up and smiled in their eyes, but cursed them in his heart.

Still Chi Ping stood motionless, until finally it seemed that no one there had anything more to say; when, breaking the curious pause, he remarked in that casual fashion common to his countrymen, no matter if under the greatest stress or none at all, "Melican lady make lose own lill babee long ago allee same jessee likee my?"

Virginia Bennett turned sharply, and stared at Chi Ping.

Her husband answered for her very gently, for the wound bled yet in both their hearts at a word or a touch: "Yes,

our son was stolen from us many years since."

"How did you know it?" Mrs. Bennett asked of Mr. Chi Ping.

"Me washeeman Ah Soon, come close velly same lill babee go," replied Chi Ping gravely, without stirring, while his wife and the lad crouched on the path, under a tree.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Bennett, "now I know why your face seemed familiar to me! I am glad to see you, Johnnee! We must be great friends now, and you must be proud of your son here, who is going to be a minister, priest, you know!" she said exuberantly.

"Flends?" echoed Chi Ping. "Ploud, pliest, no sabe. Melican lady, man," he added, raising his keen eyes for a second to the two Occidental faces confronting him, "likee sabe who take 'way lill babee long ago?"

"What do you mean?" cried the woman and man both.

"Ah!" screamed Virginia Bennett, "you know something about my boy! We never thought of you! We trusted you! Who took him? Who paid you to keep still? Speak!" she shrieked, while Ernest Pingree listened and Mrs. Ping listened, and Ah Ping did not, because he did not understand a word, and was occupied only in being glad of the alms tinkling in his frowzy jacket pocket, and in being glad of the food it would buy.

"No payee me," replied the Chinaman quietly.

"Who stole him?" said the mother tensely.

"Me takee lill babee myself." He stood precisely in the spot he had from the first, his yellow face as impassive now as then.

"You!" the Bennetts gasped.

Chi Ping nodded. "Melican lady takee lill babee, my Oo Too; me takee Melican lady lill babee, jessee allee same same, no diflence."

"Where is my child?" Virginia Ben-

nett asks, with the fierceness of all those years-full of pent-up suspense and agony concentrated in her words.

"Light here," replies Mr. Ping.

"Alive, thank God!" says the father, under his breath. "Take us to him."

The Chinaman does not stir. "You likee look see he?" he inquires blandly.

"Yes! yes! oh yes! My son! My son!" Mrs. Bennett's eager eyes light up, and she descends the steps quickly.

Chi Ping points with his lean, taper forefinger to the narrow, scrawny, beggarly figure squatting on the ground.

"He you' lill babee, he you' son. He no sabe Englishee talkee."

And even then Chi Ping stood stock-still, and no hint of expression of any kind passed across his face.

Through the horrible heartbreak of silence that followed, the mute looks, the stricken hopelessness of inspection, the unconscious immobility of Ah Ping beneath his parents' regard, Chi Ping kept still. When Mrs. Bennett staggered against her husband's arm for support, he spoke again.

"No likee?" he asked pleasantly. "Velly nicee loung man; fine scholar; hab my teachee allee classic, Confucius; you' lill son glow up nicee Chineeman, be ploud he; bimeby, nex' year, he pliest Chineese 'ligion, sabe? no likee?"

The Bennetts went into the house; the two Pings got up from the ground, and prepared to move when Chi Ping should stir. He stepped down from the veranda, impassive as ever, but he said in Chinese:—

"Time is a good servant. I am glad

I engaged him. Come, now we will go home."

Some one stopped him; a hand was laid upon his arm,—the hand of his own son, whom they had baptized Ernest Pingree.

"You are my father," the lad said; "yonder is my mother. I will go with you, and serve you, help you, and comfort you."

"You! Clistian man!" said Chi Ping, confounded. "You no comee lib beggar-man side! You stay Clistian side: nicee close; nicee housee; nicee eatee, dlinkee, allee time same same."

"It is because I am a Christian," said the lad, "that I choose to go with you."

"Melican lady's boy?" inquired Mr. Ping, pointing to Ah Ping, trotting on ahead with Mrs. Ping.

"I will be his brother," was the reply, and the four walked out of the compound together, and back toward the hovel near the old Ferry road.

Then a great sob sounded out of the mission-house parlor, and the woman there rose up from her knees, and unhesitatingly walked to the open door and out of it. On the threshold she turned and said to her husband:—

"I am going to my son,—our son. Will you come, too? The greatest good we can do in the world now is to try each day a little to win him back to his birth-right."

Thornton Bennett put his arm around her, and they too walked out of the compound, following the path the others had taken; but they went much faster, for the hunger of mother love, long unfed, spurred the woman, and presently she was speaking to her son.

Frances Aymar Mathews.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

GAIL HAMILTON¹ in her prime was, in the fullest sense of the term, *a personage*; a brilliant, original, delightful, unforgettable individual. She was all this, too, by virtue of a rare intrinsic quality; thanks to no adventitious aids, or academic or social advantages. She was a *sport*; but she was a splendid one, the unapproachable prototype, as it seems to me to-day, of her who is now always with us, — the clever, high-spirited, self-sufficing, irreproachable, and not too womanly woman. It is entirely safe to say that those who knew Gail Hamilton best thought and cared least about her published writings, astonishingly witty though these often were. No doubt she possessed, as the pages of many an old Atlantic testify, the special gift of the light essayist, the genius of literary evolution, — the power to go on spinning indefinitely an iridescent thread out of her own mental substance. No other woman of recent years, if we except Mrs. Meynell and Miss Repplier, has had this charming endowment in the same degree. Yet the regular correspondents of Gail Hamilton's brightest days thought her letters a great deal better than her essays, and her talk better than either. Many of these letters are addressed to persons of note, and some display a wonderful illogical acumen and gay agility of glancing thought, while a few impress one as having been fervently felt. Gail Hamilton's pertinacious advocacy of woman's alleged rights stands revealed in these pages as a whimsical and transparent *pose*. The frolic rebel against stale conventions, the audacious advocate of the most advanced form of feminism, was always under the influence and inspiration of some clever man or other. She was as dependent as the

weakest of us upon her "tyrant" correspondent for stimulus and suggestion, though answering with unfailing gallantry to the spur. The first, in time, of these tonic tutors of hers was Dr. Bailey, of Washington, D. C., in whose family she was governess, beside being a regular contributor to his famous anti-slavery journal, the *National Era*, during the tense last years before the Civil War. There she met those great apostles of abolition who precipitated the "irrepressible conflict;" there she quickly overcame her rustic shyness, and learned to know her own singular social power. It was there, too, and then, in her early twenties, that she developed that highly intelligent interest in national politics, and that familiarity — so unusual in an American woman — with the *gear* of what Mr. Lecky has taught us to consider the inevitable political machine, which always distinguished her.

The years between 1860 and 1870 were passed by Gail Hamilton very quietly, in the pretty but then exceedingly sleepy little Essex County town of Hamilton, the name of which was presently incorporated into her *nom de guerre*. During that period her reputation as a writer of sparkling magazine articles and a rapid maker of vigorous and amusing books was definitively won, and the kind of friends one may make by the pen began besieging her, in her solitude, with congratulation, solicitation, and varied flattery. That the best letters are always written from the duller places is a notorious fact, and, accordingly, the best of Gail Hamilton's which we have in the present collection belong to her recluse years.

A new and powerful influence entered her life about 1870, and remained paramount and all-absorbing throughout its entire latter half, — the influence of

¹ *Life in Letters*. By GAIL HAMILTON. In two volumes. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1901.

James G. Blaine. Mr. Blaine was a connection by marriage, and after he was elected to the United States Senate Gail Hamilton began regularly to pass the congressional season as a member of his family in Washington. She thus returned, in the full maturity of her powers and fame, to the city of her predilection, which she had left abruptly when little more than a girl, and always half regretted. It was indeed her fitting and most congenial sphere, and she soon became a conspicuous figure there. She never wrote anything very memorable after this time, for the simple reason that her lively genius found a more direct and natural outlet. She adopted Mr. Blaine's views, defended his course, divined and shared his prophetic vision of American imperialism, and illustrated his brilliant if sometimes devious policy by the overflowing resources of her versatile talent. It was she almost more than Mrs. Blaine — though the trio were singularly unanimous — who helped to make their house a political rendezvous, the social centre of a great party.

Gail Hamilton lived to write her hero's life, or rather his eulogy, though not as ably and convincingly as she would have done in better days. She fell fatally stricken when only the last finishing touch remained to be added to her labor of love. Yet she lingered for one more year upon the borders of this world, — a white and wistful shadow of her former self, most painfully depicted in the frontispiece to the second volume of the *Life in Letters*. During this fading season she was possessed by the curious hallucination that her soul had been actually sundered from her body at the time of her first seizure, and then unaccountably recalled; and a pitiful fragment of autobiography which she began to dictate at this time begins with the startling words, "I died on the 10th of May, 1895."

Looking back from this weird finish over the life story so voluminously and yet so imperfectly told, retrenching su-

perfluities and supplying deficiencies as best one may who knew Gail Hamilton well during some six or seven of her most auspicious years, I find myself coming fully to a conclusion with which I have often dallied when thinking of her. We have had more weighty and more urbane writers among us than she was, but few more original and racy, and very few indeed so characteristically American. Her popularity was immense at one time; her *verve* seemed inexhaustible; her production was rapid and deservedly remunerative. And yet, as it now appears to me, her true vocation was not that of a writer, and her own shrewd instinct whispered as much when she was leaving Washington for the first time. It was plainly open to her to have remained there, in a woman's natural place, as the mistress of a sufficiently affluent home, in the very centre of the affairs that she most relished. If she had done so, I think it certain that she would have been a yet nobler and more memorable social power than she afterward became. She must have had it in her — when young — to *tenir salon* as few of her countrywomen have done. Hers would have been a novel kind of salon, very unlike the Parisian or any other Old World model, free, informal, miscellaneous, democratic, but representative by the same token, teeming with life and potent in influence. She would have touched fewer minds, maybe, by her eloquent speech than she did by her colloquial books; but she would have touched those few to finer and more lasting issues, and her own development would have been, I think, incomparably broader, more symmetrical, more serene and humane. She wavered at the parting of the ways.

"Unless I am going to live here," she writes to her sister, "it is high time I was away. There is a fascination in society. . . . I've really had some thoughts of giving myself up to it in earnest, and seeing what I could do. You may think

me very foolish, and I am quite aware that I have not beauty or money; yet without them, and without giving much thought to it, I can make a *little stir*, and if I should give my mind to it I think I could do something." And again, after the die was cast: "I wish I was the leader of society in Washington! I would put one or two things through, I warrant you, and opponents should bite the dust!"

But she was in the very unusual position, at twenty-seven, of being beset by deferential publishers and flattering journalists, who wanted to exploit for their own profit her shining, taking talents; and she succumbed to their blandishments. She may have seemed to others, and even to herself, to be choosing the more humble part, when she elected to bury herself in Hamilton, and write for the Atlantic and the Independent. In reality she was taking by far the more ambitious course. She succeeded; and yet — she failed. To live by the labor of the pen is occasionally needful, — not so often practicable, never really desirable, either for man or woman.

THROUGH all the comment called out **John Fiske's** by the death of John Fiske **Simplicity.** runs the note of tribute to his simplicity and his loveliness. Both qualities sprang from the same root, — that of a hearty, lusty nature that took life at first hand, and lived it not merely with zest, but with positive gusto. His abounding vitality and robust common sense recalled continually the old English worthies, like Samuel Johnson and Fielding and Steele, who have drawn so largely on the love of generations, — men of more primitive sort than are common in our day, who lived much by eating and drinking, and touched the world hand to hand. So with Fiske. He came to close quarters with life, and had a large and joyous relation with it through his senses. With his feet thus firmly planted on the earth, he practiced a comfortable devotion to the present

hour, and lived with a measure of contentment and delight unknown to men of lesser breadth of nature. He was largely independent of the hampering circumstances of environment; for he made his own surroundings, much as a great tree in the forest does, and would, one imagines, have been essentially the same man in any time or land.

It is no matter for wonder that the writing of so substantial, capacious, and sure-footed a man should be marked by a noble simplicity and clarity. The same quality made Fiske one of the most readable of historians that made him an incomparable friend. It was his interest in men and motives rather than in events, — the instinct by which he struck for the things most humanly interesting, the main trend of motives and causes in history, and let the details settle into their places. The story told of him by a friend, that when he was fourteen he formed the design of tracing out the course of God's providence in history, gives the key to his life work. He was even then possessed by the consuming interest in the drama of human progress that furnished the motive for most of his later work.

Touching life as he did through his sensibilities rather than his theories, his simplicity was that of a child, — the simplicity of the heart, the disposition, the temperament. He seems to have grown up harmoniously, and his childhood so to have lost itself in his maturity that he retained all his life much of the child's fresh and spontaneous spirit, — a fund of expectancy and a constant readiness for new interests. In him to a striking degree the child was father to the man, and he kept to the last a strain of unquenchable boyishness. He was incapable of affectation; though pleased with praise, unmiudful of dignities, and little concerned with formality or convention. His burly, bulky figure, that infallibly reminds one of Boswell's lovable hero, whom at so many points he resembled, sheltered a jovial soul, one that met life

like a call to dinner, and whose appetite for living never failed.

My cousin Augustina held up a novel she had just been reading. **The Victims.** "It is high time," said she, "that something should be done toward the prolongation of the lives of our heroes and heroines."

"God bless you!" I cried, with fervor.

Augustina rushed ahead: "There really seem to be only three kinds of people left in modern fiction, — those that are dying, those that want to die, and those that are dead."

I preserved an impressive silence.

"Now, in this story," she continued, "all the decent folk go down to their tombs in the flower of their youth. I began it expecting to find some good and jocund reading; for the title promised well, and I did not hear the Reformer anywhere around. But, glory be! I escaped the sword of the strenuous novelist to fall upon the spear of the lachrymose one. I want but little here below," wailed Augustina, "but I do want it unsalted with tears!"

"Well?"

"To the old-fashioned novel," said Augustina, "we go for the love affairs of two or more persons, and to the new-fashioned one," and here she gave me a whimsical look, "we go for history, or theology, or ultramontaniam, or slums, or cooking schools. But old and new alike agree in one particular, and that is, the summary dispatch of the hero. Kingdoms cease and systems decay," said my cousin, "but your true novelist still pursues the work of butchery."

"In real life our heroes sometimes die," said I timidly.

"Then they should be ashamed of themselves," returned Augustina. "Every reasonable being should spend at least the last twenty-five years of his life in proclaiming that the country is going to the dogs. I take it a man begins to do this at fifty, and so every reasonable being should reach the age of five-and-seventy."

"Go on."

"Rather than read the Early Fathers," said Augustina, "most of us would take to the woods. And therefore we go to certain novels for our theology." Here she again gave me that whimsical look. "I took up one of them the other day, and before I was halfway through, the leading character had flung himself over a precipice, and the mother and the other female relatives of the heroine were trying their best to prevent *her* from doing the same. Now, I can readily see the connection between the Early Fathers and an early death," said Augustina, "but why the precipice? And why the heroine's demise in the last chapter? She was the only sane person in the book, and she should have lived to prove it."

A silence.

"When I consider the innumerable company of spirits wandering around in a limbo to which the authors of their being have consigned them, and for no reason except that they no longer know what to do with them, I could weep my heart out," said Augustina.

"There is *The Heir of Redclyffe*," I began.

"That is the first funeral procession I remember," said my cousin; "and then came little Nell's, and Colonel Newcome's, and Daisy Miller's, and another, and another. Laura Fountain flung herself into the river, and Tommy Sandys impaled himself upon a fence, and Eleanor Burgoyne is the last to swell the list."

"Well," I said, "I am glad about Tommy."

"No, if he had to expire, — which I deny, — it should have been in his bed, of some common disease, not too painful, but just aggravating. But now he hangs suspended between earth and heaven, and year after year pathos and mystery gather about him, and by the time Grizel is an old woman she will actually believe that he lost his life in a vain attempt to save somebody else's."

"Well?"

"Am I to whip out my handkerchief every time I open a novel?" asked Augustina. "Am I to hush my breath, and tread softly, and compose messages of condolence to the surviving relatives and epitaphs on the honored departed? Is there no chance for the development of character outside of the grave?"

I sighed.

"I am confident there will soon be a scarcity of heroes sound in mind and body and old enough to vote. As for the heroines, there are not enough to make a mothers' meeting."

"And what do you propose doing?"

"I propose to limit each novelist to a certain number of those whom I shall call the Selected to Die. — five, and no more, one victim to each book. Every novelist will be required to write a preface, and therein state for which character we are to provide the burial meats, in order that if we wish we may absent ourselves from the ceremonies. Any author failing to comply with these conditions shall be tried for entering into a conspiracy to defraud innocent persons of their natural span of years, — for premeditated slaughter!" cried Augustina.

"But first you will have to get your novelists together," I said meekly; "and do you really expect they will condescend" —

"For premeditated slaughter!" repeated Augustina fiercely.

We confess some humiliation at being thought fit recipients for a circular that has lately been sent us, and count on some little sympathy from the Club when they have read it. We have been able to derive a slight alleviation, to be sure, from the phrase, "Of you, who have not patronized us before." Evidently it may be regarded as a distinction, in view of the vast numbers who have made use of the facilities described, — the business, the circular states, has increased "to the limits of the English-speaking world," —

to belong to the remnant who have not "patronized" it. Yet we can hardly congratulate ourselves on being now thought available for persuasion.

The mingled naïveté and brazenness of the circular will commend themselves to all students of the advertisers' art, and the subtle criticism of specialization and the elective system will not be lost upon educators. We refrain from comment upon the last quotation in the list of prices, lest we should deepen the wound to the susceptibilities of our ministerial friends.

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ON reading A First Acceptance, in the September Contributors' Club, we wondered if the author had ever contemplated a far

more surprising experience than the first acceptance, and that is the first rejection after the first acceptance! That is indeed a crisis in the young author's career. Up to the time when he received his first acceptance, the novice, however high his conceit had swelled, as each new plan and aspiration feebly projected itself on paper, had yet in the bottom of his soul realized that his arms were untried, and that he might be riding for a fall. But when tangible proof of his first success had reached him, and the magic words "The check will follow upon publication" had dazzled his vision, how proudly he scanned the future which was his by virtue of the ink bottle!

Idea after idea floated before him; "songs without words" to which he would supply noun and adjective; thoughts inadequately expressed, fancies inhospitably received, which he would succor by the might of his right hand. Or perhaps the didactic devil tempted him, and he fancied the whole world his congregation, to whom he would preach at his leisure.

Alas, fellow scribbler, passing through this Fool's Paradise, we pity you; by the Law of the Jungle, —

"As high as we have mounted in delight,

In our dejection do we sink as low."

Perhaps the next step will lead you to the Pons Asinorum which ends in the Via Dolorosa. We have crossed it ourselves, we who had thought our feet so firmly planted on the ladder of literature that we needed only to mount higher and higher till we o'ertopped the stars.

When we had spent our first check a thousand times in anticipation, and at least twice in reality, we decided in gratitude to honor with our continued favor that hospitable magazine which had at last recognized our genius.

No longer stealing out at night to conceal the trembling fingers with which we dropped that long white envelope into the post box, but flauntingly, in the garish daylight, in the face of all men, we sent forth our manuscript as a conqueror demanding tribute.

Then we waited; security is ever serene. Poor tremblers on the threshold may listen with beating heart for the postman's quick peal of the bell, or look longingly at his non-committal gray coat and his fatal bag. All these sensations were of the past for us; they belonged to the era before we were recognized.

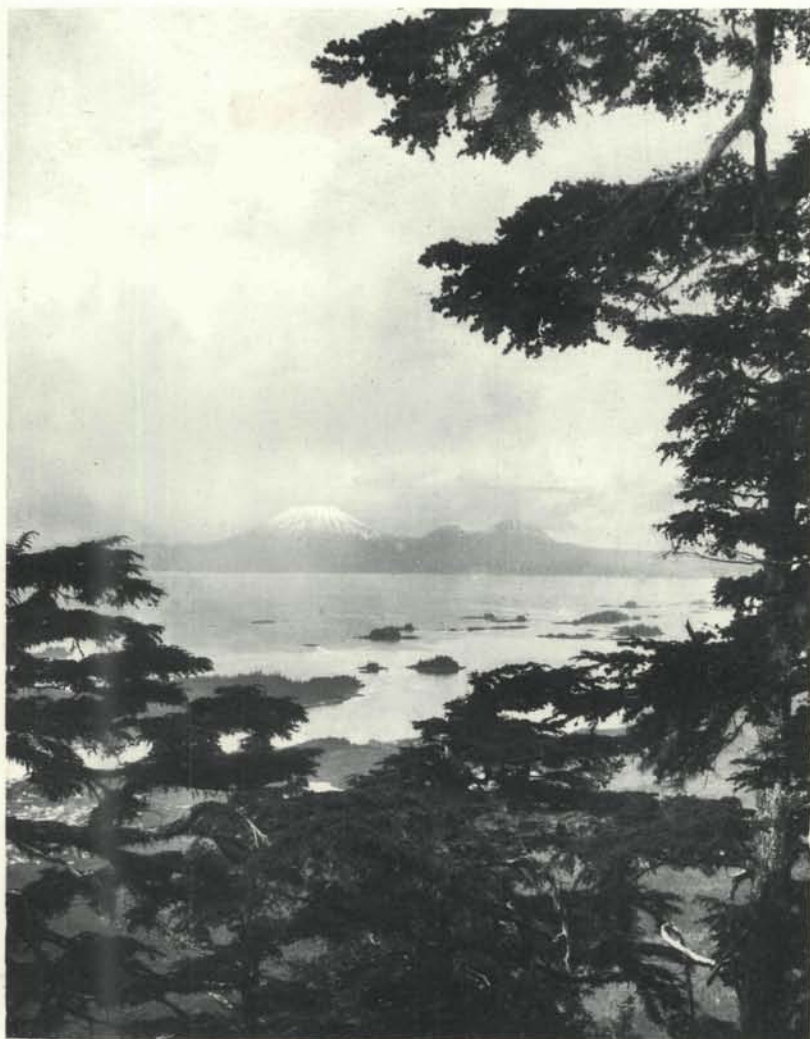
Then suddenly a bolt from the blue, — that homing pigeon, our manuscript, returns to us again. At first astonishment is paramount, — there must be some mistake. Next wrath, — it is a conspiracy to defraud us of our just reward; an envious world cannot tolerate our success. Last, a still, small, spiteful voice within us whispers: "Your bubble is pricked. I always told you that there was n't much in you, after all!"

What happens to us then? Where are our visions of thoughts clamoring to be clothed in winged words? Where are the songs only waiting to sing themselves through our lips to a silent world? What has become of our pulpit?

How are the mighty fallen! How doth the city which we would have enlightened sit solitary! Ours is no common sorrow; we are none of those who have only suffered the casual buffetings of fortune; ours is the bitter trial of the man who has faced betrayal in the house of his friend.

Fellow quill drivers, answer us: is there any shock to vanity like unto this, or any lesson in modesty?

The Author's First Reverse.



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